

## Copy of verses on the awful murder of Sarah Hart



A sad and awful tale of woe  
To you I will unfold,  
The same will cause your heart to beat  
And make your blood run cold ;  
The murder of one Sarah Hart,  
Who near to Slough did dwell,  
Where a friend often did visit her  
As many know full well.

### CHORUS.

Until the March assizes,  
John Tawel must bewail,  
On account of this sad murder  
Within Aylesbury Gaol

This female oft was visited  
As we can understand,  
And had two saving children  
By this unhappy man ;  
Who went unto her residence  
Upon that fatal day,  
When her precious life by poison  
From her was took away.

A man possessed of property  
John Tawel is we see  
Had land and lived in splendour  
With folks of high degree ;  
For miles round Hemel Hempstead,  
He has long been known full well,  
Berkhamstead, Tring, and Chesham,  
But now how sad to tell.

He is confined in Aylesbury Jail,  
In sorrow he doth quake,  
Till the assizes does come on  
His trial for to take ;  
For the murder of poor Sarah Hart  
Upon that fatal day,  
When it is supposed by poison  
He took her life away.

The victim of seduction,  
It plainly may be seen,  
This poor deluded female  
Had to John Tawel been ;  
And there how awful to relate  
By poison on that day,  
Sudden in the prime of life  
His wretched victim slay.

But there is one who reigns on high,  
And every secret knows,  
Will bring to light this dreadful deed,  
And punish by the laws ;  
That hand so base, who did her slay,  
Upon a scaffold high,  
Vengeance will on the guilty fall  
While innocent blood does cry.

If him possessed of thousands  
Did take her life away,  
Whatever could his motive be  
A female for to slay ;  
To leave quite unprotected  
Two little harmless babes,  
And sudden send with all her sins  
Their mother to the grave.

That Tawel did this deed commit  
He strongly does deny,  
But an intelligent jury  
At Aylesbury will him try ;  
From whom will justice be received,  
Suspected he does stand,  
He that sheds anothers blood destroys  
The laws of god and man.

In Aylesbury jail he must bewail,  
As we may plainly read,  
Where his conscience must condemn him  
If he did commit the deed.

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