

THE WHITECHAPEL TRAGEDY.

Condemnation of Lipsky.

In a cell so sad and silent there is lying,
That wretched man named Lipsky he
must go,
His victim, she with angels now is lying,
While he so soon will reach the shades
below,
Of murder base and cruel he is thinking,
The scaffold soon he face in all its gloom
And from his awful death he now is shrink-
ing,
He now must reach a wretched murderers
doom.

Chorus—

For him the solemn bell will soon be tolling
And Israel Lipsky now is doomed to die
His wicked soul will go unto the shades
below,
While Miriam Angel dwells up there on
high.

At six o'clock that fatal Tuesday morning
Poor girl, her husband to his work had
gone,
He thought not e're another day was
dawning,
That death would come and leave him
all forlorn,
But lustful passion overcame that villian,
And to his victims bedroom he did go,
For such a deed there must be no forgiving
And quickly there he proved her over-
throw.

His wicked purpose it was unavailing,
And vitrol down her throat he then did
pour,
No eye but Gods was there to her be aiding
As lifeless there she sank to rise no
more,
His coward heart with fear it then was
beating,
To think upon the wicked deed he'd done
The person took beneath the bed retreating
Not thinking justice would him overcome

Now in his cell in sorrow he is waiting,
For on the gallows surely he will die,
That cruel deed that I have been relating,
Heavy on his conscience it does lie,
His heart with pain and anguish it is
burning,
He well deserves the fearful doom he'll
meet,
No more on earth will he now be returning
Eternity from him has no retreat.

So all young men and women take warning
From Lipskys awful fate I say beware,
While Miriam Angels fate her friends are
mourning,
By wicked men be drawn not in a snare,
For with her unborn babe is sleeping,
And calmly now in heaven she does.
Her murderer in anguish he is weeping,
And soon now by the hangman he must
die.

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