

University of Mississippi

eGrove

Broadside Ballads: England

Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside
Ballads

1753

A Pious Warning to all Wicked and Impenitent Sinners

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "A Pious Warning to all Wicked and Impenitent Sinners" (1753). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 61.

https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/61

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

A Pious Warning to all wicked and impenitent Sinners.

Set forth in the Confession and plain Conviction of **BEZALEEL KNOWLES**, a young Quaker, about 17: Who, before the Learned, Righteous and Honourable Judge Sir Michael Foster, was try'd at **YORK**, on *Saturday, March 24, 1753.* found guilty, and sentenc'd to be executed, &c. the 26th, between 8 and 12, for the horrid, barbarous and almost unparallell'd Murder of *Mrs. Dorothy Gibson, late of Knaresborough,* on the 25th of *January* last.

Tune, **ÆNEAS**, wandering Prince of Troy.



I.

YE Young Men, who this Ditty hear,
Fly sensual Ways, that lead to Crimes;
Which, whilst ye live, cause horrid Fear,
And leave Disgrace to future Times:
But, what is worst of all, to tell,
The Wrath of G O D, and Pains of Hell.

George Barnwell was a dreadful Theme,
The like was *Savage*, *Savage* base!
And *Stephenson* much prov'd the same,
Tho' pitceous was the *Woman's* Case,
Whose soft Embraces well he knew,
Yet off a lofty Rock he threw!

III.

But **BEZALEEL**, who once seem'd god,
That he like *Belshazzar* should turn,
By Actions, which have stain'd his Blood,
And give his Parents Cause to mourn:
It makes my Blood like Ice congeal;
Sat Tears to flow, my Pen to fail.

IV.

For 'tis affirm'd, He was accus'd
By her, who said, *She was with child,*
And that, by *Him* --- Which much caus'd
The Youth, who had, perhaps, been wild.
Requiring Money of him, he
Bid her, Depart, immediately.

V.

Six Shillings, then she said, will sell,
My *Leas*, some Comfort for a while.
Reply'd he strait, *Walk so you' Frisk,*
And your *Desire* I'll not requite.
Mean while, he whet a large Case Knife,
To take away her precious Life.

VI.

Unto the Clofe, when they were come,
As if the Devil there did beck,
The Spirit mov'd him on the Doom,
For soon he smote her in the Neck;
Which kill'd the Sufferer with great Pain;
And, to resist, she turn'd again.

VII.

But still he did the Wounds pursue,
And, at each Stroke the Murd're made,
Fresh Blood did flow, and round bestrew
The Ground, whereon a while she laid;
Whilst dying, 'till Death's last Embrace;
And then he dragg'd her from the Place.

VIII.

Far, far from thinking her as One,
Who had no Time to call to Heav'n,
That all the Sins which she had done,
Thro' **JESU's** Wound might be forgiv'n!
Sure this like double Murder seems,
And is the worst of all Extremes.

IX.

Fierce, like *Aeneas* Fogget, Quaker, too,
Who, set on by the Fiend of Hell,
When she her harmless Husband slew,
And stung his Body in a Well. 1716
But she was hang'd, and burns beside,
When pity'd **BOURNE** and **BARRON** dy'd

X.

How horrid is't, to shed the Blood
Of helpless Women e'er so bad!
For none but the **ALMIGHTY** shou'd
Take Vengeance for Offences sad.
'Tis robbing **G O D** what Heav'n belongs;
And Justice, that can right our Wrongs.

XI.

But now we'll to a Period draw,
And how this Murder was found out.
'Twas *Dr. Richardson's* Servant saw,
As he the Field did walk about;
And, coming near his Master's Hay,
Espy'd the Victim as he lay.

XII.

She had been of lovely Mold,
Comely, and of a Home Shape;
Then pale, and ghastly to behold,
Like Carnage, seem'd a woful Heap.
Just Heav'n, he thought, what is't I view!
What Wretch has this poor Creature slew!

XIII.

Her Throat was cut from Ear to Ear!
Her Jaws, disscer'd, met each Wound;
No cruel Buther more severe
To harmless Sheep, than what she found;
For cut and hack'd were Arms and Veins,
And Blood had fell like trickling Rains.

XIV.

Soon as the News was brought to Town,
The People ran to view the Sight.
The Murderer went there as one,
As not then seeming in a Fright.
But yet demure, and would conceal
What Heav'n determin'd to reveal.

XV.

But when 'twas Wilful Murder found,
By Cor'ners Inquest on the Place,
Soon *Mr. Pulleyn's* Voice did sound,
You are my Pris'ner on this Case.
Down then upon his Knees he fell,
Unpity'd Spectacle! to tell ---

XVI.

Brought to the Bar, such Proofs appear'd,
As if that Vengeance cry'd from Heav'n;
Tho' moving Eloquence was heard,
Blood, which ought ne'er to be forgiv'n,
Did with much stronger Accents call
On Judgment, so confirm his Fall.

XVII.

G O D bless our King, and Judge likewise,
Preserve the Laws, by which we live;
And may we praise them to the Skies,
From whom such Blessings we receive:
Who punish Wickedness betimes,
That all may shun such fatal Crimes.
Amen.