

Here's Adieu to all Judges and Juries

Arr M Norman

S
Here's a - dieu to all judg-es and - jur - ies _____ Here's a - dieu to you bai-liffs al -

A
Here's a - dieu to all judg-es and - juries Here's a - dieu to you

T
Here's a - dieu to all judg-es and - jur - ies _____ Here's a - dieu to you bai-liffs al -

B
Here's a - dieu to all judg-es and - juries Here's a - dieu to you

8
so _____ Sev - en years you've sent me from my true - love, _____ Sev - en years I'm trans -

8
bai - liffs al - so Sev - en years you've sent me from my true love, Sev - en years

8
so _____ Sev - en years you've sent me from my true - love, _____ Sev - en years I'm trans -

8
bai - liffs al - so Sev - en years you've sent me from my true love, Sev - en years

15
por - ted, I know. _____ Dear Pol - ly, I'm a - go - ing to leave you, _____ For _____

15
I'm trans - por - ted, I know. Dear Pol - ly, I'm a - go - ing to leave you, _____ For _____

15
por - ted, I know. _____ Dear Pol - ly, I'm a - go - ing to leave you, _____ For _____

15
I'm trans - por - ted, I know. Dear Pol - ly, I'm a - go - ing to leave you, _____ For _____

22

22 se - ven long years, lass, and more _____ But the time it don't seem but one mo - ment, _

22 se - ven long years, lass, and more _____ But the time it don't seem but one

22 se - ven long years, lass, and more _____ But the time it don't seem but one mo - ment, _

22 se - ven long years, lass, and more _____ But the time it don't seem but one

29

29 — Till I think on the girl I a - dore. _____

29 mo - ment, Till I think on the girl I a - dore.

29 — Till I think on the girl I a - dore. _____

29 mo - ment, Till I think on the girl I a - dore.

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.