THE

Women Flogger’s Lament
OF
Marylebone Workhouse!

Tune—Oh dear what can the matter be.

Skinner, Printer, Westminster.

Oh dear here’s a shocking disaster,
My name it is Ryon a poor workhouse master,
I have now got discharged and my sentence is passed, sirs,
Because I went flogging the girls.
The two flogging porters and me are crushed down, sirs,
One porter is green and the other is brown, sirs,
We would not have it happened for five hundred pounds, sirs,
Flogging the dear little girls.

Chorus.
Oh where shall we wander, or where shall we roam, sirs,
As we walk through the streets folks won’t let us alone, sirs,
Kicked out of the workhouse in Marylebone sirs,
For flogging the sweet little girls.

Oh dear what a fuss and bother,
From one end of Marylebone to the other,
They tell me I’m worse than the old woman flogger,
Who jumped into Barclay’s grains,
Kindness and sympathy friends is a jewel,
But caning, and whipping, and flogging is cruel,
I wish I had been smothered in boiling hot gruel
Before I went flogging the girls.

As down the New-road I was going by jingo,
Up came five old women and gave me some linging,
And they knocked me right bang into the Yorkshire stingo.
For flogging the poor little girls.
With a bundle of matches we are going a singing
Or else through a large donkey’s collar a grinning.
Our misfortune has happened through flogging the women,
And caneing the poor little girls.

With a pack on my back I will tramp it to Dover,
And live upon blackberries, nettles, and clover,
We can’t go for soldiers the war is all over,
And we must not go flogging the girls.
As I went along High-street and Spring-street just now, sirs,
With the boys and the girls I got into a row, sirs,
And the tail of my shirt they pulled out of my trousers,
Don’t you wish you were flogging the girls.

Now my Marylebone friends I have formed an idea,
With the Brewn and the Green for to quickly sheer,
And like in that place what they call the Crimea,
And go flogging the hedgehogs and cats.
Some say that they’d hang us and pretty well hurt us,
Some say they’d smother us, others they’d burk us,
Oh they have kicked me right bang out of the Marylebone workhouse,
For nothing but flogging the girls.

Chorus.
The old women say we the rogue will be shaving,
Old Ryan the pauper the parish is blaming,
We will make him remember the day he went caneing,
And flogging the poor little girls.