



THE BANKS OF BAND.

*Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse,
6, Gt. St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.*

BY you noisy harbour near sweet mill town,
Where mountains, clear fountains did me sur-
round,

I spied a fair maid as you may understand,
She was watching fine fishes on the banks of the Band.

The time I remember it was in sweet May,
When the god of Flora cloth'd the meadows gay,
Where the fields were in bloom by fair nature's com-
mand,

I met my darling by the banks of the Band.

At length I saluted her and to her did say,
Fair nature be with you, all art to betray,
Saying if you will come with me I am the one,
I will be your guard on the banks of the Band.

I cannot go with you young man she did say,
You are a stranger and will me betray,
And me a chaste virgin might break the command,
Your absence is a cordial on the banks of the Band,

He told her fine stories about the gods of love,
That Mars and Queen Venus the Gods above,
That the briny ocean might turn to dry land,
If I prove false to you on the banks of the Band.

At length my persuasions seemed to take place,
I saw by the blushes that changed in her face,
Her feet they did slip on the quick bed of sand,
And she fell in my arms on the banks of the Band.

When she came to herself she did say,
My dearest Billy you have me betrayed,
For now you have undone me my dear quickly out
of hand,

Come let us be married on the banks of the Band.

O how can I marry you and I am prentice bound,
And to a young weaver near rough Ryland town,
When my time is ended saying here is my hand,
I will be your true guard on the banks of the Band.

Come all you fair maidens wheresoever you be,
When that you ponder at my sad destiny,
Do not go a roving by two or by one,
For fear of the angler that roves on the Band.



THE TRANSPORT.

Pitts, Printer, 6, Gt. Saint Andrew Street, Seven Dials

COME all young men of learning,
A warning take by me,
I'd have you quit night walking,
And shun bad company.
I'd have you quit night walking,
Or else you will rue the day,
When you are transported,
And going to Botany Bay.

I was brought up in London town,
A place I know full well,
Brought up by honest parents,
The truth to you I tell.
Brought up by honest parents,
And reared so tenderly,
Till I became a roving blade,
Which prov'd my destiny.

My character soon taken was,
Then I was taken to jail,
My friends they tried to clear me,
But nothing could prevail.
At the Old Baily sessions,
The judge to me did say,
The jury hath found you guilty,
You must go to Botany Bay.

To see my aged father dear,
As he stood at the bar,
Likewise my tender mother
Her old grey locks she tore.
In tearing of her old grey locks.
These words to me did say,
Oh son! Oh son! what have you done.
You're going to Botany Bay.

As we sail'd down the river clear,
The twenty-eight of May,
Every ship that we pass'd by,
We heard the sailor's say,
There goes a ship of clever lads,
We are sorry for to say,
That for some crime or other,
They are bound to Botany Bay.

There is a girl in London town,
A girl I love full well,
If e'er I get my liberty,
Along with her I'll dwell.
If e'er I get my liberty,
I'll forsake all other girls,
I'll shun all evil company,
So adieu to New South Wales.

