

The Gatton Tragedy

The night was dark
The moon in clouds
The stars they studded the sky
And gazing down on this fatal earth
To see three innocents die
It was not far from Gatton
A place well known to you all
These three were wilfully murdered
Without a moments call

*Some say they heard a pistol shot
Some say they heard a cry
Father dear father why save them not
And hear those poor girls die
They fought for life and honour
None lived their tale to tell
Whose were the hands that done the deed
And why those poor girls fell*

As they left home that evening
A kiss, on their cheek did burn
Was given by their mother as
They drove away from home
How could she know t'would be the last
Goodbye she gave to them
And little she thought
She would never see
Her darlings alive again
With an aching heart
That mother watched
All through that fatal night
Her thoughts were very doubtful
As any mothers might
When morning came
And they had not come
Her doubts fell into fears
Oh God! what could have happened to them
She cried between her tears
Until at last a messenger came
And told her to prepare
For the news that he had to tell her
Was of sorrow and despair
With an aching heart
And throbbing breast
She bade him his tale to tell
He told her and she listened
Then threw out her arms and fell

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