sm. 3 flato Ship's Carpenter.. The In old Dublin City, in Ering green Isle, there lived a young maiden, her name Mary Giles, A young Sailor, courted her long for his dear, And him by his trade, was a Ship's Carpenter to give me your love & to marry w/me ( topie me gay line to 2= ky ul, we te say s. dearest Mary, if you will agree, to give your consent, for to Mammir four love it can cure me of setrow and care, concent then to marry a shi But it was in vain that she strove to deny, and he by his cunning soon made Her comply/But when she discovered, that with child she was, She sent a sad message straight to her love, She same dearest William, you are going to sea; nemember the vow's That you made unto me. And with tender embraces, to her he did say ( On pronents ) Ill marry you Mary, e're I ga away, With tender embraces, they parted that night, and promised to meet, By the dawn's early light, At dawm in the marning, we will ride down no ring for to buy our union to crown .. 1110 Then he said to Mary will you come with meybelore we get married, Some friend's for to see, He led her thru groves, and valleys so deep. At last this young damsel, began for to weep. She say's my dear William, you have led me astray, because my poor innocent Life you've betrayed Oh pity my infant, and spare my poor life. Let me live full of shame if I can't be your wife, Her grave with a spade lying near she espied, which caused her to weep And most bitterly cry. He pierced her poor breast, and the blood it did flow, And into the grave her poor body did throw, heavy He burried the body and then returned home Leaving none but the small birds Her fate to bemean, On board Ship he went, without more delay, And set sail for Plymouth the very next day, that night as the Mun 1 having courage most bold, to get him some food lle went down to the hold. A beautiful damsel, appeared to him there, And held in her arms, an infant so fair, ranto Then to his amazement, she vanished away, then he told the Captain, without More delay. The Captain, then summoned, the jovial Ship's crewm And said my gand fellow's. I'M afraid one of your Have murdered, some damsel, e're you came away, Whose now injured ghest, (fess Haynt's this Ship night and day, And who for her murder, he will have to conf Or never again, will his soul be at rest. a who won't confect his life we'll destroy and he shall be hung on Yardarm so high, but he who confesses, his life we'll not take, But we'll leave him on the first Island we make, 1 .

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