

LIFE OF JAMES B. RUSH

Attend good people of each degree,
Awhile, and listen unto me,
To warn you all both young and old,
I will my wretched life unfold.

On the fatal tree, a murderer I,
James Blomfield Rush am condemned to die.

James Blomfield Rush it is my name,
I have brought myself to grief and shame,
In credit my life I might have passed,
But now alas! my doom is cast.

In West Norfolk I was bred and born,
In Norwich town I die in scorn,
My career of guilt alas! is run,
I die at last for the deed I've done.

Since first from virtue's step I did incline,
I step by step have sunk into crime;
My heart is bursting while these lines I pen,
I am abhorred both by my God and men.

At Aylsham I a farm did keep
I employed my time for to tend my sheep,
Like them my heart was free from guile,
Now I'm a murderer base and vile.

While there a lady's heart I gained,
In virtue fair, and Soames was her name;
With her a happy life I led,
But now she's number'd with the dead.

My first disaster is to be learnt,
My hopes were crushed, my crops were burnt,
And by people's looks I could plainly see,
I suspected was as an incendiary.

My man was taken for this sad affair,
But to his rescue I did quickly steer,
And for that rescue that I had done,
I was indicted in thirty-one.

In eighteen hundred and forty-four,
My father, whose loss I now deplore,
Upon his kitchen floor was stretch'd,
Where he had met an untimely death.

A gun was lying by his side,
Which had ended all his earthly strife;
But ill-natured people said that I,
Did rob him of his precious life.

Then Emily Sandford who lived with me,
My children's governess used to be;
As her uncle I went I do declare,
To see her at Mylne-street, Claremont-square.

I took her unto Potash farm,
Intent on keeping her from harm;
Oh! would I never had betray'd,
Or led from virtue that fair maid.

The cause of this my sad downfall,
I'll tell you true, I'll tell you all,
For it cannot me now avail,
To blind you with an idle tale.

Mr. Jermy did me employ,
The place called Potash farm to buy;
Instead of which, though short of self,
I bought the farm to use myself.

Not being able the whole to pay,
Mr. Jermy to me did say,
Here take the money, but Rush, I say,
You'll pay me on the stated day.

Not being able to pay him his due,
In 48 he did me sue.
Which in my mind was unfair play,
So I swore to take his life away.

On November the 28th,
The night that sealed poor Jermy's fate,
With my deadly weapons, I tell you true,
I did those cruel murders do.

That I was taken you all well know,
And I my trial did undergo,
Forget the sad look I never shall,
Of Eliza Chestney, that much injured girl.

The trial's over, and I am cast.
The Judge the awful sentence passed,
For one and all they did agree,
That I should die on the fatal tree.

Farewell, vain world! a long farewell,
For hark I hear the solemn knell,
May God forgive my sins I pray,
Nor condemn me on the Judgment day.



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