## The Liverpool Lodger

Lyrics: Traditional (1849)

Music: Gerry Jones.

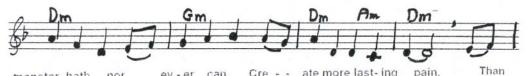
The

Ann



all the crimes that Of fru-- gal And he struck the One next at--tacked the The police were called: a They took him to the

(Bold) Cap-tain Hen-rich--son, abroad, Bound from Cal--cut-a home, as her sire, took lod -- gers now and then, boy a blow, the ser -- vant's head be - -wil- derin', She eldest child, which like - wise life-less lay, horrid deed, these man - gled vic -tims show'd, hos - pi - tal, where those poor suff'rers



not ev - er can, monster hath his a-bode, left months ago darkness dire, last, a fiend of won't al - low, said her mist - ress in - fant mild, killed the lit -- tle three of them were-not wholly dead, knew him well, Parr the serv - ant

Cre - - ate more last-ing pain. plough the ocean's foam, in To Of turned out the worst of men. men to beat her chil-dren, With such backward ran a - - way. He that al - - though much blood had flow'd

what she had to swore



him at Liv -er - pool of late. Who or - der to main - tain his wife, and good ap-pear-ance first, he took, that the ruff - - ian was enraged, with cut its throat from ear to ear, kill -- er at a cloth-ier's shop, was ag - on - is - ing mistress gave Birth

a whole fami-ly slayed. A Who two young child-ren dear, bed-room and a par-lour, Nor po-ker smashed her pate, He oth - - ers seeming dead, When And giv'n, in - to cap - ture lit- tle boy. And to



children's fate, two mo - ther and as his life, ten - der loved them by his look, did they take him struck her while she was en - gaged, Hen - rich - - - son ap - peared, drop, on the will per-haps be soon was fit -- ted for the grave,

Be - - - sides the servant maid them did per-se--vere. For vill - ain braw-ler. а in cleaning out the grate. po - - ker beat her the head. while they in - ha - bit Heav'n. Ann the did de -- stroy. with