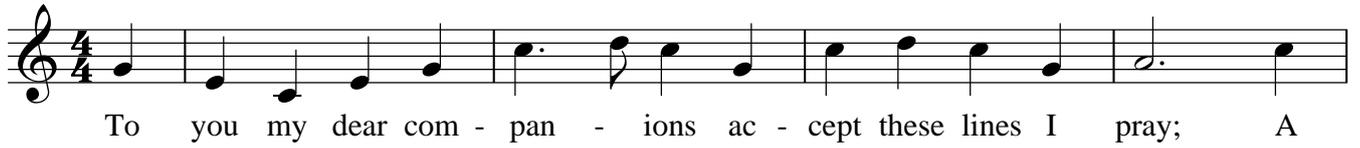
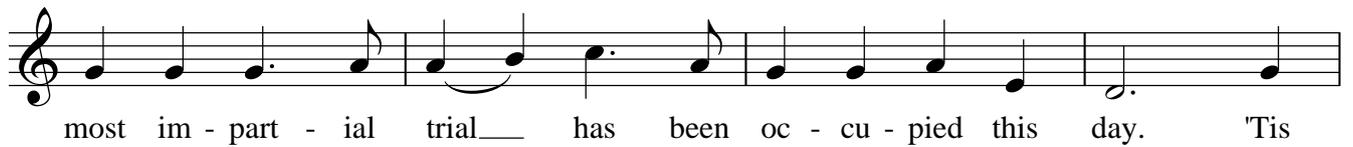


Spence Broughton

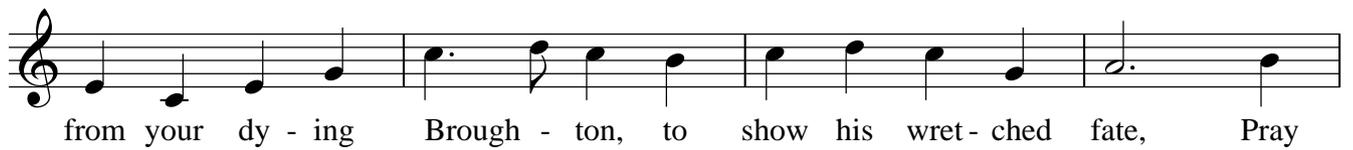
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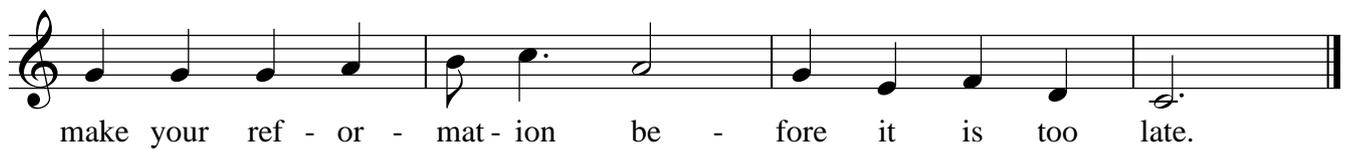
To you my dear com - pan - ions ac - cept these lines I pray; A



most im - part - ial trial has been oc - cu - pied this day. 'Tis



from your dy - ing Brough - ton, to show his wret - ched fate, Pray



make your ref - or - mat - ion be - fore it is too late.

Lyrics



Spence Broughton

1. To you my dear companions accept these lines I pray;
A most impartial trial has been occupied this day.
'Tis from your dying Broughton, to show his wretched fate,
Pray make your reformation before it is too late.
2. The loss of your companion will grieve your hearts full sore,
I know that my fair Ellen will my wretched fate deplore;
Thinking of those happy hours that now are past and gone,
That I, unhappy Broughton, would I had ne'er been born.
3. *[not sung]*
One day unto St. James's with large and swelling pride,
Each man had a flash woman walking by his side,
And at night we did retire unto some ball or play;
In these unhappy pleasures our time did pass away.
4. Brought up in wicked habits which wrought in me no fear,
How little did I think that my time had been so near;
But now I'm overtaken, and bound, condemned and cast to die,
Exposed a sad example to all those that pass me by.
5. O that I had but gone unto some far and distant clime,
That a gibbet post for Broughton would never have been mine;
But as for such like wishes they are vanity and vain,
Alas, it is but folly and madness to complain.
6. One night to try and slumber I closed my weeping eyes,
I heard a foot approaching which struck me with surprise;
I listened for a moment, a voice made this reply,
'Prepare thyself, Spence Broughton, tomorrow thou must die.'
7. *[not sung]*
O awful was the messenger, and dismal was the sound,
Like a maniac in distraction I rolled upon the ground;
My tears now flow in torrents, with anguish I am torn,
O poor unhappy Broughton, would I had ne'er been born.
8. Farewell, my wife and children, to you I bid adieu,
I never should have come to this had I stayed at home with you;
But I hope through my Redeemer to gain the happy shore;
Farewell, farewell for ever, Spence Broughton is no more.
Spence Broughton is no more.