

## 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