

AWFUL EXECUTION

OF

JEREMIAH CORKERY.

*Aged 20, who suffered at Warwick, July 27 1875 for
for the Murder of Police Constable Wm. Lines in the
Navigation Street Riots, March 7. 1875*

Corkery's Farewell

TO HIS

MOTHER, BROTHER AND SISTERS

O listen for a while, you honest sons of toil,
And mark well to what I say to you,
The fate of Mrs Corkery's son, known to every
one,
So be careful and mind what you do.

CHORUS

Oh! my poor Mother dear, for your son just
shed a tear,
And think on me when I'm far away,
My brothers and my sisters to, I hope will be
kind to you,
Till we meet on that Great Judgment Day,

He lay in Warwick Gaol, his fate did bewail,
His companions in sorrow do complain,
They think of friends so dear, who are shedding
many a tear,
And their sentence has caused a deal of pain.

The sentence it was pass'd, poor Corkery's die
was cast,
On the scaffold, Oh, what an awful fate,
Alas! he is no more, his friends they suffer sore,
Take warning before it is to late.

His companions now you see, have escaped the
fatal tree,
Their sentence severe it was to all,
'Tis done without a thought, the evil soer is
wrought,
And by Satan's temptation now they fall.

Oh! you parents only think, what is to be in
drunk.
What crimes and depredations, then
You are good for any strife to use poker or knife
You are like madmen, instead of being men

Now Satan and his Imp's attends every one that
But Moderation is a maxim true,
For men forsake their home, women too will
roam
And for wicked crimes, some are made to roam

Poor Creswell, and Charles Mee, Thomas Leo-
nard now you see,
And Thomas Whalsh they have sent for life,
For men in youth and bloom, perhaps to an
early tomb,
Oh! pray, think and avoid such strife.

We hope with heavenly love, to see Corkery up
above,
With angels, and for ever blest,
For your dearest parents sake, your crimes do
forsake,
Then our happiness and minds will be at rest

Composed by, J. W. ST.



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