

Love Henry

Jolie Holland

Get down, get down love Henry, she cried
And stay all night with me
I have gold chains and the finest I have
I'll apply them all to thee

I can't get down and I won't get down
And stay all night with you
There's a pretty little girl in Cornersville
I love far better than you

She layed his head on a pillow of down
And kisses, gave him three
With a penny knife, she held in her hand
She murdered mortal he

Get well, get well love Henry, she cried
Get well, get well said she
Oh, don't you see my own heart's blood
Come flowing down so free?

She took him by his long yellow hair
And also at the knee
She plunged him into well water where
It runs both cold and deep

Lie there, lie there love Henry, she cried
Till the flesh rots off your bones
Some pretty little girl in Cornersville
Will mourn for your return

Hush up, hush up my parrot, she cried
Don't tell any tales on me
These costly beads around my neck
I'll apply them all to thee

I won't fly down and I can't fly down
And light on your right knee
A girl who'd murdered her own true love
Would kill a little bird like me

Fly down, fly down oh parrot, she cried
And light on my right knee
The doors to your cage shall be decked with gold
And hung on a willow tree

I won't fly down and I can't fly down
And light on your right knee
A girl who'd murdered her own true love
Would kill a little bird like me