

# HORRID

# MURDER.



## True—The Waggon Train.

In Acre Lane, not far from Brixton,  
A gentleman of late did dwell,  
His age alas! was eighty-four,  
And he was killed, how sad to tell,  
By a female named Elizabeth Vickers,  
Whom he so kindly did maintain,  
And this sad deed, as we may read,  
Has caused excitement, grief, and pain.

### CHORUS.

To Newgate she is now committed,  
Elizabeth Vickers is her name,  
For slaying her kind and aged mas'er,  
At Springfield Cottage, Acre Lane.

This poor old feeble gentleman,  
Was aged eighty-four years,  
This female was as base as Mannings,  
Or the murdering Couvesier.  
By Mr. Jones, she well was treated,  
A fortune to her he did make,  
And for his goodness this ungrateful  
Wretch his aged life did take.

Constantly she did ill-use him,  
Barbarously she did him treat,  
His money spent in dissipation,  
And then so dreadful did him beat.  
His hoary head hung down with sorrow,  
While tears did trickle from his eyes,  
And she would say before to-morrow  
He by my wretched hand shall die.

She did ill-use her benefactor,  
His body on the couch did stretch,  
Sympathy had long gone past her,  
Base, unfeeling, cruel wretch.

It by the neighbours has been stated,  
Frequent she would wander home,  
Like a beast—intoxicated,  
And cruelly beat old William Jones.

And when that she had slain her master,  
And he was wrapp'd in death's cold arms,  
Letters lovingly was sent her,  
By some who'd view'd her brutish charms,  
And if those suiters now she did want her,  
Who Anxious seem'd with her to dwell,  
Let them go where they may find her,  
Confined in Newgate's dismal cell.

One thousand pounds he had bequeath'd  
A cruel, base ungrateful wretch, (her,  
And she we learn was daily wishing,  
To see her master sleep in death.  
The poor old man did cry for mercy,  
'Till he alas could cry no more,  
And she for all his kindness kill'd him,  
At the age of eighty-four.

His body cover'd is with bruises;  
What a dreadful sight to view,  
His feeble limbs by her was beaten,  
His aged flesh was black and blue:  
But God's all seeing eye beheld her,  
And her cruelties did see,  
Justice her did speedy follow,  
A murderer cannot go free.

For her deeds she soon must answer,  
She at Newgate's bar must stand,  
Witnesses will come against her,  
For killing that poor aged man:  
If of the crime she is found guilty,  
Alas, there's nothing can her save,  
She sent her kind and aged master  
With his grey locks unto the grave.

E. Hodges, (from Pitts') Printer, Toy Warehouse 31, Dudley Street, 7, Dial.