Isle of France - Mr Stevenson





A constant girl was heard to cry and wipe the tears from out her eye, saying, 'The cruel laws of Our Gracious Queen they have transported my Shamrock Green.'

2
'For being unruly I do declare
that seven long years was hardly fair;
there were seven links in his shackling chain,
one for each year across the main.'

3 Six of the years were gone and past; we had set sail to make the last. The stormy winds did blow and roar and cast me up on this foreign shore.

4
The convict landed his little boat
which on the ocean with him did float.
The birds at night take their silent rest,
but the convict carried a wound in his breast.

The Coast Guard waited on the beach till the convict's boat was within his reach.
'Though the day be far gone and the night advanced, you have a friend on the coast of France.'

6
'God bless that Coast Guard!' the convist cried,
'who has rescued me from the ocean wide.
I drink his health in a flowing glass,
and here's success to the coast of France.'

7
A letter was sent to Our Gracious Queen about the loss of the Shamrock Green.
A reprieve was sent by a speedy hand to summon the convict to his native land.