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Adiu to England

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The Young Man's Downfall



ADIU TO Old England.

Come all you wild young fellows wherever you may be,
One moment give attention, and listen unto me :
I'm a poor unhappy soul, within those walls I lay,
My awful sentence is pronounced, I'm bound to Botany
Bay.

I was brought up in tenderness, my parent's fond
delight,
They never could be happy, but when I was in their
They nourished my tender years, and oft to me would
say,
Avoid all evil company, lest they lead you astray.

My parents bound me prentice in all fair ———
To a Linen Draper, the truth you soon shall hear,
I borne an excellent character, my master lov'd me well
Till in a harlot's company how fatal for to tell.

In the gates of splendour I maintain'd this lofty dame,
(with disdain.
But when my substance I had spent, she'd treat me
She said go & rob your master, he has riches in great
store,
If money you don't bring to me, pray see my face
(no more

To her bad advice I did give way, and to my master
went,
To plunder him of what I could, it was my full intent,
Of costly robes & money too, I took as you shall hear
All from the kindest master, to me he did appear.

Next robbery I did commit, 'twas on a gentleman,
Of full five hundred sovereigns he placed in my hand
I took was for this sad step, to ~~prison~~ I sent me
This harlot now forsook me quite, in my extremity.

prison I was

The awful assizes did approach, before them I did
stand
My prosecutor swore to me I was the very man
To see my aged parents dear, they bitterly did cry
Now must we with a bleeding heart, view our darling
boy.

My master and my aged friends as they stood in the
hall
What floods of tears they shed for me, for mercy
The cruel judge no mercy shew'd, but unto me did say
My youth you are transported for life to Botany Bay
(they did call

The day before I did set sail, as I lay in my cell,
My parents dear they came to me, to take their last
farewell
Down on my bended knees I fell, their blessing I did
Crying alas! my tender parents, this will bring you to
the grave.
(grave

My mother swooned in my arms, in sorrow and dis-
pair,
My father's heart oppress'd with grief he tore his aged
What floods of tears they shed for me, like drops of
morning dew,
No words could they pronounce for me, but son what
(shall we do

Now to my native country, I take my last farewell
The grief I feel within my breast, I'm sure no tongue
can tell,
Young men advice and warning take, mind what
Avoid all harlot's company, lest you go to Botany Bay.
(your parents say