FULL PARTICULARS of the CRUEL AND HORRID MURDER
AT WESTMILL,
NEAR BUNTINGFORD, HERTFORD,
WILLIAM GAMES, A BOY EIGHT YEARS OLD,
On the body of his little Sister.

YOU tender parents all around come listen unto me,
While I unfold a murder cold, an awful tragedy—
Near Buntingford, in Hertfordshire, is a village called Westmill—
This inhuman murder will cause your blood to chill.

This murdered child so innocent was but five years of age,
Has closed its little eyes in death all by a brother's rage;
A lad of only nine years old, how dreadful to relate,
Each parent's heart must bleed with woe to think upon their fate.

The murderer's name is William Games, a lad that's known full well,
At Squire Greg's this boy's father in service long did dwell;
This most dreadful tragedy has caused much sore dismay,
And filled his parents heart with woe upon that fatal day.

How little did their parents think when they were both from home,
That such a shocking fate as this would to their daughter come,
That they should see its mangled corpse lay bleeding on the floor—
The darling child they loved so well, alas was now no more!

The cruel brother with a stick first struck the child with dread,
Then with his father's bill-hook he wounded his dear head;
Then cut and maimed its hands and face in such a dreadful state,
Enough to make your blood run cold to think upon her fate.

A more distressing deed there never yet was found,
And grief and terror it has caused the country all around;
To think poor child it should be slain and no one there to save—
Its mutilated body now must fill an early grave.

Her tender mother when she found her darling child was dead,
Was driven into wild despair, her senses now are fled;
You tender parents when you hear this shocking tale of woe,
In feeling for your children dear, it will cause your tears to flow.

This youthful murderer now does find how hard 'tis to bewail
The horrid crime of murder within a dismal gulf! May God some comfort now impart to the parents aching hearts.
Who for their murdered child do mourn how dreadful is the smart.

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