

**DEMON LOVER, THE (Child 243) (Songbooks 2008)**

They said you were drownéd my old true love,  
Were drownéd and lost far from me  
Oh it's I have returned from the salt, salt sea  
For the promise that you made to me, my love  
For the promise that you made to me

Oh I could have married a princess so fair  
And she would have married me  
But I have forsaken her palace of gold  
All for the love I bear thee, my love  
All for the love I bear thee

Oh you should have married your princess so fair  
If riches and gold were your plan  
Seven years I've been wed to a shipwright so bold  
And I find him a gallant young man, my love  
And I find him a gallant young man

But if you will depart from your shipwright so bold  
And journey alongside of me  
I will take you to where the trees they grow green  
On the Banks of sweet Sicily, my love  
On the Banks of sweet Sicily

And if I should depart from my shipwright so bold  
And journey alongside of thee  
tell me what have you got for to maintain me on  
And to keep me in good company, my love  
And to keep me in good company

Oh I have ships three that do sail on the sea  
And seven that sail on dry land  
With a hundred and ten of the best sailormen  
To serve you all at your command, my love  
To serve you all at your command

Well they had not sailed but above two short weeks  
I'm sure that it never was three  
When this pretty lass she began to lament  
She wept and she cried bitterly, my love  
She wept and she cried bitterly

Oh why are you weeping my own true love  
Are you weeping for your golden store?  
Or do you lament for your shipwright so bold  
Whose face you shall never see more, my love  
Whose face you shall never see more

I do not weep for my shipwright so bold  
Nor weep I for my golden store  
But I do lament for my own pretty babe  
Whose face I shall never see more, my love  
Whose face I shall never see more

Oh what hills and what hills are those I do see  
That stand so fair and so high?  
Oh those are the Towers of Heaven you do see  
But they are not for you nor for I, my love  
But they are not for you nor for I

And what hills and what hills are those I do see  
Those hills so dark and so low?  
Oh those are the Hovels of Hell you do see  
And 'tis there you and I must go, my love  
And 'tis there you and I must go

Then he's stamped on the deck and he's turned  
three times round  
And it's three times around turnéd he  
And that ship split asunder by stem and by stern  
Then she sank in the deep of the sea, my love  
Then she sank in the deep of the sea