



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
lingr,
And they knocked me right bang into the York-
shire 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 blackberrys, 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 Brawn 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.

1845

