

TRIAL AND CONFESSION OF JAMES WALLER.

Come all you feeling christians,
Where ever you may be
I hope you'll pay attention,
And listen unto me :
It's of a dreadful murder,
To you I'm going to tell,
My name is James Waller,
Near Bingley town did dwell,
James Waller. a sad wreched man,
Poor Smith is blood did spill
On that fated spot he fired the shot,
With intention for to kill :
He was quickly followed after,
And brought straight back with speed,
He was tried and found guilty,
And must die upon the gallows tree

Poor Smith is dead in is grave,
Cut down in youthful prime,
The unhappy James Waller,
Must suffer for the Crime,
I hope the Lord will pity him,
For the deed that he has done :
I hope young men will warning take,
And from such crimes pray shun.

When he had done the dreadful deed,
He could not get away,
His mind did so perplex him,
He in an out house did lay,
When he was found he was so weak,
Thet he could scarcely stand,
And he was willing for to go,
With officers hand in hand.

Farewell unto my children,
I hope they will warning take,
And shun those dreadful crimes,
That their father doth await,
There is one above that watches you,
Throughout the night and day,
And think upon your father dear.

I hope young men will warning take,
Where ever you may be
And shun that midnight walking,
Likewise had company,
I was brought up near Bingley town
And there I'm known full well,
My name it is James Waller :
The truth to you I'll tell.

Now children be dutiful
Unto your parents kind,
The good advice they give to you.
Always bear in mind.
There is one above who watches you
Througout the night and day,
Anc think upon the wretched man.
Who took Smiths life away.

CHORUS.

Good people all do pity me,
For I mu t die upon the gallows tree.

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*Sold Wholesale and Retail, by J. TANKARD,
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