



ASORROWFUL LAMENTATION ON THE EXECUTION
PATRICK POWER

Who Sufferd at Front of Wexford Jail on the 4th of April for the
UNNATURAL MURDER OF HIS FATHER

Attend each feeling christian who now my fate bewail,
This day terminates my fate in front of wexford jail.
For the base & feerrul murder of my father I must die;
In bitter pain & aggonny upon the gallows high,

Farewell this wicked world my hour is come at last,
And in my lonely prison cell a dreary month I've pass'd,
Reflecting on my awful crime & my untimely doom,
At a early age to end my days cut down in health & bloom

My father was a farmer & rear'd me tenderly,
Not far from Newtown Barry by hard industry;
Expecting when I'd be a man a help to him I'd be,
But alas I was his butcher which proves my destiny

For me there is no compasion for the awful deed I've don'd,
To say a loveing father kind was murder'd by his son,
A far worse end I do deserve before you all this day,
But may God on high blot out my crime let every christian pray

On the 13th of october last to me a woful day,
By satans curse'd temptation I my father did waylay,
On his return from the mill I did him ass-annate,
For which I'm sorry to the heart but now it is to late,

Being provide'd with a pitchfork to meet him I did go,
With which I gave him 15 stabs his blood in streams did flow
He cri'd to me for mercy his words were all in vain,
I left him lifeless on the ground for which I die in shame

At an early hour this morning what terror struck my breal
When the good Priest who attended me those woces to me ex-plain
Come take this Blessed Crusifix with courage & follow me,
You are going to face your Saviour who died on Calvary

As me dont permit me to delay I must ascend the trap,
Where death is waiting on me till the hangman lets me down
And while I stand upon the fall which ends my last sinful run
Pray may the Lord have mercy on the soul of patrick power

Farewell my faithful Priest aien that has attend'd me,
And the pious Nuns of wexford that pure society,
Their instructions were most pleasing & enree'd my mind
All my hops I place in Mary she's na Mother goodd & kind;

Farewell to Newtown Barry & my neibouts one & all,
On watch & pray both night & day or you will surely fall
Let each wild & wicked youth a warning take by me;
be guided by your darents & avoid bad company,

