

A NEW SONG ON  
The Trial and Sentence  
OF  
**PEACE,**

For the Murder of Mr. Arthur Dyson,  
at Bannercross Sheffield, Nov. 29, 76.

Charles Peace, the Blackheath burglar is sentenced now  
to die,

For Mr. Dyson's murder long ago,  
He has been wild and reckless, but his day it has gone  
by,

For in the grave he'll soon be lying low.

He has led an evil life, of robbery and strife,

But his days are numbered in this world

The only friend that's left him is that poor neglected  
wife

Now in the depths of misery she's hurled.

CHORUS.

In heavy irons lying he is condemned to die,

Charles Peace, the murderer, none can save,

Broken down and dejected his wild career's gone by

His crimes will soon be ended in the grave

Of all the bold highwaymen in the history of the land,

He never had an equal in his time,

The riches of the wealthy he stole with cunning hand,

He has been the terror of those modern times,

He feared no living foe, with his pistol he would go,

Determined to escape or to die,

The life of Peace the burglar I'm sure will plainly show

That from justice he could not always fly.

For nearly fifty years he has pursued a life of crime,

Such as no one ever knew before,

Confined within a prison he has been many times,

But still he always would defy the law.

Tho' guilty he has been, by many it has been seen,

True affection sometimes he could show,

He loved his pictures and his birds, they were a joy to  
him

And his pony loved its master as we know.

He shot poor Mr. Dyson there cannot be a doubt,

There's no excuse for murder you will say

Mrs. Dyson he pretended he could not live without

But he'd no right to take her husband's life away.

Every crime beneath the sun perhaps he may have done,

But if with blood he had not stained his hand,

He may have passed the last few days his life had to run

In preparing for a better land.

He has fought for life many times, especially on the  
line,

Although he's getting old and full of years,

If upon the scaffold his life he must resign,

There's sure to be a friend to drop a tear.

The poor he did befriend, and money he would spend,

In helping those around him who were poor,

Altho' the laws of England we know he did offend,

Many things untrue have been said at his door.

His days will soon be over, the hangman soon will come

The body of the murderer to demand,

To suffer for the many crimes that often he had done,

Against the peace and welfare of the land,

His doom will teach us all that guilt will have a fall,

We cannot escape the convict's fate,

When once a crimes committed it is beyond recall,

And repentance perhaps may come for us too late.

