

A Convict's Hope - song lyrics

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A CONVICT'S HOPE.

Thinking of home and of freedom,
Restless and sleepless to-night;
The past seems to me now but dreamland
Since I've been sentenced for life.
Yes, I'm a forger, I signed I hose names,
To all of those crimes I confessed,
But I love my wife, my children and home,
Although in this garb I am dressed.

Chorus.
When will this heart rest -oh! when will it be-
Longing for freedom, longing for thee-
Wife, home and children did they separate;
Give me my freedom, or my heart will break.

I dream't. I saw wife sad and lonely,
Approaching the stern gov'nor's door,
Pleading for one she loves dearly,
A pardon for him she implores.
) She said, "He's a soldier, you fought side by side,
Were wounded upon the same field;
You'll know him well when his name I do tell,
For clemency now do I kneel." -Chorus.

I His wife brings him news of glad tidings-
'Tis true, not a dream as of yore-
A pardon awaits him this morning
I For brave acts he did in the war.
Oh! what emotion, expressions of joy,
Were heard when his pardon was read:
his freedom had come, but-Thy will be done-
To his Maker his poor soul had fled.

Chorus.
Now does the heart rest, his spirit has fled:
At his wife's feet, there, the convict lies dead.
He gazed for the last time on those he did love;
We trust in God's mercy, they'll all meet above.