

# The Murder of MARIA MARTEN

BY W. CORDER.

**C**OME all you thoughtless young men, a warning  
take by me,  
And think upon my unhappy fate to be hanged upon  
a tree;

My name is William Corder, to you I do declare,  
I courted Maria Marten, most beautiful and fair.

I promised I would marry her upon a certain day,  
Instead of that, I was resolved to take her life away.  
I went into her father's house the 18th day of May,  
Saying, my dear Maria, we will fix the wedding day.

If you will meet me at the Red barn, as sure as I have  
life,

I will take you to Ipswich town, and there make you  
my wife;

I then went home and fetched my gun, my pickaxe  
and my spade,

I went into the Red-barn, and there I dug her grave.

With heart so light, she thought no harm, to meet him:  
she did go,

He murdered her all in the barn, and laid her body low;  
After the horrid deed was done, she lay weltering in  
her gore,

Her bleeding mangled body he buried, under the Red-  
barn floor.

Now all things being silent, her spirit could not rest,  
She appeared unto her mother, who suckled her at her  
breast;

For many a long month or more, her mind being sore  
oppress'd,

Neither night nor day she could not take any rest.

Her mother's mind being so disturbed, she dreamt  
three nights o'er,

Her daughter she lay murdered, beneath the Red-  
barn floor;

She sent the father to the barn, when he the ground  
did thrust,

And there he found his daughter mingling with the  
dust.

My trial is hard, I could not stand, most woeful was  
the sight,

When her jaw-bone was brought to prove, which  
pierced my heart quite;

Her aged father standing by, likewise his loving wife,  
And in her grief her hair she tore, she scarcely could  
keep life.

Adieu, adieu, my loving friends, my glass is almost  
run,

On Monday next will be my last, when I am to be  
hang'd;

So you young men who do pass by, with pity look on  
me.

For murdering Maria Marten, I was hang'd upon the  
tree.