

BALLS AND CHAINS – Ted version Dec ‘15

Balls And Chains is based on Ted Egan’s album *The Convicts*, plus several new songs acquired or written especially, to create a musical with no spoken “dialogue” other than the songs.

Most songs are written, words and music, by Ted Egan. In addition the musical contains – with permission sought where necessary:

- * The Green Fields of England Words and Music Peter Bellamy
- * Jim Jones: Traditional arr. Ted Egan
- * Currency Lads and Lasses A new Ted Egan song, but including (if approved) short segments from:

My Country	Dorothea Mackellar
Wattle and Waratah	Henry Lawson
Botany Bay	Mary Gilmore
Clancy	A B “Banjo” Paterson
Shelter	Eric Bogle

The musical is presented in a manner enabling easy staging in a small, unpretentious setting if necessary. Minimal furniture (a basic Court Chamber – a Bench), plus five or six projected or canvas backdrop/outdoor scenes are the minimum/sole requirement. Many roles can be “doubled-up”, with participants wearing different clothes, especially wigs and hats.

Throughout the musical the aim is to show “two sides” to every situation:

- (1) The Lord Chief Justice a buffoon in his song. Then we see the beast who sentences, in turn, Jim Jones, the Whores, the Scumbags, the Urchins.
- (2) The Adjutant and Matron present as benign custodians, but their true colours are revealed at Norfolk Island as they supervise sadistic floggings
- (3) The Whores, Scumbags and Urchins are sullen and submissive in Act Two, hopeful in Act Three, triumphant and emancipated in Act Four

- (4) The final trial shows true, Mandela style justice being meted out by the Court that finds the true villains guilty of crimes against humanity, but paradoxically sentences them to community service.
- (5) There is an interesting aftermath to that trial.

THE SONGS: BALLS AND CHAINS

PART ONE

AUSTRALIA

PRESENT TIME

The Convict Stain

MALE AND FEMALE SOLOISTS

ACT ONE: ENGLAND

1820

For the Terms of Their Natural Lives

LORD/ LADY TRILBY + CHOIR

The Lord Chief Justice

LCJ + CHOIR

Jim Jones

LCJ, JIM JONES, JURY

A Bunch of Damned Whores (PART 1)

WHORES X 4 FEMALES

The Scum of the Earth

SCUMBAGS X 4 MALES

I Don't Even Know

THE URCHINS; JAMIE (10) MILLIE (10) +
CHOIR

The Green Fields of England

ALL CONVICTS ENSEMBLE

ACT TWO: AUSTRALIA 1822

Welcome to Australia

FLOGGER, BESSY

A Bunch of Damned Whores (PART 2)

WHORES

The Scum of the Earth (PART 2)

SCUMBAGS

Flogger

THE URCHINS: JAMIE + CHOIR BOYS

Bessy Bossy Boots

MILLIE + CHOIR GIRLS

If Ever

CHILDRENS CHOIR

ACT THREE: AUSTRALIA 1825

The Hard Men	FLOGGER, GOVERNOR, LADY STARLING, JIM JONES
Bring Back the Lash	FLOGGER, BESSY,
Ne Plus Ultra	FLOGGER, BESSY AND CHOIR
Jim Jones (brief)	JIM JONES

INTERVAL

PART TWO

ACT FOUR: AUSTRALIA 1850

Remember	ENTIRE CAST
Jim Jones (brief)	JIM JONES
Currency Lads and Lasses	ENTIRE CAST
Think of Me	ENTIRE CAST
Balls and Chains	ENTIRE CAST

CHARACTERS

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

LORD AND LADY TRILBY

JIM JONES

JURY

“DOUBLE” SITUATIONS

SCUM OF THE EARTH

WHORES

THE URCHINS

CHILDRENS CHOIR

FLATTUM CYRUS FLYNN
a k a “Flogger”

ELIZABETH BOOTS
a k a “Bessy Bossy Boots”

GOVERNOR STARLING

LADY STARLING

**VARIOUS OTHER (DOUBLE UP)
NON-SPEAKING CHARACTERS :
SOLDIERS, GUARDS,
WAITERS, OFFICIALS JURY,**

CHARACTERISTICS

PRIVILEGED FROM BIRTH

BORN TO RULE

A HARD MAN

**SIX MEN SIX WOMEN WHO DOUBLE UP
AS CHOIR FOR LCJ, LORD AND LADY
TRILBY, INDEED ALL CHOIR AND**

FOUR HARD MEN
MICHAEL ALLARD
SOLOMON ABRAHAM
DOMINIC BOLTON
MARTIN COSGROVE

FOUR TOUGH WOMEN
MOLLY BROWN
MORAG McDONALD
BRIGID O’ROURKE
MEGAN RHYS

**JAMIE 10 YEAR OLD BOY
MILLIE 10 YEAR OLD GIRL**

EIGHT CHILDREN, 4 GIRLS, 4 BOYS

THE COMMANDANT - A PSYCHOPATH

THE MATRON - cf. NURSE RATCHETT

BENIGN, UPPER CLASS

CHARMING, UPPER CLASS

COSTUME CHANGES

Australia: Present Day

The Convict Stain

I suggest that this be performed by 6 good singers, wearing present day, even high quality clothing (?? Top hats and black ties) In front of a curtain with a background of an Australian city. Sydney Harbour Bridge and the Opera House would seem to be most appropriate, but background can be varied to suit each presentation It will be an enhancement if performers can establish a simple but effective dance routine to deliver as they sing the chorus

The Convict Stain

Once, upon, a time out in Australia
We had to be so careful what we knew
We couldn't have the tiny tots getting upset
We just couldn't have them reading "Who Who Who Who Who's Who"
No, we must not have the little children worried
That Grand-Dad might have come out here in chains
Or that Grandma might have been a scarlet harlot
Transported to Australia for the gains – I mean her pains
Transported to Australia for her pains.

