

Maria Marten

$\text{♩} = 60$

Come all you bold young
thoughtless men A warning take by me And
think of my unhappy fate To be hanged up on the tree

Come all you bold young thoughtless men,
A warning take by me;
And think of my unhappy fate
To be hanged upon the tree.

My name is William Corder,
The truth I do declare;
I courted Maria Marten,
Most beautiful and fair.

I promised her I'd marry her,
All on one certain day;
Instead of that I was resolved
To take her life away.

I went unto her father's house
Upon the eighteenth day of May.
'O come my dearest Ria,
And we'll fix the wedding day.

?If you will meet me at the Red Barn,
As sure as I have life,
I will take you down to Ipswich Town
And there make you my wife.?

He straight went home and fetched his gun,
His pick-axe and his spade;
He went unto the Red Barn,
And there he dug her grave.

With heart so light she thought no harm,
To meet him she did go;
He murdered her all in the barn,
And he laid her body low.

And all things being silent,
They could not take no rest,
Which appeared in her mother's house
When suckled at her breast.

Her mother had a dreadful dream,
She dreamed it three nights o'er,
She dreamed that her dear daughter
Lay beneath the Red Barn floor.

They sent her father to the barn,
And in the ground he thrust;
And there he found his daughter dear
Lay mingling with the dust.

Come all you young thoughtless men,
Some pity look on me;
On Monday next will be my last,
To be hanged upon the tree.