

# **FULL PARTICULARS of the CRUEL AND HORRID MURDER**

**At WESTMILL,  
NEAR BUNTINGFORD, HERTFORD,**

**WM. 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 traged-  
Near Buntingford, in Hertfordshire, is a village  
called Westmill—  
This sad 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 parents heart must bleed with woe to think  
upon their fate.

The murderer's name is Wm. Games, a lad that's  
known full,  
At Squire Grieg's this boy's father in service long  
did well ;  
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 bleed-  
ing 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 her  
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—  
It's 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 goal !  
May God some comfort now impart to the parents  
aching hearts,  
Who for their murdered child do mourn how dread-  
ful is the smart.

BIRT, Printer, Seven Dials, London.