

RUTH

No. 2.

SONG-(Ruth.)

1ST Verse

Allegro pesante.

RUTH.

PIANO.

1. When.
2. I
3. I

Fred - rie was a lit - tle lad He proved so brave and dar - ing, His
was a stu - pid nur - sry - maid, On break - ers al - ways steer - ing, And I
soon found out, be - yond all doubt, The scope of this dis - as - ter, But I

fa - ther thought he'd 'pren - tice him To some ca - reer sea - far - ing. I
did not catch the word a - right, Through be - ing hard of hear - ing; Mis -
hadn't the face to re - turn to my place, And break it to my mas - ter. A -

was, a - last his nur - sry-maid, And so it fell to my lot To take and bind the
- tak - ing my in - structions, which With - in my brain did gy - rate, I took and bound this
nur - sry-maid is not a - fraid Of what you peo - ple call work, So I made up my mind to

pro-mis-ing boy Ap - pren - tice to a pi - lot; A life not bad for a har - dy lad, Though
pro-mis-ing boy Ap - pren - tice to a Pi - rate! A sad mis-take it - was to make, And
go as a kind Of pi - ra - ti - cal maid-of - all-work. And that is how you find me now. A -

sure - ly not a high lot, Though I'm a nurse, you might do worse, Than make your boy a
doom him to a vile lot, I bound him to a Pi - rate-you! - In - stead of to a
mem - ber of your shy lot, Which you wouldn't have found, had he been bound Ap - pren - tice to a

pi - lot!
pi - lot!
pi - lot!

3rd time.