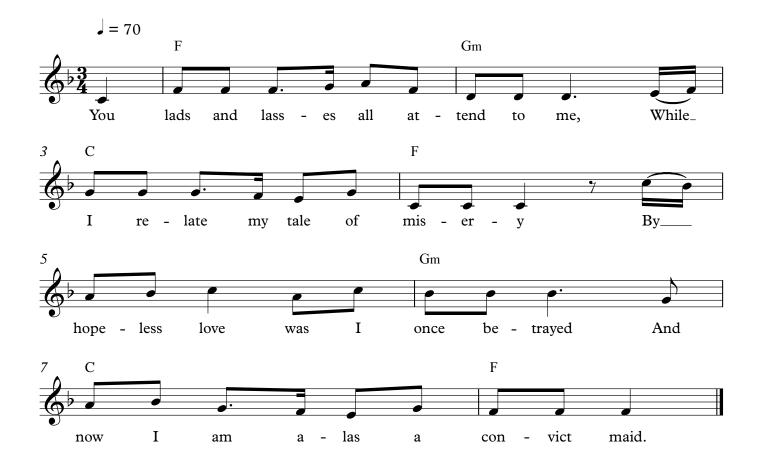
The Convict Maid



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, 0, had I stuck by some honest trade, I ne'er had been, alas, a convict maid.