

For well advice to Scotland
I can no longer stay
I'm torn down with poverty
So I must now away

To leave the land, where first I drew
My breath it grieves me sore
To cross the frigid sea
To the South Australian Shore

I leave my William Dear to mourn
And tender parents too
I swear by all the powers above
To kiss I will your face

If providence proves kind to me
The Lad that I adore
Shall quickly follow after me
To South Australian Shore

The Ship she is in harbour
And my passage it is paid
The passengers are gone on board
The anchor it is weigh'd.