CHORUS

We knew we must abstain from refrains about The Stain
That most dreadful blot of all The Convict Stain
Teach them of the Kings and Queens
Don't forget the Might Have Beens
Concentrate on the In-Betweens
But not The Convict Stain

So we did not teach our children any history
Other than of English Kings and Queens
Peasants who dutifully tugged their forelocks
Luddites marauding the machines
The Romans, as they came and saw and conquered
The Jutes and Anglo-Saxons and the Celts
Huns and Picts and Goths
Slippery slimy Sloths
And Boers who drank a laager on the veldts.

Yes we had to teach them all about Crusaders
Who in the name of God had slain the Wogs
Vikings who all sailed off to Valhalla

**And the pestilence of Napoleon and the Frogs - oh, yes indeed,
The pestilence of Napoleon and the Frogs.**

CHORUS: We knew we must abstain etc.

**But now, na-now, na-now, now things are different
The time has come for us to wield the whips
We'll have a go, we'll give the Poms some curry
Let's lambast them with our quaint colonial quips
We've done an Antipodean *volte face*
We feel that we're just like the best of wines
Selected by the noblest English judges
And put down to mature for a time**

**Uncorked, unfettered now we're free
We'll show the world Australia, culturally,
We're into stubbies, tubes and thongs
And esoteric songs
About chundering in the old Pacific Sea
Everyone's a putative First Fleeter
A convict background's obviously a must
Everyone's great-grandma stole an apple
A handkerchief, a shilling or a crust**

**People fight to check through all the archives
Of England Ireland Scotland or of Wales
To learn about the various situations
That caused our ancestors to leave the rails – oh no, not that
That caused our ancestors to leave the rails**

CHORUS:

**So join with me, in singing this refrain
Forgive old Mother England all the pain
The Union Jack still waves on high
For English knighthoods we still vie
Oh we're very Dinki-Di
Despite The Convict Stain.**

England 1820 - TRILBY HALL

For The Terms of Their Natural Lives.

The palatial garden of the home of Lord and Lady Trilby. Guests are in top fashion costumes, wigs etc They stand around, chatting, as two waiters serve flutes of champagne and cucumber sandwiches. Ragged children walk by holding banners

FEED THE POOR WE ARE HUNGRY SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN

Derisive looks from guests. Lord and Lady Trilby arrive to applause. The children are chased away. Lord and Lady Trilby sing the song, with guests joining the chorus

For the Terms of Their Natural Lives

My Lords and my Ladies, I crave your attention
I speak on the subject of crime
There's far too much of it and those who commit it
Are surely the curse of our time
We gentry and good folk just can't be confronted
By all of those felons and crooks,
Robbers and varlets, poachers and harlots
And swindlers who fiddle the books

They're awful, they're vicious, they're excrementitious
They're scum and a damn they're not worth
So I put it to you that this verminous crew
Should be banned from the land of their birth
To the faraway ends of the Earth we will send them
A truly ingenious plan
For the terms of their natural lives we'll transport them
We'll send them as far as we can.

CHORUS

Send them away to Botany Bay, it's a truly ingenious plan
For the terms of their natural lives we will send them
We'll send them as far as we can
Send them away to Botany Bay, a truly ingenious plan
For the terms of their natural lives we will send them
We'll send them as far as we can

The hulks and the prisons are full to the brim

**With criminals all doing time
Hanging's much better, but terribly messy
And doesn't deter them from crime
And now we have all of those liberal thinkers
Who tell us to find a new way
But surely the only commitment we have
Is to show them that crime does not pay**

CHORUS Send them away etc.,

**Then we gentle good folk can start to enjoy
The rich life we really deserve
For Lord only knows, it's our God-given right
Our truly blue-blooded preserve
So none of this nonsense of all being equal
And meek who'll inherit the earth
Let's once and for all give the criminal class
The treatment we reckon they're worth**

CHORUS: Send them away etc.,

KEY CHANGE REPEAT CHORUS

**Send them away to Botany Bay, a truly ingenious plan
For the terms of their natural lives we will send them
We'll send them as far as we can
Send them away to Botany Bay, a truly ingenious plan
For the terms of their natural lives we will send them
We'll send them as far as we can.....**

(TAG) We will and we shall and we may and we can.

Old Bailey, England 1820 - SUPREME COURT CHAMBERS

The Lord Chief Justice

Court room. Only prop required is a bench for the LCJ, who enters, wearing robes and wig and sits. Jury (guests from Scene One are now the jury, sitting at one side. The CJ sings his song and we accept that he is a jolly old buffoon. Jury can do a “sitting down” dance to the chorus (Bobbin’ up and down like this). If Judge is capable he can do a Whirling Dervish dance on last chorus and then return to his bench, to the applause of the jury.

