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Lines on the Execution of Dr. Pritchard

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LINES on THE EXECUTION OF Dr Pritchard

PRICE ONE PENNY

Copies of this very popular song can only be had in
the POET'S BOX, 6 St Andrew's Lane, Glasgow.

Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries,
fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies—
of these have I been guilty.

Tune—Original.

Good people all, both great and small, of high and low
degree,

I hope you'll give attention and listen unto me,
Concerning Dr Pritchard and his unhappy wife—
By poison and cursed jealousy they both have lost their life.

Forty years ago in England Dr Pritchard he was born,
Little his parents thought he'd die in Glasgow town in scorn;
Satan surely tempted him, as I must plainly say,
His loving wife and mother-in-law now lie mouldering in
the clay.

For many years in Glasgow Dr Pritchard he did dwell,
And lived in high life and respect, as numbers here can tell,
Till he poisoned Mrs Taylor, a lady of renown,
A wealthy merchant's loving wife in Edinburgh town.

When Pritchard was arrested and the bodies analysed,
Each deadly dose of poison did the doctors all surprise,
The jury found him guilty, the judge made this reply—
For the murder of those ladies, Dr Pritchard, you must die.

When he received his sentence the tears flow'd from his eyes,
He looked at judge and jurymen in terror and surprise,
Hoping to find mercy, but the judge said, with a frown—
On the 28th of July you must die in Glasgow town.

When Dr Pritchard's son and daughter came to see him in
the cell,
It would grieve your very heart to see them take their last
farewell!

They said, "Ah, cruel father, your fate we do deplore,
But you poisoned our dear mother, and we'll never see her
more."

He made no reply, but shook his head, his heart being full
of woe,

Thinking on the scaffold and eternity also—
His guilty conscience then gave way, he says, I am undone,
How can I meet an angry God whose wrath I cannot shun.

I'll give one advice to married men, when I am lying low,
To mind their wives and families no matter where they go;
Shun false, deluding company, and mind not what they say,
And remember Pritchard and M'Leod when I am in the
clay.

Saturday Morning, July 29, 1865.