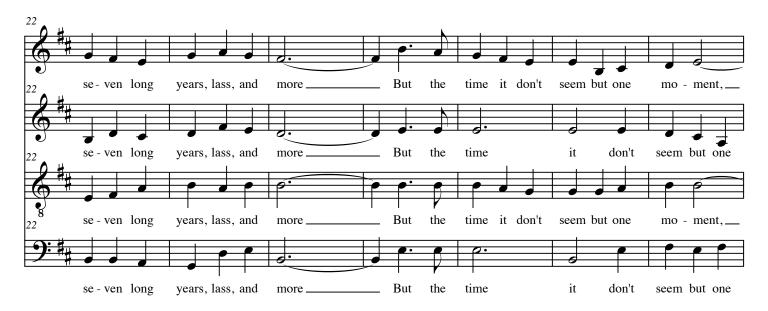
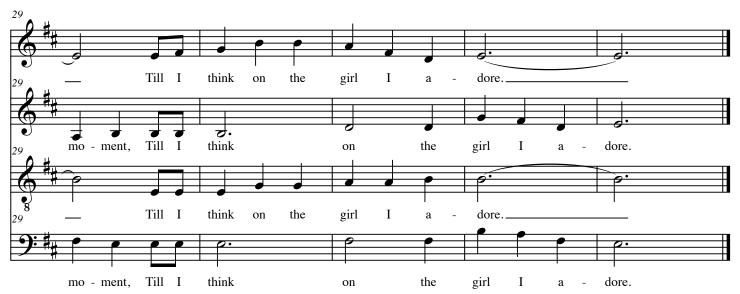
Here's Adieu to all Judges and Juries







Oh, the captain that is our commander
The boatswain and all our ship's crew
There is married men too, and there's single
To see what we poor transports go through.
Going to strange country don't grieve me
Nor leaving old England behind
but it's all for the sake of dear Polly
And a-leaving my comrades behind

How hard is our place of confinement That keeps me from my heart's delight. Cold chains and cold irons all round me And a plank for my pillow at night How often I wish that the eagle Would lend me her wings, I would fly. Then I'd fly to the arms of my Polly And on her soft bosom I'd lie.

Source: Sung by Mr Hacklett, Wnchcombe workhouse. Collected by Percy Grainger 5th April 1908 Notes: The second half of the last verse has been added from a different version.

The last line could be replaced with "and then by her side I would lie"

The Alto and bass lines do not allow a breath in the obvious place, it is better take it after the dotted minim at the beginning of the next phrase.