The Lord Chief Justice

I am the Lord Chief Justice. most important man on Earth
Appointed by King George the Third and privileged from birth
I run the Privy Council, I sit in the House of Lords
And I know God bestows on me my fair share of rewards

CHORUS – LCJ

And that’s as it should be, for nothing will deter me
From bringing truth and justice to this mob
I’m as happy as I can be and surely you can see
The reason I was chosen for my job

All That’s as it should be, for nothing will deter him
From bringing truth and justice to this mob
He’s as happy as he can be and we can surely see
The reason he was chosen for his job

I went to school at Eton, that was ever so jolly nice
My school chums run the country and they take my good advice
For the classes are ordained by God, it’s only right He should
In my work as Lord Chief Justice, I work for the common good

CHORUS And that’s as it should be....

I feel pity for the poor, but we’d be better off without them
Out of sight and out of mind so I don’t have to think about them
And criminals! Dear Lord! They’re just a waste of space
It’s my duty to remind them, they’re an absolute disgrace

CHORUS And that’s as it should be.....

In summary my friends, I want you all to know
Mutatis and mutandis, I'll extract a *quid pro quo*
Let's keep on hunting foxes
Shooting p(h)easants on the wing (Chorus LAUGH)
Yes, I invite you. one and all, to join with me and sing

CHORUS That's as it should be.....

REPEAT CHORUS AS THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE DOES A WHIRLING DERVISH
STYLE DANCE

Old Bailey, England 1820 - SUPREME COURT CHAMBERS

Jim Jones. Part One

Now we see the Lord Chief Justice in his true colours. Jim Jones the prisoner in chains is dragged before the court. The LCJ is a snarling brute as he sings his part of the song to an appreciative jury. Jim Jones sings his part aggressively, to the jury's contempt. Have a listen to the song on the Convicts album. The beat can be set up by a single Boom Boom Boom Boom on a drum. As song ends the jury and the LCJ exchange "Thumbs Down"

Jim Jones

Jim Jones: Oh, listen for a moment lads and hear me tell my tale
How o'er the seas, from England's shores
I am condemned to sail. The Jury says....

Jury He's guilty sir

Jim And says the Judge, says he.....

LCJ For life, Jim Jones, I'm sending you
Across the stormy sea

And take my tip, before you ship
To join an iron gang
Don't be too gay, in Botany Bay
Or else you'll surely hang

Jury Or else you'll surely hang, says he.....(POINT TO LCJ)
And after that, Jim Jones
High upon the gallows tree
The crows will pick your bones

LCJ You'll have no chance for mischief there
Remember what I say
They'll flog the poaching hide off you
Out there at Botany Bay

Jim But bye and bye. I'll break my chains
And to the bush I'll go
I'll join the bold bushrangers there
Jack Donohue and Co

And late at night when everything

**Is quiet on the town,
I'll kill the tyrants one and all
I'll shoot the bastards down
I'll give the law a little shock
Remember what I say
They'll yet regret they sent Jim Jones
In chains to Botany Bay**

Old Bailey, England 1820 - SUPREME COURT CHAMBERS

A Bunch of Damned Whores

Whores dressed in rough clothes. They are chained together, paraded in front of a sneering judge and jury. The LCJ indicates to the Jury that he'd like a verdict. One of the jury holds up a sign **GUILTY**

Again The LCJ and Jury exchange "Thumbs Down". LCJ mouths; "A Bunch of Damned Whores!"

A Bunch of Damned Whores

CHORUS

We're a bunch of damned whores
We never wear drawers
And they say we're the cause of dissension
But none of your fuss
Before you judge us
There's a few things that we'd like to mention

Molly Me name's Molly Brown
 And the Beak sent me down
 For nickin' a gentleman's watch in the Strand
 So I'm sailin' away
 From Southhampton today
 Transported for life to Van Diemen's Land

If I'm one of them Whores
And I never wears drawers
It's simply that I can't afford 'em
But it seems plain to me
That the English gentry
Is the baskets wot causes the whoredom

Morag I'm Morag McDonald
 Born in The Gorbals
 Raised in a brothel since I was aged ten
 Now I'm transported
 For life for me sins
 They're handing me over to the government men

I wonder how just
It all is for I must
Now submit to the evils of this cruel lot

**They'll flog us and rape us
And tell us we're evil
But they are the sinners, we're not.**

CHORUS

We're a bunch of damned whores etc.,

**Brigid I'm Brigid O'Rourke
And I'm from County Cork
A prisoner for life just for stealing a sheep
To feed me old parents
Who were squealin' wit' hunger
Oh Jesus, these times are so hard I could weep**

**Consigned to the Factory
Out in Australia
I'll be sold to the soldiers and guards
By some dirty old harlot
Who'll take all the money
And spend it on liquor and cards**

**Megan My name's Megan Rhys
I got nabbed by the police
In the back streets of Cardiff, for stealing a dress
I'm only eighteen
And I've been treated mean
My life's been a story of unhappiness**

**Drummed out of my parish
For having a child
Whose father was killed in the war
I was driven to vice
So *tyll d'in pob saes* Welsh: "Arseholes to all English"
It's the system that made me a whore**

CHORUS We're a bunch of damned whores etc..

Old Bailey, England 1820 - SUPREME COURT CHAMBERS

Scum of the Earth

Ditto . Scum in rough clothes, chained together. Same procedure as for Whores.
Thumbs down.

GUILTY

LCJ mouths: "Scum of the Earth!"

