

The Poor Murdered Woman.

[DORIAN.]

[SURREY.]

Allegro moderato.

Piano introduction in Dorian mode, 2/4 time. The music is marked 'Allegro moderato'. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. A 'rit.' (ritardando) marking is present in the second measure of the bass line.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. It was Han - key the..... squi - èr, as I have heard say, Who". The piano accompaniment includes a 'mf' (mezzo-forte) marking.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "rode out a - hunt - ing on one Sat - ur - day. They hunt - ed all day,.... but".

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "no - thing they found But a poor mur - dered wo - man, laid on the cold ground."

Piano conclusion in Dorian mode, 2/4 time. The music is marked 'Allegro moderato'. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. A 'rit.' (ritardando) marking is present in the second measure of the bass line.

1

It was Hankey the squire, 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.

2

About eight o'clock, boys, our dogs they threw 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.

3

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.

4

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 removed until the next day."

5

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.

6

She was took off the common, 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.

7

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 mould.

8

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 Judgment the trumpet will sound,
 And their souls not in heaven, I'm afraid, won't be found.

[Sung by M^r Foster, 1897.]