A COMIC SONG ON NAUGHTY MRS MAYBRICK -
THE MAYBRICK POISONING CASE

A ‘comic song’ that was penned after Florence Maybrick’s trial had finished and while she was imprisoned in Walton Gaol waiting to hear if she was to be executed or reprieved. The words are less than sympathetic to Florence and reflect the fact that not everybody believed her to be innocent.

In Aigburth, you must know, a little time ago,
There lived a Mr Maybrick and his wife,
They were very well to do and I think ‘twixt me and you,
That he thought as much of her as his life.
But December and May can ne’er agree they say,
And to that fact hangs my little tale,
For Maybrick has been poisoned and the charming Mrs M
Is a well attended guest in Walton Gaol.
Oh! Naughty Mrs Maybrick, what have you been and done,
Your goings on are bad I must confess,
To get mashed on Mr Brierley, you know was very wrong,
And get yourself in such a blooming mess.
Twas about eight years ago since the pair first met we know,
On board a seamer from America.
She was stumbling down the stairs when he copped her unaware,
Fell in love with her and soon she named the day,
They lived like turtle doves, called each other ducks and loves,
And soon increased their little family,
The most comfortable pair to be met with anywhere,
Till her flighty ways aroused his jealousy.
Mr M was found of sport, and like every sportsman ought,
He went to see the Grand National we are told,
Mrs M was there as well promenading as a swell,
A Mr B her hubby was too old.
She had told a lady fair, when her husband wasn’t there,
That she hated him and meant to make it warm,
For him some future day, if she had too much to say.
To her about her goings on,
Mr B said to his pet, “now I man to have a bet,
And it odds on me for I’m no blooming jay,
Then she answered with a sigh as she shut one little eye,
I think that Frigate’s sure to win today.
So he pressed his little “Flo” for a little stroll to go.
And she to Mr B did quickly yield.
In a quiet little nook he would balance up his book,
Then he showed her how to lay upon the field.
Now the races soon was o’er and she homed returned once more,
To her husband who began to make a vow,
But she stood it like a lamb, for she didn’t care a d---
Her hubby dear was nothing to her now.
She coaxed and petted him behind his back would do a grin,
While she’d stuff the poor old chap with lots of lies,
All the while she’s writing love letters to her other mash,
And inventing curious ways of catching flies.
Well Maybrick now is gone, and his widow’s all forlorn,
But about the case there’s been a jolly row,
Florie dear is in retirement in a place called Walton gaol,
Where her masher doesn’t often see her now.
So married women when go to the races now and then, Take my advice, let other men alone.
Or else like Mrs Maybrick, you will very quickly find,
That a losing speculation is two to one.