The Scum of the Earth

CHORUS

This Judge describes us as "Scum of the Earth"
Well, we've got some bad news for him
If he reckons he'll beat us
Or try to defeat us
I'd say that his chances were slim, wouldn't you?
I'd say that his chances were slim

Michael I'm Michael Allard, I am from Somerset
 I must admit to my crime
 I forged my master's hand
 Changed a bank document
 Now I must serve penal time
 Not really a bad man
 I thought it was fair
 That some of my master's vast wealth I could share
 All I can say is: I'll try to survive
 Oh yes, Michael Allard's a man who will thrive

Solomon Solomon Abraham, yes I'm light-fingered
 I'm Jewish, a Cockney, a lad
 I pinched a bar of gold
 Then I got nabbed wiff it
 That makes me terrible sad
 I would have used the cash
 Wisely and well
 Made lots of poor folks feel ever so swell
 Now the Old Beak has me marked as a failure
 Off yer go, Solly, you're bound for Australia

CHORUS

And this Judge describes us as "Scum of the Earth" etc.,

Dominic Dominic Bolton's me name if you don't mind

**I stole a pistol, it's true
I am from Lancashire
Son of a clergyman
I have a firm point-of-view
I am a Union man
Sworn to be free
Free from the masters who tyrannised me
My comrades and I have all sworn on oath
Our death or our glory, we'll contemplate both**

Martin

**I'm Martin Cosgrove, I was a highwayman
I achieved national fame
I am an Irishman
Proud of my heritage
Proud of my fine irish name
I don't regret turning to crime
Bailing up Englishmen, had a good time
Very enjoyable task to be sure
Robbing the rich, to give to the poor**

CHORUS

And this Judge describes us as "Scum of the Earth" etc.,

England 1820 - SUPREME COURT CHAMBERS

I Don't Even Know

Same court set up. Eight to ten children are chained together, wearing rag shirts with arrows branded on them, Disdainful Judge and Jury allow children to sing the song, then the Judge again asks for a verdict. The Foreman holds up a sign

GUILTY

Head-shaking and a unanimous Thumbs Down

I Don't Even Know

Jamie I never ever knew my parents
I don't even know why I'm here in Gaol
My father was killed in the war in France
My mother never had half a chance
She died when I was eight
I was sent to the Workhouse and I can relate
Because I tried to run away
I'm sent in chains to Botany Bay

CHORUS

Sent in chains to Botany Bay
Sent in chains to Botany Bay
I hasten to say not a single day
Goes by without cursing Botany Bay

Millie I am from a quite large family
I, too, do not know why I'm here in Gaol
I've never been to school at all
I've been mistreated since I was small
I stole a loaf of bread
To feed my poor family, my parents were dead
From Newgate Prison, I'm dragged today
And sent in chains to Botany Bay

CHORUS

Sent in chains to Botany Bay etc.,

All We are the unlucky children
We don't even know why we're here in Gaol
No-one to love us, no-one cares
God doesn't seem to answer our prayers

**It all seems so unfair
All this suffering we can hardly bear
We are the children, taken away
Sent in chains to Botany Bay**

CHORUS Sent in chains to Botany Bay etc.

England 1820

Backdrop of a sailing ship at a jetty. Choir stand in one line and each soloist steps forward to deliver.

Green Fields of England: Peter Bellamy

**Farewell to our lovers and our kind relations
Farewell to the homes we love well
There is never an ending to our tribulations
For they've damned us like sinners to hell**

**Here's adieu
Here's adieu to the green fields of England
Now we're parting from you.**

**The sweet fetters of love they are wrenching asunder
As they tear us from sweethearts and wives
For on some foreign shore we are sentenced to wander
In exile the rest of our lives**

Here's adieu

**From Devon, from Derby, from Wiltshire and Wales
From Norwich, from Newark, and Frome
We are herded together from verminous gaols
And like vermin are forced from our home**

Here's adieu

**There's cheats and cutpurses and rogues with no name
There's swindlers and sheep stealers bold
There's poor poaching fellows took nothing but game
And there's footpads took nothing but gold**

Here's adieu

**Some of our number are handsome and hearty
Others the voyage will mend
But there's never a soul in our miserable party
Will live to see England again**

Here's adieu

**There's coiners and clippers and ladies of pleasure
Dicers and drunkards and whores
There's butchers and bakers who dealt in short measures
And a few who have broken no laws**

Here's adieu

**There's some who expected to go to the scaffold
There's others who sought to go free
But now one and all in the holds lie a shackled
And together must plough the salt sea.**

Here's Adieu

SUGGESTED/OPTIONAL NEW VERSE (SUNG BY URCHINS)

**We are the children, torn from our families
Consigned to the ends of the earth
Committed to prison for reasons unknown
Denied all the rights of our birth**

ACT TWO

Australia 1822 - PENAL STATION OUTDOORS

Welcome to Australia

BACKGROUND NOISE OF FIREWORKS, BRASS BAND MUSIC (playing Convict Stain?), BELLS RINGING, SHIPS HOOTERS, CROWD NOISES, DOGS BARKING, HORSES WHINNYING

But the convicts are at the Penal Station, anywhere in Australia. Sign

WELCOME TO AUSTRALIA GOVERNOR STARLING

Flogger and Bessy are welcoming the new Governor, Governor Starling and Lady Starling. A whore is scrubbing the floor. A Scumbag is breaking rocks with a sledge hammer. The Flogger and Bessy each sing their verse to an unseen audience (to the same tune as Convict Stain – Act One Scene One). The Governor and wife are suitably unimpressed, as their singing indicates. Flogger and Bessy sing their chorus together.

