

## THE FEMALE CONVICT. To Her Infant.

A Minor.

Boyd.

1. O sleep not, my babe, for the morn of to - morrow, Shall sooth me to slumber more tranquil than thine;  
The dark gray shall shield me from shame and from sor-row, Tho' the deeds and the doom of the guil - ty are mine;

2. O sleep not, my babe, for the morn of to - morrow, Shall sooth me to slumber more tranquil than thine;  
The dark gray shall shield me from shame and from sor-row, Tho' the deeds and the doom of the guil - ty are mine;

1. O sleep not, my babe, for the morn of to - morrow, Shall sooth me to slumber more tran-quil than thine;  
The dark gray shall shield me from shame and from sor-row, Tho' the deeds and the doom of the guil - ty are mine;

2. O sleep not, my babe, for the morn of to - morrow, Shall sooth me to slumber more tranquil than thine;  
The dark gray shall shield me from shame and from sor-row, Tho' the deeds and the doom of the guil - ty are mine;

Not long shall the arm of af - fec-tion en - fold thee, Not long shalt thou hang on thy mo-ther's fond breast, And

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## THE FEMALE CONVICT. Concluded.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'who with the eye of de - light shall be - hold thee, And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest!' The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

who with the eye of de - light shall be - hold thee, And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest!

who with the eye of de - light shall be - hold thee, And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest!

2. And yet it doth grieve me to wake thee, my dearest,  
 The pangs of thy desolate mother to see;  
 Thou wilt weep when the clank of my cold chains thou hearest,  
 And none but the guilty should weep over me.  
 And yet I must wake thee, for whilst thou art weeping,  
 To calm thee, I stifle my tears for a while;  
 Thou smil'st in thy dreams, while thus placidly sleeping,  
 And O! how it wounds me to gaze on thy smile!

3. Alas! my sweet babe, with what pride had I press'd thee  
 To the bosom, that now throbs with terror and shame,  
 If the pure tie of virtuous affection had blessed thee,  
 And hailed thee the heir of thy father's high name!

But now—with remorse that avails not—I mourn thee,  
 Forsaken and friendless, as soon thou wilt be,  
 In a world, if it cannot betray, that will scorn thee—  
 Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee.

4. And when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken  
 The deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek;  
 When by all, but the God of the orphan, forsaken,  
 A home and a father in vain thou shall seek;  
 I know that the base world will seek to deceive thee,  
 With falsehood like that which thy mother beguiled;  
 Yet, lost and degraded—to whom can I leave thee?  
 O God of the fatherless! pity my child!