

With little hope of winning,
Without a penny of pay.
Desperate and starving the boy was,
Times were terrible bad—
And though he shot a policeman,
There was no real harm in the lad.
Then the dark days of trouble
When he was taken to jail;
No one to offer him counsel,
No one to offer him bail,
Except the lawyer the Crown appointed
To take and plead his case—
He was the most ag'in him—
It was a clean disgrace.
And black Judge James presiding,
Him with the evil eye,
'Twas only what all expected—
The boy was sentenced to die.

And one dark morning it happened—
God! but it seemed hard—
They took my boy and hanged him
Out in the court house yard.
And, parson, I never murmured—
I was younger and stronger then—
And the law must be abided
By the best and worst of men.
And I still had little Thomas,
He was my pride and joy;
I prayed to God to help me
To bring up my little boy.
He seemed different from Harry,