Welcome to Australia

Flogger I'm Flattum Cyrus Flynn and I'm in charge here
The Commandant, I've been here seven years
Lord Governor, I'll show you around the Compounds
So you will understand this Vale of Tears
We've men and women prisoners of all backgrounds
They're just a bunch of blackguards, dark and mean
And the Indians, they hardly rate a mention
Before too long, they'll be no longer seen - oh, yes, indeed
Before too long they'll be no longer seen

Bessy Elizabeth Myra Boots and I'm the Matron
I'm in charge of all the female lags
A thankless task I'll tell you, if you please, Sir,
But my energy, you know, it never sags.
Their morals are appalling and their language
Would make a sailor blush and that is true
It surely is a trying task we're given
I'm always wondering what we're going to do – oh yes, indeed
I'm always wondering what we're going to do

Governor Starling You ask me what to do with all the convicts?
I've heard your diatribes, I'm not impressed
I'm here to introduce a brand new system

**Their rehabilitation will be stressed
We'll be starting with incentives and appraisals
We'll educate and we'll be firm but kind
We'll put aside the lash and all the torture
Reward them for a healthier state of mind - oh yes, indeed
Reward them for a healthier state of mind**

Lady Starling **My husband went quite recently to Whitehall
He's spoken to His Majesty as well
We've been charged by Mistress Fry, the great Reformer
To put an end to all this Living Hell
The first thing that we'll do is free the children
Release the blacks, return them to their land
We'll show the men and women they can live here
In harmony, I'm sure they'll understand - oh yes indeed
In harmony, I'm sure they'll understand.**

Flogger and Bessy exchange disdainful looks and sing together;

**There is so much to learn about the convicts
The adults – completely beyond hope
They're totally and utterly past redemption
They'd be better off a dancing from a rope
A flogging, though, a flogging has some merit
There's a language that they understand
Bring out the Cat and let me see some backbones
It's the only way to civilise this land - oh yes indeed
The only way to civilise this land**

TAG **Bring out the Cat and let me see some backbones
The only way to civilise this land!**

Australia 1822 - PENAL STATION OUTDOORS

Flogger

Bessy Bossy Boots

If Ever

Flogger and Bessy have departed. The Governor and Lady Starling remain. The children are all facing forward, working at some communal task, like washing clothes in a long trough, or hoe-ing a field. In the absence of Flogger and Bessy, the children are obviously happy to sing the “Flogger” and “Bessy” songs, to their own great satisfaction and the enjoyment of the new Governor and his wife. The children are still linked together by light chains. Then they drop their chains and combine to sing “If Ever”. Hearty applause from Governor and Lady Starling.

The Flogger

BOYS Sing:

Watch out for The Flogger
He’s a dirty old bloke
Likes to get you in his clutches
We tell yer, that’s no joke
Especially watch The Flogger
If he’s offering somefink nice
Like sweetmeats, or apple tarts
Here, take this good advice.

CHORUS

Never let The Flogger get his hands on you
Never give The Flogger half a chance
Remember now, the only way
Remind ourselves, every day,
Together we must always say
Never give The Flogger half a chance
Never ever ever give him half a chance

Boys sing:

Us boys all know The Flogger
A tyrant through and through
If ever you’re in his clutches
Look out, were telling you
Especially watch The Flogger
If he’s wearing one of his smiles
Stay away from The Flogger me boys
About a thousand miles.

Bessy Bossy Boots

GIRLS (angelically)

**Garlands of flowers is what we all dream of
Pretty long dresses to make us look gay
Chocolates and cakes that's our fancy each evening
But all as we get at the end of each day
Is a flogging – and gruel
The system's so cruel
We don't now what our lives will bring
But one thing is sure
Our young hearts are pure
When we've finished work we all sing.....**

Chorus (with dance)

**Don't get in cahoots with Bessy Bossy Boots
Watch out for Bossy Bessy each day
Don't let her rule our lives, me dear girls,
Don't let her get her own way
Keep your eye on Bessy Bossy Boots
Let's make our minds up today
She might be rich, but SHE'S A BLOOMING TYRANT!
Don't let Bessy Boots have her way
Watch out for Bessy each day**

Girls (plaintively)

**Scrubbing and mopping, the work's never stopping
Mending and tending the goats and the sheep
Cooking and gardening and chopping the wood
Twelve hours work and just eight hours sleep
Then it's prayers, scrub the stairs
What a state of affairs
Who knows when the torment will end?
But one thing is sure
Our young hearts are pure
And our spirits never will bend**

Chorus And we won't get in cahoots etc

If Ever

If ever, if ever we get out of here
We'll first of all have lots of currant buns
Loads and loads and loads of Christmas Cheer
Roast beef and vegetables by the tonnes
Custard tarts and juicy apple pies
Washed down with pints of ginger beer
Oh what a feast, what a beautiful feast
We'll have if we get out of here

If ever, if ever we get out of here
We'll bowl our hoops and skip around with joy
Leapfrog, running, hide and blooming seek
There'll be lots of fun for every girl and boy
We'll have ponies and kittens and other pets
Pillows and blankets, never fear
Oh what joy will surround our lives
All we need is to get out of here

If ever, if ever we get out of here
We'll have shoes and stockings on our feet
(Girls) Long flowing dresses and necklaces
(Boys) Trousers and jackets, looking ever so neat
We will drive around in carriages
With footmen all dressed in proper gear
We'll be ever so lah-de-diddle-blooming dah
But first we have to get out of here.

