

Here's Adieu to all Judges and Juries

Here's a - dieu to all judg-es and jur-ies _____ (Here's a - dieu?) to all bail-lifs al - so
Sev - en years you've sent me from my true love _____ sev-en years I'm trans-
port-ed I know _____ Dear Pol - ly, I'm a - go - ing to leave you _____ For _____
sev - en long years, lass, and more _____ But the time it don't
seem but a mo - ment _____ Till I think on the girl I a - - dore _____

[4 lines missing]

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

[4 lines missing]

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.

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

[4 lines missing]

Source: Sung by Mr Hacklett, Wnchcombe workhouse. Collected by Percy Grainger 5th April 1908