

THE FATHERS, LAMENT, FOR HIS SON,  
**LAURENC, KING.**

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Attend each loveing parent and listen to this tragedy,  
My greif is unavailing I hope you all will pity me,  
In sorrow I'm drown'd lamenting still both night & day  
For my son & only confort the fetal forfeit now must pay

Oh Laurence king my darling son I really had no friend but you,  
And must I at the condemn'd cell bid you the long & last adieu,  
Oh you were young & innocent it was drink caus'd you to go astray,  
Dear son my heart is breaking to think upon your dying day,

Young Clutterbuck whose life you took a gentle youth both good & kind  
It was the devil I may say that us'd it in your tender mind,  
O honestly I reard you from the time of your nativity,  
But all my hopes ere over for alas your parting now from me,

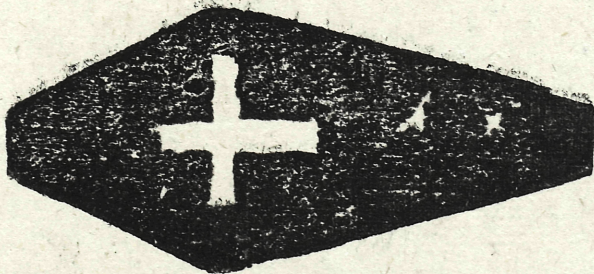
Oh long shall I rember our last farewell in the County Jail.  
O sin that love'd dearly his loss in tears I now bewail,  
Adieu my Father dear he said in Heaven I'll remember thee,  
Your trouble greives me more than the facing of the gallows tree,

The dreadful wensday morning alas with terror it draws near,  
When before the great Redeemers throne for eternal trial you'll appear,  
And may the Virgin Mary defend your cause upon this day,  
And while you'r standing on the trap I hope that for you they will pray

To God I now return thanks & the Priests & Nuns of Tullamore,  
With you are so delighted God's pardon still do you implore,  
Each day these Blesse'd Ladies their time with you they do employ  
To give you consolation, my child, my son and darling boy,

You need no blame your Jury for mercy they did recommend,  
Your Counselors behaved like me, your case they nobly defend'd  
But no mercy for you could be found tho' bitterly they did it crave,  
Oh the gallows high you are doom'd to die and sleep all in a felon's grave

God help each tender parent that ever rear'd a foolish son,  
We know not what awaits us all & curse drink we all should shun,  
Oh you are to die that shameful death which ends this fearful tragedy  
Which is the cause of all our woe and parts forever you and me,



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