And... we'll all have a bath, smell so very POSH!
We'll play games, read some books and sing and dance
If ever, if ever we GET OUT OF HERE
We'll never ever give 'em half a chance (to bring us back)
We'll never ever give 'em half a chance (to lock us up)
No, we'll never ever give 'em half a chance
To - lock - us - up - ever - again

DIP (with handclaps)
Eeny meeny macka racka , rare eye dominacka
Chicka woppa, lolly poppa, om pom push
It is fair as fair can be that we should all be O-U-T
Out – of – here!!!!

Australia 1822 - PENAL STATION OUTDOORS

A Bunch of Damned Whores Part Two

Flogger and Bessie escort Governor and Lady Starling. The four principal whores are mopping and scrubbing together. Each sings the second part of her piece of the song. The singer uses her mop handle as a spear, counting her beats, the others keep mopping. On the chorus they hold their mops like flags.

A Bunch of Damned Whores

CHORUS

**We're a bunch of damned whores
And we never wear drawers
And they say we're the cause of dissension
But none of your fuss
Before you judge us
There's a few things that we'd like to mention**

Molly **Me name's Molly Brown and I'm settling down
To this different country, it's not all that bad
I plan to get married as soon as I'm free here
Wedded to Michael, a lovable lad.
Our tickets of leave are due very soon
We hope to get our own land
Horses and sheep and tending the crops
I tell you, Australia is grand**

Morag **Morag McDonald, still very Scottish
I think of my home now and then
But the system's designed so the Sassenach gentry
Will never encounter our faces again
I'm promised to Solomon, he's quite a dasher
A wide boy, but handsome and strong
Bit of a laugh and the odd "Ow's yer father?"
And the girls and me still sing our song**

CHORUS

We're a bunch of damned whores etc.,

Brigid **Brigid O'Rourke, not one to talk**
But life, I'm finding's not bad over here
The weather and I, we're both doin' fine
My ticket of leave, it is due in a year
I now have my wonderful man to protect me
Martin and I, we'll earn our pay
Despite all the hardships and floggings that we've had
Old Ireland's a long way away

Megan Rhys has a six years old child with her.

Megan **Yes I'm Megan Rhys, Cymraeg am byth**
I am still missing my home far away
I'm now twenty three and soon I'll be free
My life's looking better and better each day
Dominic Bolton, he's my fiance
Looks after my young child and me
We hope to have more, say two, three or four
Australia's a great place to be.

CHORUS **We're a bunch of damned whores etc**

So smooth down your skirts, girls
Show 'em your class
Straighten your petticoats
Cover your arse
We'll show we still know 'em
For just what they are
They're the world's greatest bastards by far

CHORUS X 2

We're a bunch of damned whores

Australia 1822 - PENAL STATION OUTDOORS

Scum of the Earth Part Two

The Scum of the Earth are all breaking stones or similar, thereby setting up their own beat with the swing of the hammers.

Scum of the Earth

CHORUS

The old Judge described us as Scum of the Earth
Well we've got some bad news for him
If he reckons he'll beat us
The system defeat us
I'd say that his chances were slim, wouldn't you?
I'd say that his chances were slim

I'm Michael Allard, loving Australia
Having a pretty good time
This country's different
But I'm feeling good
And the weather is just so sublime
I've got me eye, on Miss Molly Brown
She's a good woman, she won't let me down
Ticket-of-leave soon and I'll do me best
God bless Australia, to hell with the rest

Solomon Abraham, still just a wide boy
Morag and I are betroven
Us Jews and the Scots, we're ever so canny
Financial skills interwoven
Australia's got room to move, that's rather nice
Ever so glad I took the advice
Of the Old Judge who deemed me a terrible failure
Thank you Lord, my reward, is to come to Australia.

CHORUS

Dominic Bolton, looking for freedom here
Once I get rid of these chains
My girl Megan Rhys, she's one of God's Police
She sings all those great Welsh refrains
We plan to marry, have lots of kids
Hopefully start a small farm
Raise a nice family, solid Australians

Please God, He'll keep us from harm

I'm Martin Cosgrove, I'm not too Godly

I've had a flogging or three

They don't like us Irish, the feeling is mutual

English do nothing for me.

So I have teamed up with Brigid O'Rourke

I call her Mavourneen, she's from County Cork

My bailing up days are a thing of the past

But I wouldn't mind giving that old Judge a blast

CHORUS X 2

ACT THREE The Hard Men Australia 1825 (THREE YEARS LATER)

Flogger and two armed soldiers escort Governor Starling and Lady Starling to the “Hard Men” compound. Six tough men are heavily chained and have balls chained to their ankles. They are able to move freely: indeed, they are hewing logs, with axes.

The Hard Men

FLOGGER (SINGS)

Three years have passed, Sir, I hope to impress you
Your policy, Sir, is quite wrong
These convicts are brutes and they only respond, Sir,
To flogging and punishment ever so strong
I urge you to change, Sir, bring back the lash
The Crankmill, the gag and the “Cat”
You will never convert them, so I recommend
We can change at the drop of a hat

HE FLOURISHES HIS OWN HAT, FLAMBOYANTLY

GOVERNOR (SINGS) LADY STARLING LOOKS ON, APPROVINGLY

Commandant, once again I’m not impressed.....
And I must say, I’m getting quite tired
Of all your haranguing and constant requests
No, the old days have long-since transpired.
I look at the children, the women, the men
I see progress every day
So kindly desist and get on with your job
We are going to have a new way

THE CONVICTS PAUSE, INTERESTED.

FLOGGER (SINGS)

But Sir, look at this mob, these are the hard men
Brutes and recidivists all
Unless they are disciplined, chained up and flogged
Their habits will always appall
Jim Jones is the worst of them, look at him now
Sullen and totally corrupt
Let him be the yardstick, Sir, whereby we change
But I warn, Sir, we must be abrupt.

