

# THE RELEASE OF W. M. HABRON.

It's of the eternal 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 he cried, I no one did annoy  
But alas he was condemned, and to penal servitude did  
send.

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

His freedom and his liberty, once more he will enjoy,  
And with a kind and welcome hand, when he goes to  
his native land,

They will receive poor Habron, the innocent Irish boy,  
They ought to be more careful before they swear mens  
lives away.

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  
eyes;

If Charles I once had not confessed to relieve his guilty  
breast,

Poor Habron by his sorrow oppress'd his hard fate  
would bewail,

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

We know he fervently did pray that he might live to  
see the day,  
When this dark cloud would pass away and the murder-  
er 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 a-  
round,

The evidence it was not clear, but it nearly cost him  
life so dear,  
The gallows to him it seem'd so near he was prepared  
to die

Was it not a dreadful shame to brand him with a  
murderers name,  
And send him away from home and friends, in a convict  
gaol to be.

No one knows but those who feel the pressure of the  
iron's 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  
solitude;

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 troubles now  
are o'er.

Charles Peace the burglar done his best, to relieve poor  
Habron so oppress'd,

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 he every  
sense,

He ought to have some recompence, 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.

John White, Printer & Co. Rose Place, Liverpool.

## CHARLES PEACE.

The scaffold now has done its duty,  
And sent a murderer from this world,  
Charles Peace he has been executed,  
And to eternity is hurried.  
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 tomb.

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.

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

From his cell out to the scaffold,  
Thro' the chilly morning air,  
The Banner-cross murderer was con-  
ducted,  
And looked a picture of sad despair,  
His sad career was quickly ended,  
As the fatal bolt was drawn,  
Beneath his feet the drop descended,  
And Charles Peace died a death of  
scorn.

What deeds of daring we must tell the like was never  
seen

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

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

Like 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  
down.

Charles Peace has suffered death, and with his latest  
breath,

He acknowledged that he well deserved his  
doom,  
He's been a villain 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,

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 not the gifts God gave him like an honest man  
His character would never had a stain.

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,  
At 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 blame,  
But he has had to suffer the fruits of being gay,  
And on the gallows died a death of shame.



MRS. DYSON.

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  
life,

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

As all you married women understand,  
North adlmal beam of wood, upon the drop he stood  
A picture of death and misery,

Upon that Tuesday morn, the fatal bolt was drawn,  
And Peace was launched into eternity.