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Author Unknown

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Shocking Murder Of a Wife, at Luton.

John Andrews, blocker, of New Town street, was charged with killing and slaying Hannah Andrews, his wife, at Luton, on the 10th of February. The following evidence was taken.—Mary Barford, aged 14, said: I knew M^{rs}. Andrews nearly three years, and I used to work for her husband. I remember Tuesday morning, the 7th. I went to the house to sew. I saw Mr. Andrews strike his wife behind the ear. I have seen him strike her before ever so many times. One day he tried to push her down the cellar, but a neighbour, Mrs Cooper, came and saved her.

Eliza Lines, aged 20, said: on Tuesday, the 7th, Mrs. Andrews was sitting sewing, and her husband came up from the cellar and told her to begin finishing, she replied I will, as soon as I get my needle out. He called her a lazy —, and took hold of her head and shook it backwards and forwards till her eyes

struck fire. I saw him hit her about a fortnight ago, he struck her then in the face with his hands. I slept in the house 10 months before last Friday night. He has often threatened to take her life. She was always at work. She never gave him a cross word. He has often pulled her hair, and I have seen him strike her several times.

Mrs. Cumberland deposed: Deceased came to my house on the Tuesday, between 12 and 1, she took off her bonnet and said, look how he's been pulling my hair, and asked me if I could see a bruise behind her ear. She stopped with me till she died. On the Friday following her husband came to see her, and she said to him, "It was you; it was you that have done it." That was the last words I heard her utter. This medical gentleman, and several other witnesses having been examined, the prisoner was committed for trial.

Good Christians who around do dwell,
Lend an attentive ear,
While I a tale to you unfold,
Most shocking for to hear;
Of a sad and heartless murder,
And with me you'll agree,
None but a demon could commit
Such acts of cruelty.

In the quiet town of Luton,
These sad crimes were done,
And there poor Hannah Andrew,
Was hurried to her tomb.

John Andrews, was a blocker,
And in Luton town did dwell,
Whd with his wife led a sad life,
The truth to you I'll tell;
She did all she could to please him,
But she could not succeed,
He day and night would her ill-use
Its dreadful for to read.

This petty tyrant husband,
More savage than a bear,
Would kick and strike his helpless wife,
And tear her by the hair.
No heathen in a savage land,
Could act so cruelly,
They disgrace the noble name of man,
Who cause such misery.

Poor Hannah would toil like a slave,
To earn her daily bread,
But of her tyrant husband,
She always was in dread;
A wretched life for four years past,
She has led day by day,
But her sufferings they are over at last,
She's in the cold cold clay.

On the number of his brutish deeds,
I can no longer dwell,
They would cause each feeling heart to bleed
If I the same did tell.
But enough of his base doings,
To many are well-known,
Such tyrants they bring ruin,
And distress happy homes.

John Andrews he now lies in gaol,
His trial to await,
There of his crimes he does bewail,
And dreads his coming fate.
While his poor ill-used victim,
In peace lays in her grave,
His guilty conscience will torment,
The monster night and day.

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