GOVERNOR (SINGS) LADY STARLING STILL APPROVES

Commandant, let me just show what I mean...

HE MOVES TOWARDS THE CONVICTS

**....These are sad human beings, bereft of a chance
And sentenced to gaol, for life's span
But it is my duty to show them where they
Have failed to fulfil our God's plan
Yes, they can repent; they will, I feel sure...**

HE ADDRESSES A CONVICT (not Jim Jones) SPECIFICALLY

**.....To you, Sir, I offer my hand
And give you my promise of better conditions
Although you're in this foreign land.....**

**HE OFFERS TO SHAKE HANDS, BUT THE CONVICT GRASPS THE GOVERNOR'S
EXTENDED HAND, PULLS HIM FORWARD AND IMMEDIATELY ALL THE
CONVICTS (except Jim Jones) HOLD HIM SECURELY AND MENACE THE
GOVERNOR WITH THEIR AXES. THE GUARDS ARE NONPLUSSED.**

**LADY STARLING LEAPS FORWARD, ADDRESSES JIM JONES. SINGS.
(basically to the tune of Jim Jones's own song)**

**I beg you Sir, release my man, I'm asking for your aid
I am a woman in distress, a woman quite afraid
Please show compassion, Sir, I ask
That in my hour of need
i plead, that through your influence
My husband may be freed**

**JIM JONES MOVES TO THE OTHERS, WITH DIFFICULTY, AS HE IS DRAGGING A
BALL AND CHAIN. HE PUSHES THE OTHERS ASIDE AND ROUGHLY DRAGS THE
GOVERNOR AWAY. THE GOVERNOR SCURRIES TO THE SECURITY OF THE
GUARDS, WHO NOW STAND BELLIGERENTLY, AS DOES FLOGGER.**

JIM JONES SINGS HIS OWN SONG:

**Each night and day, our irons clang
And like poor galley slaves
We toil and toil
And when we die
We'll share dishonoured graves.....**

HE PAUSES, REFLECTS

**But in the short term I'm a man
With something in my heart
That recognises what you say
We need a place to start.
So take your man, perhaps today
We start to recognise
The road to liberty is there
Before our very eyes.**

SYDNEY 1825 OFFICE OF GOVERNOR STARLING

Bring Back the Lash

THE GOVERNOR SITS AT HIS DESK. FLOGGER AND BESSY SIT AT EITHER END, SO THE THREE FACE THE AUDIENCE. LADY STARLING SITS BEHIND THE GOVERNOR, LOOKING ANXIOUSLY AT THE OTHERS.

FLOGGER AND BESSY

Sir, you've now seen, with your own eyes
The convicts are quite out of hand
A liberal approach has lowered our power
We beg you to take a firm stand
Let's rebuild the crankmill, bring back the gag
Let's flog to submission each truculent lag
The Cat, Sir, they need it, for they're a disgrace
Let's show them who is in charge.

GOVERNOR

I must say I've changed, my outlook is different
I realise now that you're right
I see for myself, we've been much too soft
We must exercise Regal Might
Under His Majesty's charge I declare
Flogging's re-introduced, now, everywhere,
Women and men, children as well
We'll show them who is in charge

LADY STARLING

My husband, I beg you, do not take this step
Don't listen to this callous pair
Convicts are humans who've had a bad start
Deserving some kindness and care
Jim Jones just saved your life, that's very clear
So treat them with love and eliminate fear,
You are the Governor, commissioned by God,
Please show them who is in charge.

GOVERNOR

Silence! Good woman, I am in charge,
Don't get too big for your boots (BESSY ROLLS HER EYES)
Lenient treatment is all right in theory
But convicts are such savage brutes
I hereby declare that flogging is fine
The Cat o' nine tails will bring them into line,
The crankmill, the gag, starting today
I'll show them who is in charge.

HE SIGNS THE DOCUMENT WITH A FLOURISH, APPLIES HIS SEAL IN WAX. HE HANDS THE DOCUMENT TO A BEAMING FLOGGER

GOVERNOR (sings) Ne plus ultra (PAUSE) (THEN HE ROARS)

Ne plus ultra!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

END OF SCENE. BLACK.

SYDNEY 1825

Ne Plus Ultra.

Ne plus ultra (No worse beyond) was the phrase coined by Governor Darling when he ordered that penal stations should be set up for the “hard” prisoners. The cruelty implemented was barbaric.

Ne Plus Ultra is a very difficult song to sing, But it is crucial to show the bestiality of Flogger and Bessie, who salivate at the flogging of Jim Jones.

JIM JONES IS TIED TO THE FLOGGING TRIANGLE. IN ATTENDANCE ARE THE SCOURGER, WITH HIS CAT O' NINE TAILS, FLOGGER, BESSY, PLUS TWO ARMED GUARDS WITH BAYONETS FIXED. THE WHORES, THE SCUMBAGS AND THE URCHINS HAVE BEEN FORCED TO WATCH. THEY ARE ALL IN CHAINS AND RESTRAINED. THE CHOIR (EXTRAS) ARE THERE AS (INTERESTED) SPECTATORS

Ne Plus Ultra

FLOGGER SINGS

Ne plus ultra, Ne plus ultra
No worse, there is none here on earth
The only thing you can be sure of
You'll be flogged out in Australia
For all our worth.

