

I'll Build Myself A Gallant Ship



I'll build my-self a gal-lant ship, A ship of no-ble fame, And



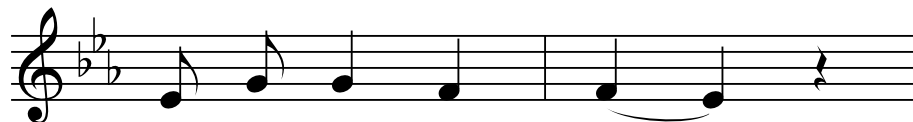
four and twen-ty mar-i - ners, Shall box and man the same, And



I will stand with helm in hand, To urge them o'er the main, to



urge them, to urge them, And I will stand with helm in hand, To



urge them o'er the main.

I'll build myself a gallant ship,
A ship of noble fame;
And four and twenty mariners,
Shall box and man the same;
And I will stand with helm in hand,
To urge them oe'r the main.

No scarf shall o'er my shoulders go,
I wil not comb my hair;
The pale moonlight, the candle bright
Shall neither tell I'm fair.
Beside the mast I stand so fast,
Unresting in despair.

The rain may beat, and round my feet
The waters wash and foam,
O thou North wind lag not behind
But bear me far from home!
My hands I wring, and sobbing sing,
As over seas I roam.

The moon so pale shall light my sail,
As o'er the sea I fly,
To where afar the Eastern star
Is twinkling in the sky.
I would I were with my love fair,
E'er ever my love die!