

TRIAL SENTENCE & CONDEMNATION
OF

Mary Ann Cotton,

THE WEST AUCKLAND SECRET POISONER.

Who is under "Sentence of Death" for the murder of her Husband Children and other Persons by
poison so that she might get their Funeral Money.



Tune: "Driven from Home"

The West Auckland poisoner at last has been tried
That she is guilty cannot be denied
Her crimes have struck terror all over the land
And deep indignation at every hand
No feelings of pity was in her hard heart,
She never has acted a good woman's part :
With dark deeds of murder she perill'd her soul,
And her children destroyed for possession of gold.

CHORUS.

No one can pity, no one can bless
Mary Ann Cotton for her wickedness :
The West Auckland poisoner condemned doth lie,
She murdered her children and soon she must die.

Her poor little children's dear lives she betrayed,
For the sake of the monay the burial clubs paid :
She stood by and saw them struggling with pain
Her crime she repeated again and again
The poison she gave them when no one was nigh
And in fearful agony each one did die :
Altho' in bad deeds her life has been past,
The judgment of Heaven has reached her at last.

For months in a prison this bad woman was hurled
Till another poor offspring she brought into the world
Born in a prison amid crime and shame,
With an unfeeling mother unworthy the name :
How happy it is that seldom we hear
Of women poisoning their children so dear :
In this world below, or the bright world above,
A heavenly gift is a true mother's love.

She murdered her husbands and a lodger as well
The numbers she poisoned no one can tell
So anxious she was for the money, 'tis said,
That she ordered their coffins before they were dead :
The strong hand of justice compell'd her to stay,
And her crimes have been proved as clear as the day,
Now in Durham prison condemn'd she does lie,
And soon on the scaffold she will have to die.

The man or the woman who God's law offends
And by secret poison encompass their ends
From the strong hardy man to the infant at birth
No one is safe while they stay on the earth
When murder's committed in a moment of rage,
We often can pity and petition to save
But Mary Ann Cotton who in Durham doth lie,
Every-one knows she's deserving to die.

Oh what must she think as she lays in her cell
The day and the hour of her death she can tell
Her heart must be harder than iron or stone,
If she don't repent for the Crimes she has done :
No blessing shell have, no sympathy get,
No one will pity, none will regret :
It is only justice most people will cry
When Mary Ann Cotton stands up to die.