

The Convict's Dream - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

Recited by Fred. Smith.

Tw'as on a Sunday morning
In the prison at Sing-Sing,
The convicts were all counted off,
The all-right-bell did ring;
The goddess slumber raced me.
Her mantle on me did fling,
The vision that my fancy composed.
Unto your mind I'll bring.

I saw myself in childhood's day
Pressed to my mother's breast,
At the mantel stood my father.
On me his eyes did rest;
Sly sisters and my brothers were there.
All I could plainly see,
And hear their peals of laughter,
And merry shouts of glee.

The scenes then quickly shifted,
I found myself a lad,
In the words of a kind father,
I was going to the bad;
My dear and loving mother,
Her head was bent with grief,
And the blood it mounted to her brow,
When she heard me called a thief.

But soon cold death relieved her
Of all regrets and shame;
I saw the treasure I had lost,
Myself did sorely blame;
A mist arose before my eyes.
And when it passed away
I saw myself in prison-garb,
It seemed a Summer day.

A convict then approached me,
And thus to me did speak:
Now, if you want your liberty.
There's going to be a break;
Then on the walk we quickly jumped,
Into an engine sprang,
And as we flew along the track.
Those rifles loudly rang.

We reached a plain four miles below.
Then to the woods did flee,
And soon reached home both safe and sound;
Thank God, that I was free,
I met my old associates,
Much of me they did make,
They were all pleased to see me,
And my hand did kindly shake.

My happiness seemed now complete,

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For standing at my side,
Was the only girl I ever loved,
She was my promised bride;
And if, as i seemed just then,
To seal my cup of bliss,
She threw her arms around my neck.
My cheek did fondly kiss.

We strolled down to the battery,
Many boats were in the stream.
The lovers promenading,
How happy it did seem;
I gazed in my companion's face,
With joy her eyes did beam,
By the loud bell-stroke I was awoke,
And found it all a dream.