

The Daemon Lover

Informant/Performer:
Mrs. Anelize Chandler
Alleghany, NC 1916

Source:
Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp
English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians
New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1917

We've met we've met, my own true love.

We've met, we've met once more.

I've late - ly crossed the salt wa - ter sea,

And it's all for the sake of you.

2. If you will leave your house-carpenter
And come and go with me,
I'll take you where the grass grows green
On old sweet Cavalry.
3. If I should leave my house-carpenter,
Go strolling along with thee,
What have you to keep and clothe me with
And to keep me from slavery?
4. I have a ship on the ocean a-sailing,
A-sailing for dry land,
Over one hundred and ten jolly men
Are here at your command.
5. She went, picked up her sweet little babe,
And kisses she gave it three.
Stay at home, stay at home with your papa, little love
And give him company.
6. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her belt was in green,
And every station that she came through
Her glittering gold was seen.
7. They hadn't been on sail but about two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
Till she began to weep and she began to mourn,
She wept most bitterly.

8. O are you weeping for gold, my love,
O are you weeping for fee,
Or are you weeping for your house-carpenter
That you love much better than me?
9. I neither weep for gold, my love,
I neither weep for fee,
But I weep to return back again
My sweet little babe to see.
10. You need not weep for gold, my love,
You need not weep for store,
You need not weep for your sweet little babe;
You'll see it never no more.
11. They hadn't been on sail but about three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four,
Till the ship sprang a leak and to bottom began to sink,
I'm sinking to rise no more.
12. Farewell, farewell to my sweet little babe,
Farewell to my friends on the shore,
Farewell, farewell to the man that parted me,
I'm sinking to rise no more.
13. What banks, what banks is that, my love,
As black as any crow?
The banks, the banks of hell, my love,
Where you and I shall go.
14. What banks, what banks is that, my love,
As white as any snow?
The banks, the banks of heaven, my love,
Where all tender little babes shall go.

Verses from Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk Songs
from the Southern Appalachians*