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Come, all good people, draw near me,  
Good people, young and old.  
I'll tell you of a tragedy  
'Twould<sup>iii</sup> make your blood run cold.

'Tis<sup>iv</sup> of a pretty fair damsel  
Miss Wyatt is her name.  
She was poisoned<sup>v</sup> by her husband  
And he hung for the same.

Young Henry Green was wealthy  
As you may plainly see.  
Miss Wyatt she was beautiful  
But not of high degree.<sup>vi</sup>

He says "My lovely Mary,  
If you will be my wife,  
I'll protect you as a husband  
All through this lonesome life."

"O Henry, dearest Henry  
How could I consent,  
Before we'd be long married  
I fear you would repent.

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"Before we'd be long married,  
You'd think me a disgrace,  
For I am not as rich as you,  
As oft<sup>vii</sup> has been the case."

"Oh Mary, lovely Mary,  
Oh, why torment me so?  
For I vow and swear by all that's dear,  
I ever will prove true."<sup>viii</sup>

"And if you will not be my wife,  
I'll surely end my life,  
For I care no longer for to live,  
If you are not my wife."

Believing all he said was true,  
She soon became his wife,<sup>ix</sup>  
But little did the poor thing know  
Or little did she think.

But little did the poor girl know,  
Nor e'er<sup>x</sup> she did expect  
He would take away the precious life  
He swore for to protect.

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They had not long been married,  
Till she was taken ill,  
Great doctors then were sent for,<sup>xi</sup>  
To try their noted skill.

Great doctors then were sent for,  
 But none her life could save.  
 It was pronounced by all around,  
 She must go to her grave.

Her brother<sup>iii</sup>, hearing the sad news,  
 He quickly came straightway,  
 Saying "Sister dear, you're dying,  
 Your doctors tell me so."

"Sister dear, you're dying,  
 Your life is at an end.  
 Now, haven't you been poisoned  
 By one you call your friend?"

"I know that Henry's poisoned me,  
 Oh how my poor heart is wrung!  
 But when I'm dead and buried,  
 Brother, don't have him hung.

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"I truly can forgive him,  
 O brother for him send,  
 For I love him just as dearly,  
 As when he was my friend."

Henry Green was sent for  
 His own dear wife to see.

"Mary lovely Mary,  
 Are you deceiving me?"

Three times she cried "O Henry",  
 Then turning on her side -  
 "In Heaven meet me Henry"  
 Then sweetly smiled and died.<sup>iiii</sup>

Young Henry Green was taken,  
 And into prison bound.  
 Henry Green was taken.  
 Strong walls did him surround.

The jury found him guilty,  
 The judge made this reply,  
 "For the poisoning of Miss Wyatt  
 On the gallows, you must die."<sup>xiv</sup>



### Notes

- i. Based on the real-life murder of *Mary Ann Wyatt Green* by her husband *Henry G. Green* on February 18, 1845 in Berlin, New York, USA. The original author of this ballad is generally considered to be unknown. A detailed description of the event may be found [here](#).
- ii. **Mrs. S. Turple**: This name appears several times throughout the collection, although her role is unclear.
- iii. **'Twould**: archaic term for *it would*.
- iv. **'Tis**: archaic term for *it is*.
- v. The coroner determined that Mary Wyatt died of arsenic poisoning.

- vi. **High degree:** A term used to indicate an elevated social status.
- vii. **Oft:** archaic term for *often*
- viii. **True:** archaic term for *faithful*.
- ix. Henry Green and Mary Ann Wyatt were married on February 9th, 1845.
- x. **E'er:** archaic term for *ever*.
- xi. According to sources, Mary Ann Wyatt only received treatment from one doctor: Dr. Ferdinand Hull.
- xii. Mary Ann's brother was named David Wyatt.
- xiii. Mary Ann Wyatt died at 10am, on February 17th, 1845.
- xiv. Henry Green was sentenced to hang on September 10th, 1845. His motives for committing the murder are an enduring mystery.