

THE
MURDER at SIBSEY,
IN LINCOLNSHIRE

In Sibsey village in Lincolnshire,
Another dreadful deed's been done,—
On a cottager age sixty-four,
His name was William Stevenson.
He left his home on Monday morning,
And to Boston Market made his way,
But in the evening returning home,
He at the "Ship," some time did stay.

Then for his money—they him followed,
Very soon they did him catch,
And then they robbed and murdered him,
And left his body in a ditch.

At the public-house he called for ale,
His lowly spirits for to cheer,
He little thought that night to die,
And being to his home so near;
But he was followed from that house,
By some ruffians you shall hear,
Who robbed and murdered the poor old man,
In Sibsey village in Lincolnshire.

Then in a ditch on the Thursday morning,
He was by a neighbour found,
With his skull all smashed to peices,
He did lay upon the ground;
Oh then what news was for his son,
To hear his father was no more,
To think by ruffians he was murdered,
At the age of sixty-four.

Soon as his son was told about it,
He and two neighbours went straight away,
And in a ditch he found his father,
Murdered in a brutal way;

With his head all smashed to peices,
And his pockets rifled out,
There was the marks about the road,
Where the ruffians had drag'd him about.

His son found out were he had being staying
To that public-house he goes,
There Pickett and Carey sat a drinking,
And he saw blood upon their clothes;
This then gave him strong suspicion,
And to the police he went with speed,
He gave information and they were taken,
And charged with that dreadful deed.

When to the station they were taken,
And they were charged of taking life,
When searching Carey they found upon him,
Mr. Stevenson's pocket-knife;
The sight of this it made them shudder,
And when before the jury they did stand,
The verdict of 'Guilty' was returned against them,
For the wilful murderer of Stevenson.

So all young men pray take warning,
High and low of every degree,
Give up drinking and night-walking,
Stay at home and shun bad company.
Drink has 'ruin'd many a man to ruin,
Some it has sent across the sea,
Some it has caused to die in jail,
And some upon the gallows tree,

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