

THE EDINBURGH CONVICTS.

Come all young men of learning,
A warning take by me,
I'd have you quit night walking,
And shun bad company.
Leave off your cards and play-houses,
Or else you'll rue day,
You'll rue your transportation,
When you are sent to Botany Bay.

I was brought up in Edinburgh,
The truth to you I'll tell,
Brought up by honest parents,
My master loved me well.
Brought up by honest parents,
Who reared me tenderly,
Till I became a roving blade,
Which proves my destiny.

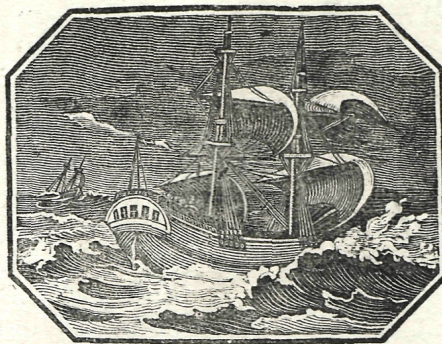
My character was taken down,
And I was sent to gaol,
And at the last Assizes,
When I could find no bail.
And at the Assizes,
The Judge to me did say,
The Jury has found you guilty,
You must go to Botany Bay.

To see my aged Father,
As I stood at the bar;
Likewise my aged mother,
Her old grey locks she tore.
Likewise my aged father,
These words to me did say,
O silly son what hath thou done,
You are going to Botany Bay.

As we sailed down the Frith of Forth,
On the twenty-first of May,
And all our hearts were like to break,
With sorrow I did say.
And every ship that we passed by,
I heard the sailors say,
There goes a ship with handsome lads,
Bound down for Botany Bay.

There is a girl in Edinburgh,
A girl I do love well,
If ever I gain my liberty,
With her I mean to dwell.
If ever I gain my liberty,
We never shall part again,
I'll bid adieu to Botany Bay,
Likewise to the Raging Main.

Walker, Printer, Durham.



FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

Farewell to Scotland,
It is my native ground,
To the county of Caithness,
Near to the Wick Town.

It's the place where I was rear'd,
From my infancy,
And to seek for promotion,
I am now going away.

My foot is on the ocean,
My heart is on dry land,
I am here broken-hearted,
On deck as I stand.

But had I my dearest Polly,
On ship board with me,
And I a bound slave,
I would count myself free.

Give my service to Nancy,
That lives on the shore,
And likewise to Peggy,
Although she is poor.

And likewise to Polly,
She's my whole heart's delight,
I could roll her in my arms,
Through a long winter's night.

The moon shall be darkened
And shall give no light,
The stars and the Firmaments,
Shall fall down by night.

The rocks and high mountains
Shall all be removed,
Before I prove false,
To the girl that I love.

