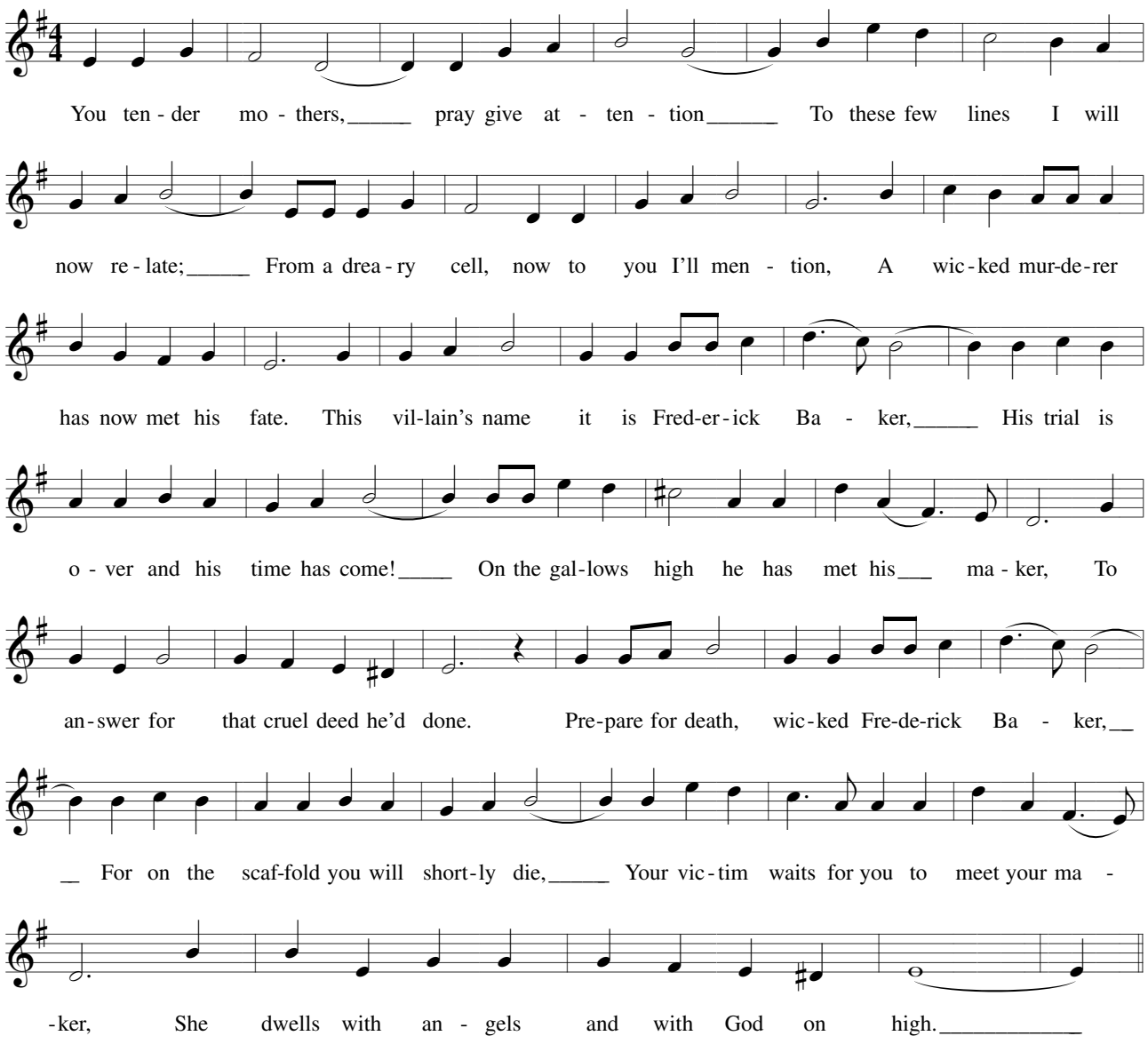
You ten - der mo - thers, pray give at - ten - tion To these few lines I will
now re - late; From a drea - ry cell, now to you I'll men - tion, A wic - ked mur-de-rer
has now met his fate. This vil-lain's name it is Fred-er - ick Ba - ker, His trial is
o - ver and his time has come! On the gal-lows high he has met his ma - ker, To
an - swer for that cruel deed he'd done. Pre-pare for death, wic-ked Fre-de-rick Ba - ker,
For on the scaf-fold you will short-ly die, Your vic - tim waits for you to meet your ma -
-ker, She dwells with an - gels and with God on high.