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THE BALLAD OF THE CASTLETON TRAGEDY

Come all ye sporting youngsters,
Come listen to what I say.
Be sure and take a warning
Before it is too late.
It's about the Castleton tragedy
I'm going to tell a tale
Which will make the friends on both sides
All for to weep and to wail.
This happened to as fine a girl
As ever trod the soil.
And for her correct actions
She could excel them all
Until she went to Mallory's
And there the plot was laid
All for to deceive and overcome
The fair Alberta Wade.

It being on May the twenty-first
The horrible deed was done
All by three brutal murderers,
And one was Mallory's son.

The other was Mark Wilton,
I suppose you know him well
The other was the Devil's Imp,
He ought to have been in Hell.

Just a little east of the Northern Wood
This dear girl was put down,
All in a murderer's hiding-place
When nobody was around.

With pine boughs to cover her
And just one inch of ground
Those cruel brutes they buried her
And thought she would never be found.

Now one of them lives in Kingston
I'm very sorry to say
Not one of them got right justice
Or they would have been hanged that day.

They should have been put into a hole.
Like dogs the people said
For the murdering of that poor dear soul
They called Alberta Wade.

Now to conclude and finish
I hope I've said nothing wrong
I have only given right justice
To the dear girl who is gone.
And when we all come face to face
On that great tribunal day
The murderers will then be judged by
Him that judges the eternal day.

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