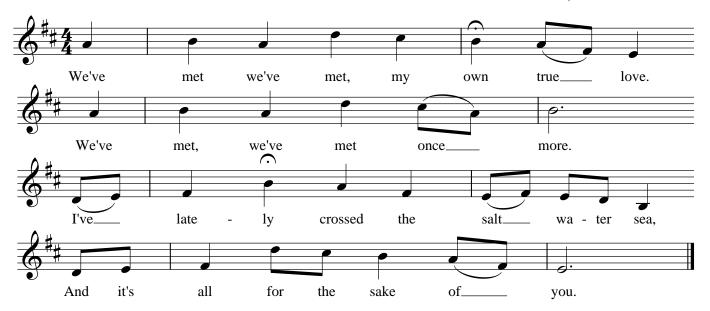
## The Daemon Lover

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



- 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?
- 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.

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

- 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.