

L I N E S

Wrote Relative to the murder of *Marcus Lyon*; who was murdered in
Wilbreham, November 9, 1805.

THERE is a way, God's word doth say,
The end thereof is death;
If we shed blood, an angry God
Will stop us in that path.

My blood runs cold, when I am told,
In Wilbreham, at midday,
That, blood is shed, Marcus is dead,
Murdered on the highway!

I hear that men are now confined,
For shedding of this blood;
In the disclosure of this crime,
Is seen the hand of God.

A little youth, he sees the men,
Upon the bloody ground,
He well describes the time and place,
And soon the corps was found.

And now to you that guilty are,
I speak a word or two;
If you or men that did this crime,
These lines, they are to you.

Did he provoke you to this deed,
For you to waylay him,
No, no, his blood you meant to shed,
And hide him in the stream.

A trial soon you've got to meet,
Escape if think you can,
April draws near, condemn'd or clear,
Remember then your stand.

Positive proof there's not enough,
You then may think to plead,
But you will feel the snares of hell,
Have caught your feet indeed.

Where is the man, that ought to live,
Wants murderous lives prolong'd?
What crime on earth more calls for death?
We do not want you wrong'd.

How must his mother feel, when she,
Her murdered son did see,
His brains beat out, what heart so stout,
To have no sympathy.

How must his neighbours feel for him,
How must they feel to you,
What friends have they, that did him slay,
Methinks, the scene I view.

O, I wish I could see
Them to persecute,
Then to waylay the road,
Oh! what a job, to kill, and rob,
There's an omniscient God.

A trial soon your souls must meet,
At his tremendous bar;
Where Marcus will the truth reveal,
His witness will be there.

Barbarity, beyond degree,
What have you to expect?
It to be hold out of this world;
And perish in the next.

Time is too short, with death to sport,
No mercy you could show,
No feeling, none, Oh! hearts of stone,
Both kill, and drown him too.

No tongue can tell, how he must feel,
When you took him in hand;
But there's a God, will you reward,
The murderer hath his End.

Death's bold demand, you can't withstand,
Then weapons won't save you,
Yes; feelings then, you'll have poor men,
Enough to pierce you through.

Your hearts must ache, when death appears,
In all his dread array,
In truth, we find, two things are join'd,
Death and Eternity.

If not prepar'd, then your reward,
In justice will be paid;
Visas of wrath, the scripture saith,
Pour'd, on the guilty head.

I hope that you, these things may view,
Your moments rightly spend;
Lest God's wrath, should stop your breath,
Your soul in flames send!