## RELEASE

It's of the cruel fate of innocent William Habron Who was condemned to die for a deed he never done; For the murder of a Policeman at Whalley Range near Manchester,

He was tried and convicted though not the guilty one. Upon the day that he was tried he stood by his two brother side: Altho I have been wild be cried, I no one did annoy

But alas he was condemned, and to penal servitude did

Innocent William Habron, the poor young Irish boy. The Government they did agree, to set young William

Habron free, His freedem and his liberty, once more he will enjoy, And with a kind and welcome hand, when he goes to

They will receive poor Habron, the innocent Irish boy

They ought to be more careful before they swear mens

Or take from us our liberty which we so dearly prize, They do not care or feel the smart, of breaking his poor fathers heart

Who went back to old Ireland in death to close his

If Charles I eace had not confess d to releive his guilty Poor Habron by his sorrow oppress'd his hard fate

see the day. When this dark cloud would pass away and the mur-

gaoL

We know he fervently did pray that he might live to

dreary life of servitude, in misery and solitude, Poor William Habron would have lived and died in a

derer be found,

He's had to suffer years of pain, although he never did complain,

He only wanted to clear his name to all his friends around, The evidence it was not clear, but it nearly cost him

life so dear.

The gallows to him it seem'd so near the was prepared

to die; Was it not a dreadful shame to brand him with a marderers name.

And send him away from home and friends, in a convict gaol to lie.

No one knows but those who feel the pressure of the

tyrants heel, Which every day and hour reveals in Penal Servitude; Charles Peace, as you do know, would rather die than he would go.

The gallows did no terrors show, like that fearful So itude:

Many a man is suffering there, in misery and dark despair. Who perhaps had never had a share, in what he's sent

there for, Tis' hard to be in such a place, & to have the name of

such disgrace, Like innocent William Habron, whose tranbles now are o'er.

Charles Peace the burglar done his best to relieve poor Habron so opprest, The wrong he done he has redress'd and got him free

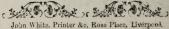
once more, But the troubles that he has gone through, and the

slavery work he's had to do; The confinement he's been subject to, who's to pay

him for, Sent away on this pretence, of comfort robbed firevery

sense, He ought to have some precompence, to fill his heart

with joy,
A hundred pounds they should pay down, the people say in every town: For the cruel false imprisonment, of a poor Irish boy.



## LINES ON THE SAD FATE OF

would bewail.

## CHARLES PEACE.

The scaffold now has done its duty, And sent a murderer from this world, Cha les Peace he has been executed, And to eternity is hurled. On the 25th of February,

Upon the drop Charles Peace did stand To be sent before his heavenly Maker, For breaking of the Lord's command.

For the murder of Mr. Dyson, Charles Peace has met an awful doom And his career at length has ended, He sleeps for ever in a felons tom').

He made a full and free confession, When he found his guilt was known, That his crime so sad and cruel Upon his trial was clearly shown. He had no mercy for his victim, And none to him the judge could give He had disgraced the name of man, And was no longer fit to live.

Day and night he has been guarded, By the warders in his cell, As each lonely day departed, With fear of death his courage fell.

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He's been a burglar and a murd-rer, But his career it now is run, At Armley he was executed And suffered for the deeds he's done.

> From his cell out to the scaffold, Thro' the chilly morning air, The Bannercross murderer was con ducted. And looked a picture of sad despair, His sad career was q lickly ended,

As the fatal bolt was drawn. Beneath his fect the drop descended. And Charles Peace died a death of scorn

What deeds of daring we must tell the like was never

The Banner-cross murder brings to light; In every town in England such commotion there has

When they read the murderers fierce determin'd Charles Peace you'll understand, has been a terror to the land.

Tike Dick Turpin, and Jack Sheppard of renown
He was the Prince of robbers, he never join'd no band
But his guilty deeds at last have brought him

Gharles-Peace has suffered death, and with his latest breath. He acknowledged that he well deserved his

doom.

(and strife,
He's been a villian all his life, and caused trouble, pain
But now he moulders in a murderers tomb

There's never been his equal in defying of the law,

The detectives he used to laugh to scorn.

His wild career is over he cannot rob no more. His will career is over ne cannot not no indeed.

It were better that he never had been born,

A bold ingenious man, it always was his plan,

To plunder people for ill-gotten gain,

Had he used the gifts God gave him like an houses man.

His character would never had a stagn.

The murder of Mr. Dyson, there is no one can defend Life is sweet to every one we know He had no cause to bring his victims life unto an end, ut his love for Mrs Dyson he would show We have no right to judge, but every one must say

That perhaps the murderer was not all to blaze But he has had to suffer the fruits of being gay, And on the gallows died a death of shame.



With courage so determined no man ever knew, When travelling down to Sheffield on the line, The window of the express train the convict he leap'd through

Hoping that his life he could resign. His time it had not come, his race it was not run, Tho' bleeding from the wounds upon his head On the line they saw him lying, Charles Peace was

nearly dying.

And in his heart he wished that he was dead.

On more than one occasion he has boldly fought for

With his revolver fastened to his hand, He commenced all his troubles when he forsook his

As all you married women understand.

Weath addismal beam of wood, upon the drop he wood A picture of death and misere. Upon that Tuesday morn, the fatal bolt was drawn, And Peace was launched into eternity.

