

THE BALLAD OF JOHN REGINALD HALLIDAY CHRISTIE

# The Ballad Of

## John Reginald Halliday

### Christie (1898-1953)

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Whose  
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last  
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good  
that  
could  
be  
his  
end

John, my name is Reg,  
and I'm a  
The  
best  
of  
the  
world,  
did I,  
It's  
not  
worth  
of a  
I  
kept  
my  
eyes  
right  
up  
to  
the  
end

Where  
did  
it  
all  
begin,  
This  
life  
or  
back  
in  
the  
Past  
Halliday  
in  
eighteen  
ninety  
eight,  
I  
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**The Ballad Of**

**John Reginald Halliday Christie (1898-1953)**

Before that wicked lady  
Hindley and her chum Brady,  
Before the Yorkshire Ripper and his kind,  
There was a strange old fellow  
Whose ways were quiet and mellow,  
The last man you would think would blow your mind.

Hello, my name is Reg,  
And I'm over the edge,  
That's me I was referring to, my friend,  
Deceived the world, did I,  
'Tis no word of a lie,  
I kept my secrets right up to the end.

Where did it all begin,  
This life as black as sin?  
Near Halifax in eighteen-ninety-eight;  
I was a bright young spark,  
But not much of a lark,  
And had no aspirations to be great.

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Okay, well to be sure,  
I lied about the War,  
Though I did have a bad time in the trenches,  
But see the other side,  
Like you I've got my pride,  
All men tell stories to impress the wenches.

My darling wife, dear Eth',  
I loved her to the death,  
For thirty years and more we two were spliced,  
True, we were parted for  
A while 'fore the last war,  
And we had altercations once or twice.

But don't all married folk?  
Why, it's a standing joke  
That spouses often come to words and blows,  
Though as the years go by  
They see more eye to eye,  
As youthful passion wanes, a deep love grows.

That's what I had with Eth',  
And till my final breath  
I thought of her, not of those tramps and whores  
Who edged and lured me on  
Until my mind was gone;  
They had it coming, rotten to their cores.

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The first, her name was Ruth,  
A student nurse in truth,  
But all the same a dirty little bitch,  
In Summer forty-three  
This lassie came to me,  
And after her I really got the itch.

The second (so they say)  
In forty-four one day,  
A spinster - how respectable we are!  
But not in rude good health,  
I lured her here by stealth,  
I said I would (and did!) cure her catarrh.

Nine years on and my wife,  
Bane and love of my life  
Lay strangled underneath the front room floor;  
A harlot then a slag,  
And then some Scottish hag,  
Ten years on and that took to six the score.

Some folk say there were others,  
Expectant single mothers  
I picked up when I served with the police,  
That I performed abortions,  
But these are gross distortions;  
I did my duty keeping the King's Peace.

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Most controversial though  
As I'm sure you well know  
Are murders blamed on my Welsh neighbour Tim;  
His daughter Geraldine,  
And his wife, slain real mean;  
Tim fingered me but Pierrepoint fingered him!

They hanged him for the baby,  
He killed his wife too, maybe,  
They said, but when the bodies in my garden  
And underneath the floor  
Were found, they weren't so sure;  
Belatedly they granted him a pardon.

They quizzed me about Beryl,  
My life in direst peril,  
I could escape the rope if I were mad,  
I said I thought I did it,  
Her body, young Tim hid it,  
And that he'd killed the baby, well, he had...

Or hadn't he? Who knows?  
The mystery still grows,  
Forty years on and more the questions linger,  
For Tim was thick as shit,  
Though he confessed to it  
First off, sly old Reg wrapped him round his finger.

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How many did I slay?  
I really cannot say,  
I know I did my wife and several more,  
Perhaps it was all eight;  
My mind's in such a state  
That though I concentrate, I can't be sure.

My IQ, one-two-eight,  
Could never compensate  
For my poor health and mental aberration,  
For though my ego swells,  
I have these dizzy spells,  
It's quite an indescribable sensation.

It was in fifty-three  
I went to Tyburn Tree,  
Well, Pentonville to be precise, and so  
Another killer vile  
And shameless necrophile  
Went down to burn eternally below.

But though I roast in Hell,  
And though I didn't tell  
The full account of all my wicked crimes,  
My ghost still walks the streets,  
And every year repeats  
My untold horrors in these awful times.

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You've heard of old Fred West  
And others who attest  
To how he murdered with impunity,  
And got away for years -  
A young girl disappears,  
Another victim of a killing spree.

Then there was Jeffrey Dahmer,  
Ted Bundy - a real charmer,  
And Nilsen, such a quiet and harmless type;  
You'd pass them in the street,  
Innocuous, discreet,  
Fiends seldom look like fiends, ignore the hype.

For naught more than a thrill  
They mutilate and kill.  
Their victims they abuse, deface, defile,  
They kill for lust and leisure,  
Or simply for the pleasure,  
They do it with a shrug or with a smile.

So next time you walk by  
Some nondescript old guy,  
Think: you could be the answer to his prayers.  
Best watch your back, my dear,  
Though he may not act queer,  
Don't be deceived by gentle folk upstairs.

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**And take care whom you trust,  
For my perverted lust  
Lives on: behind those closed suburban doors  
A thousand Christies lurk,  
And do their evil work,  
And the next corpse that turns up could be yours!**



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