



A mournful lament
on the fate of
JOHN M'AFFERTY.

All you that have a feeling heart,
 Attend unto my song,
 And if you'll pay attention
 I'll not detain you long ;
 Our friends they are cut down,
 For what according to the laws
 Is treason against the crown.

Another hero young and brave
 M'Afferty by name—
 Who had on many a battle field
 Won honour rank and fame.
 Upon the twelfth of June next
 Is now condemned to die ;
 Oh many is the Irish breast,
 Will heave for him a sigh.

Neither 'gainst Judge nor jury,
 No fault he said had he,
 But of the charge against him,
 He claimed to be set free ;
 And now his life he freely gives
 To prove how true his love,"—
 Oh, if he dies may angels bring
 His soul to God above.

When he received his sentence,
 He loudly did declare.
 Before the court and all the world
 His trial was not fair ;
 Both Butt, and Dowse his Counsellors—
 Tho' there none greater be—
 And ably they defended him—
 But could not set him free.

Tho' he did not wish to be cut off
 He said in manhoods prime,
 And die upon a scaffold
 Far from his sunny clime ;
 But Irish men they fought and died
 My sunny home to free ;
 So like a christian now he'd die,
 For Ireland's liberty.

O! gallant sons and daughters fair,
 Of our dear little Isle,
 Cheer up I say prosperity,
 Again will on us smile ;
 Those gallant men they shall not die
 Upon the gallows tree
 It would not be polite nor wise
 And that our rulers see.

