

# Lamentations

## John Thomson & David Dobie,

The two unfortunate men now under sentence of Death in the Calton Jail, and who are to be executed at Edinburgh, on the 18th of August, 1830, and their bodies to be given to Dr. Munro for dissection, for the assault, murder and robbery of Margaret Paterson.



**David Dobie.**

Taken during the Trial.



**John Thomson.**

Taken during the Trial.

Dear Countrymen, a warning take,  
And all your lawless crimes forsake,  
At our untimely fate take heed,  
Who now regret each wicked deed.

The sad example keep in mind  
Of us poor mortals now confin'd,  
And doomed we are to hang'd be  
Upon the fatal gallows tree.

From bad company refrain,  
Contented be with honest gain,  
And holy keep the Sabbath day,  
The laws of God and man obey.

Though in a dismal cell we stay,  
We think time passes swift away ;  
We have not long to meditate  
Upon our fast approaching fate.

Now no friends our lives can spare,  
Therefore to die we must prepare,  
And hope the Lord will lend an ear  
To us poor penitents' last prayer.

Our sorrows, ah ! no tongue can tell,  
For fear of death and fear of hell ;  
Yet still, through Christ, we hope to be  
From all our misery set free.

Our sins, tho' they are mountains high,  
Yet still unto the Lord we cry,  
That he may in this trying hour  
Conviction send with might and power.

A few more hours, our lives are o'er,  
And we on earth shall be no more.  
O ! may we pray, whilst here we live,  
That Jesus may our souls receive.

For when we leave this house of clay,  
We cannot then repent and pray ;  
All earthly things are then in vain,  
And we are doom'd to bliss or pain.

O ! that our sins may be forgiven  
Before the gracious throne of Heaven,  
May mercy there appear in store,  
To save us when this life is o'er.

For our unjust and vicious ways,  
Disgrace and shame concludes our days,  
Our fathers, mothers, and all our friends  
In tears lament our woeful ends.

Farewell, dear father, mother and all,  
Forget our shameful end and fall ;  
Let not the world, in malice, name  
To you our faults, our end and shame.

Remember, Lord, thy servants in distress,  
O comfort us, for we are comfortless,  
Pardon our sins before this world we leave,  
That we a crown of glory may receive.

To think of death our hearts are fill'd with woe,  
Our very eyes like fountains overflow  
With melting tears, and we are much afraid  
To leave this world before our peace is made.

Ere long we must before the Lord appear,  
And answer for our sins committed here,  
We tremble at the very thought of this,  
Fearing the loss of everlasting bliss.

Justice now has overtook us,  
Stopt us in our wicked race,  
Guilt and horror have pursued us,  
Death now looks us in the face.

See what numbers round us flocking,  
Wait to see our awful fate,  
But we hope for true repentance,  
Mercy at the hour of death.

Judge of Judges ! King of Glory !  
O how dreadful is our fate,  
Summoned to appear before thee,  
In this guilty awful state.

Our wild career's at last arrested,  
Horrors dire our souls entral,  
By heaven and earth we seem detested,  
And unpitied in our fall.

Injur'd law, in direful horror,  
Shouts for vengeance o'er our head,  
Which clothes the number'd hours with terror  
That consigns us to the dead.

A death, of deaths the most degrading,  
Stops our gasping burning breath,  
Whose pangs, our hopeless souls pervading,  
Daily yields a living death.

Soon, O, direful contemplation,  
Shall our bodies undergo,  
An ignominious laceration  
'Neath the scalpel of MUNRO !

Our soulless corses denied protection,  
From their native kindred clay,  
And given for public dissection,  
Like to dogs or beasts of prey.

O ! King of Glory, Might and Power !  
Salvation send in our last hour,  
And grant that we may dwell with Thee  
Throughout a blest Eternity !

Edinburgh :....Price One Penny.

