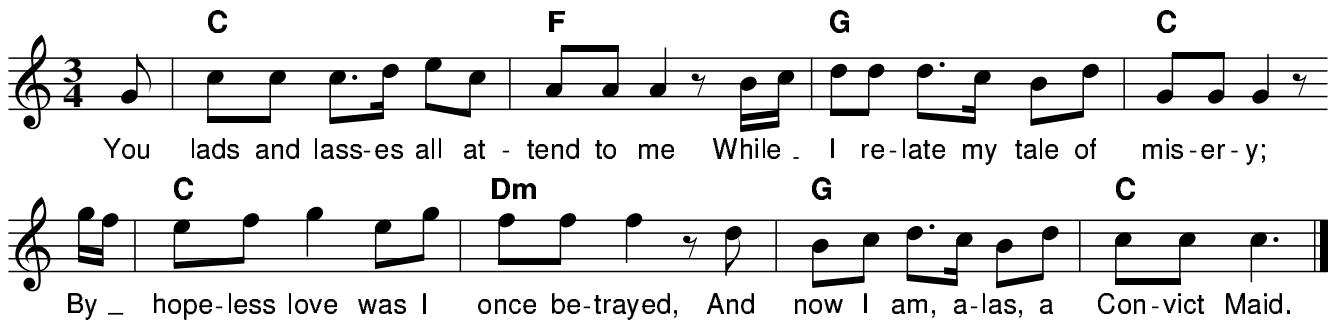


The Convict Maid

Based on broadsides of the early 1800s, this abbreviated version from the Queensland Centenary Songbook (1959)



You lads and lass-es all at - tend to me While I re-late my tale of mis-er-y;
By hope-less love was I once be-trayed, And now I am, a-las, a Con-vict 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.
Oh had I stuck by some honest trade,
I ne'er had been, alas, a Convict Maid.