



## THE LAMENTATION OF Patrick Power,

Who was hanged at Wexford for the murder of his Father

You foolish wicked young men who have been led astray  
Now listen to this dreadful tale upon my dying day,  
It was by cursed temptation as you all may plainly see,  
I am condemned in grief and shame to die on the gallows tree

My name is Patrick Power, near Wexford I was born,  
And attain age of twenty years I die in Public scorn.  
I broke the laws of God and man for which I now must die,  
My Father's blood for vengeance to heaven loud does cry!

A young woman who lived near us, I courted as you'll hear,  
I often robbed my father to then spend it on my dear,  
A good advice she gave me, tho' this bloody deed I done,  
thought ——— father's farm I being the eldest son.

On the 14th of October I watched him coming home,  
And not fearing any danger then, as he was all alone,  
Then just like a hungry tiger mad I rushed upon my prey,  
And with a Pitchfork stabbed him and took his life away!

Full fifteen wounds I gave him sore and left him in his gore,  
In tears of bitter anguish now the same I do deplore,  
The Devil three times by me stood the same I can't deny,  
And for the same I'm reconciled in grief and shame to die!

The fork that done this bloody deed as all may understand,  
The prongs and handle I did wash and scour well with sand,  
My Mother found it in the barn, early on the next day,  
Where the night before I put it safe beneath some straw and hay.

But soon I was arrested then and sent off to Wexford jail,  
Surrounded with cold irons strong my fate then to bewail,  
The jury found me guilty then—the Judge to me did say,  
The fourth day of April, '66, will be your dying day!

By tears and true repentance now I lie in my dismal cell,  
From that time to this I done my best to save my soul from hell  
I die with true contrition all in my youth and bloom,  
An unworthy member of the faith of the holy church of Rome!

God bless the pious holy Priest that attended me in my cell,  
Both night and day with me did pray and done his duty well,  
Likewise the Ladies of Charity they to me instructions gave,  
O Blessed Virgin be their safe-guard when I am in my grave.

Farewell my aged Mother dear in tears you may deplore,  
To see your husband murdered and bleeding in his gore;  
To see the son you once loved dear now die in shame and scorn  
God comfort your poor broken heart, I wish I ne'er was born!

My glass is run, my hour has come, and I'm prepared to die,  
God may blot out my black crimes that rules above the sky,  
Both young and old a warning take before it is too late,  
Beware of satan's cursed art and think of my sad fate!



## Mother's far Away.

One cold winters night my dear mother died,  
In her last dreamy moments I knelt by her side,  
She kissed me so sweetly, and told me to pray,  
She said that she'd meet me in heaven some day:  
She taught me to keep from the path of all sin,  
And pray to my Maker to think only of him;  
There is no love like a mother's, you'll will say I'm  
not wrong,  
But seldom she's missed till she is dead and gone.

She has gone, she has left me, I mourn night and day,  
My mother so kind she is now far away.  
I cannot be happy I once was her joy,  
Dear mother in heaven look down on your boy.

I hope she has gone to a far better shore  
On earth my dear mother I'll ne'er see her more:  
When living, my mother she was good and kind,  
There is no love on this earth like a mother's you'll  
I think of d,  
And the vthe night when she left me alone,  
I shed teallage churchyard where I often did roam,  
surs on her grave as I kneel down and pray,  
To dear father and mother but they're both far away.

In this wide world of sorrow we oft go astray,  
We heed not the words a kind mother may say:  
I'm a poor orphan boy, how sad is my fate  
I think of poor mother both early and late;  
Sometimes when dreaming sweet visions I see,  
That the angels in heaven will watch over me,  
And I care not how soon my time comes to die,  
To dwell with my father and mother on high.

