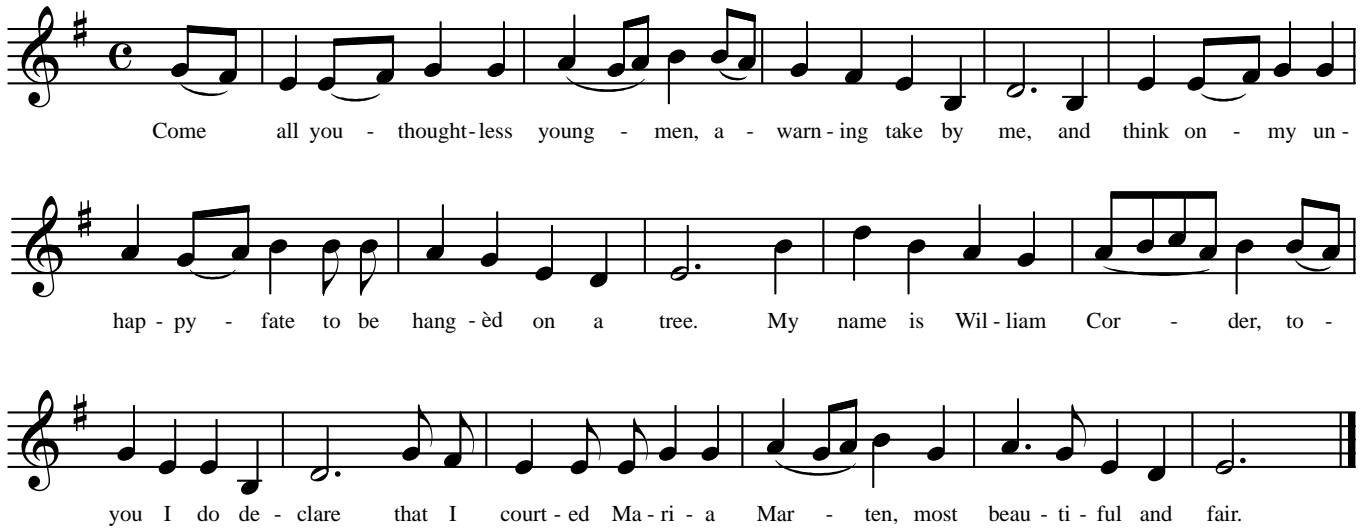


# 46 Maria Marten - Mr Whitby



Come all you - thought-less young - men, a - warn - ing take by me, and think on - my un -  
hap - py - fate to be hang - èd on a tree. My name is Wil - liam Cor - der, to -  
you I do de - clare that I court - ed Ma - ri - a Mar - ten, most beau - ti - ful and fair.

1  
Come all you thoughtless young men, a warning take by me,  
and think on my unhappy fate to be hangèd on a tree.  
My name is William Corder, to you I do declare  
that I courted Maria Marten, most beautiful and fair.

2  
I promised I would marry her upon a certain day;  
instead of that I was resolved to take her life away.  
I went unto her father's house the eighteenth day of May,  
'O come My dear Maria and let us fix the day.

3  
If you will meet me at the Red Barn, as sure as I have life,  
I will take you to Ipswich town and there make you my wife.'  
I straight went home and fetched my gun, my pick-axe and  
my spade,  
I went into the Red Barn and there I dug her grave.

4  
With heart so light, she thought no harm; to meet me she did  
go  
I murdered her all in the barn and laid her body low.  
The horrid deed that I had done, she lay there in her gore,  
her bleeding, mangled body I threw on the Red Barn floor.

5  
Now all things being silent, they could not take no rest;  
she appeared in her mother's house who had suckled her at  
her breast.  
For many a long month or more her mind being sore  
oppressed;  
neither by the night nor day, she could not take no rest.

6  
Her mother's mind being so disturbed, she dreamed three  
nights o'er  
her daughter she lay murdered all on the Red Barn floor.  
She sent the father to the barn, where in the ground he  
thrust  
and there he found his daughter mingling with the dust.

7  
My trial is hard, I could not stand; most woeful was the sight  
when her jaw bone was brought to prove, which piercèd my  
heart quite.

Her aged father standing by, likewise his loving wife,  
and with her grief her hair she tore; she scarce could keep  
life.

8  
Adieu, adieu, my loving friends, my glass is almost run;  
on Monday next will be my last, when I am to be hung.  
So you young men that do pass by, with pity look on me;  
for murdering Maria Marten I was hanged upon a tree.