

## Poor Murdered Woman

It was Han - key the squi - er, as I have heard say,  
Who rode out a - - hunt - - ing on one Sat - - ur - - day.  
They hunt - - ed all day but no - thing they found.  
But a poor mur - dered wo - man, laid on the cold ground.

It was Hankey the squi-er, as I have heard say,  
Who rode out a-hunting on one Saturday.  
They hunted all day but nothing they found.  
But a poor murdered woman, laid on the cold ground.

About eight o'clock, boys, our dogs they threwed off,  
On Leatherhead Common, and that was the spot;  
They tried all the bushes, but nothing they found  
But a poor murdered woman, laid on the cold ground.

They whipped their dogs off, and kept them away,  
For I do think it's proper he should have fair play;  
They tried all the bushes, but nothing they found  
But a poor murdered woman, laid on the cold ground.

They mounted their horses, and rode off the ground,  
They rode to the village, and alarmed it all round,  
"It is late in the evening, I am sorry to say,  
She can not be remov-ed until the next day."

The next Sunday morning, about eight o'clock,  
Some hundreds of people to the spot they did flock;  
For to see the poor creature your hearts would have bled,  
Some odious violence had come to her head.

She was took off the coffin, and down to some inn,  
And the man that has kept it, his name is John Simms.  
The coroner was sent for, the jury they joined,  
And soon they concluded, and settled their mind.

Her coffin was brought; in it she was laid,  
And took to the churchyard that was called Leatherhead,  
No father, no mother, nor no friend, I'm told,  
Come to see that poor creature put under the mold.

So now I'll conclude, and finish my song,  
And those that have done it, they will find themselves wrong.  
For the last day of Judgement the trumpet will sound,  
And their souls not in heaven, I'm afraid, won't be found.