

The Convict Maid

$\text{♩} = 70$



You lads and lass - es all at - tend to me, While_

3 I re - late my tale of mis - er - y By_

5 hope - less love was I once be - trayed And

7 now I am a - las a con - vict maid.

You lads and lasses all attend to me
While I relate my tale of misery;
By hopeless love was I once betrayed,
And now I am, alas, a convict maid.

To please my lover did I try so sore,
That I spent upon him all my master's store,
Who in his wrath did so loud upbraid
And brought before the judge this convict maid.

The judge his sentence then to me addressed,
Which filled with agony my aching breast:
"To Botany Bay you must be conveyed,
For seven long years to be a convict maid."

For seven long years I toil in pain and grief,
And curse the day that I became a thief,
O, had I stuck by some honest trade,
I ne'er had been, alas, a convict maid.