



A new Copy of Verses made up-
on the unfortunate Convicts who
escaped from the Transport ship,
are now under sentence of Death
in Exeter Castle, and ordered for
execution on Friday next.

COME London blades and list to me,
I sing of lads who were set free,
But now in Exeter they lay,
And soon their lives they'll take away.

These lads from Newgate were convey'd,
And convict slaves were to be made,
On board the transport ship did go,
Old England left with hearts of woe.

But when they were got out to sea,
They swore that slaves they would not be,
A bloody fight they then began,
The Captain and his men they ran.

Tom Barrat on that very day,
He there did head this desp'rate fray,
They swore the Captain cropt should be,
Bur Tom to this would not agree.

Bob Sideaway that flashy blade,
A stout resistance there he made,
But from the crew receiv'd a shot,
His arm must lose, hard is his lot.

Jack Ruffel must not be forgot,
Who in the fray was by them shot,
Sore wounded on the deck he lay,
So bad he could not get away.

When they did land on English ground,
The country was alarmed round,
They many of us did retake,
Which caus'd our wretched hearts to ake.

Owen and Townsend down did come,
To swear to us, and fix our doom,
The Judge and Jury did us try,
When us poor lads were cast to die.

The Judge, when Barrat he was cast,
And death the sentence on him past,
A respite to him then he gave,
Because the Captain he did save.

Charles Keyling, Limpus, Cox, it's they,
With six more lads, their lives must pay,
On Friday next these nine must die
At Exeter ;---Lord hear their cry !

And when the dismal day does come,
That they must meet this wretched doom,
Drest neat, with nosegays, pale as death,
With hearts of woe resign their breath.

So farewell to each wicked blade,
I'd have you stick to honest trade,
Leave off bad ways ere it's too late,
Least you should meet our wretched fate.