

# The Convict's Wedding

Words by George Ernest 'Bartlett' Adamson (1884~1951), an Australian journalist, poet, author and political activist.  
Tune by David Johnson 2018

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into systems, each starting with a measure number and a key signature change. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The score ends with a double bar line and a sharp sign, indicating the end of the piece.

Am Dm  
Chains on my ank - les, I came from a cold - er land

5 Am E7  
O - - ver the loll - - a - - ping leagues of the sea;

9 Am Dm  
Out of the past to this warm - er and old - er land.

13 Am E7 Am  
Out of my chains for at last I am free.

17 F C  
Free in a land where the fut - - ure may shine,

21 Dm C Am  
Free now to marr - y the lass who is mine.

26 Am G  
O - - ver the rock - y road, rock - ing and roll - ick - ing,

28 Am G Am  
Songs of my heart like the bush breez - es frolic - lick - ing,

30 Am G  
O - - ver the rock - - y road, rock - ing and roll - ick - ing,

32 Am G  
Let us not tarr - - y, but hurr - y, oh, hurr - - y down

34 Am G Am  
Hurr - y, we marr - y in Cobb - it - - y Town.

2. Distant the day when on shores of Loch Torridon,  
Fought I the battle that brought me to woe.  
Brought me to Sydney with chains so horrid on,  
Brought me to Camden a convict – but so  
Brought me at last to my lass of delight  
Making me bless then that Torridon fight.

3. Far from my home on the wild Wingecaribee  
Bourne upon boots that were shed with a song.  
Walking the bush road I wondered would Harry be  
Waiting to hustle his old coach along.  
Suddenly I crested the top of the rise...  
Harry was waiting there, frisking the flies.
4. So down from Bargo and down the long Razorback,  
Gallop our horses with Harry to guide.  
Then with no longing to dream olden days are back  
Onward through Camden a free man I ride,  
Nearing the lass who is waiting for me,  
Waiting for justice to set my life free.

Final Chorus

Over the Campbelltown cobblestones clattering,  
On we go galloping speed alone mattering.  
Over the cobblestones clipparty clopperty.  
Let us not tarry, but hurry, oh, hurry, down!  
Hurry, we marry in Cobbity Town.