BESSY SINGS

You might get three hundred lashes
In Australia we know how to flog
Then we'll cut you down and salt you
We wouldn't even do that
To a mad dog.

CHORUS : FLOGGER, BESSY AND CHOIR

For the triangles are ready, waiting
And the scourger's there, salivating
Ready to strip the flesh from off your frames
Every single lag
Knows the crankmill and the gag
You're only a statistic
A pawn in England's games

FLOGGER AND BESSY

You might well, here in Australia
Be appointed killer of your mate
So you can be on the gallows

Swinging from a hempen rope is
Much the better fate

BESSY

Now that you are in Australia
You might worry that you won't survive
But when we have finished flogging
You will only feel despondent
That you are still alive

FLOGGER, BESSY AND CHOIR

For the triangles etc.

FLOGGER

Dante wrote of Hell's Inferno
But his view of torment was remiss
For there's never been a system
No there's never been a system
As barbarous as this

FLOGGER, BESSY AND CHOIR

For the triangles etc.,

Ne Plus Ultra! Ne plus ultra!!!!
No worse! There is none here – on Earth

THE FLOGGING IS OVER. THE WHIPMAN DEPARTS. FLOGGER AND BESSIE EXCHANGE SATISFIED LOOKS. THEY EACH THROW A HANDFUL OF SALT IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF JIM JONES'S WOUNDS. HE APPEARS TO BE UNCONSCIOUS, BUT AS THEY LEAVE, HE SINGS

Jim Jones

They'll never break the spirit
Of the man they call Jim Jones
The Flogger's waiting every time
To hear my plaintive moans

But not a tear he's had from me
And sure he never will
But I will keep the promise that
One day that man I'll kill

INTERVAL

AUSTRALIA c. 1850

OUTDOORS

Currency Lads and Lasses

Fireworks, bells, whistles. General air of merriment. Bush band. Dancing. Song sung by Whores, Scum and Urchins, now all better dressed and free. The Whores and Scum have paired off and some hold hands. Signs being carried

NO MORE CONVICTS

FAREWELL TYRANNY

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA

The cast slowly turn to face the audience. Various performers step forward. They remain forward, joined by others in turn.

Currency Lads and Lasses

Spoken We're the Currency Lads and Lasses
 In the land where we belong
 Let the poets tell our story
 Let the singers sing our song

Sung Let's teach our children of our land
 Let the prosperous times begin
 Never more will we be treated
 As a nation linked with sin
 For we've finally won our battle
 Turned the convict ships away
 Restore her ancient grandeur
 The place called Botany Bay

Repeat (Spoken) We're the Currency Lads and Lasses

Dorothea McKellar steps forward:

spoken: I love a sunburnt country
 A land of sweeping plains
 Of ragged mountain ranges
 Of droughts and flooding rains

Chorus (spoken) We're the Currency Lads and Lasses etc

Henry Lawson steps forward:

(spoken) Australia, Australia, so fair to behold
 While the blue sky is arching above
 The stranger should never have need to be told

**That the wattle bloom means that her heart is of gold
And the waratah's red with her love.**

Chorus (spoken) We're the Currency Lads and Lasses etc

Mary Gilmore steps forward:

**(spoken) I'm old, Botany Bay
Stiff in the joints
Little to day
I am the one who paved the way
That you might walk at your ease today.**

Chorus (spoken) We're the Currency Lads and Lasses etc

Banjo Paterson steps forward:

**(spoken) I see the vision splendid
Of the sunlit plains extended
And at night the wondrous glory
Of the everlasting stars**

Chorus (spoken) We're the Currency Lads and Lasses etc

Eric Bogle steps forward;

**(Sings) I'm drowning in the sunshine
As it pours down from the skies
There's something stirring in my heart
Bright colours fill my eyes
As from here to the horizon
Your beauty does unfold
And oh, you look so lovely
Dressed in green and gold.**

**Repeat with all: Oh you look so lovely
Dressed in green and gold**

**All sing Let's teach our children of our land
Let the prosperous times begin
Never more will we be treated
As a nation linked with sin
For we've finally won our battle
Turned the convict ships away
Restore her ancient grandeur
To the place called Botany Bay**

Australia 1850 - A COURT ROOM

Remember: New Rules

A court room. A jury is convened. They are the original Whores and Scum, older, emancipated, prosperous, plus other ex-convicts. Two prisoners are brought before the court, handcuffed together. They are Flogger and Bessie. A clerk sings "Silence, all stand". Clerk of Courts enters from offstage, followed by a young male Magistrate in robes and wig. He sits at the Bench. The jury then identify themselves – with, in each case, a single line "Me name's Molly Brown" etc., – as the Whores and the Scum, now emancipated, prosperous, healthy.

The Magistrate joins the singing. He begins with two lines from the song he originally sang as a boy in London I Don't Even Know. For this is Jamie, now a forty year old Magistrate.

Silence all stand.

REMEMBER: NEW RULES

(Approximating the tune of Lord Chief Justice)

A YOUNG WOMAN IS IN THE WITNESS BOX, GIVING EVIDENCE

If Your Worship pleases.....
For crimes against humanity
Two prisoners are now before the Court
Flattum Cyrus Flynn and Miss Elizabeth Boots
Accordingly I tender this report....

We bring evidence before you
Attest on oath today
My name is Milly Johnson
A teacher, proud to say
Like others in this Court Room
I recall with great dismay
That we as children all were sent
In chains to Botany Bay
(The jury, plus the Magistrate, stand and sing with Millie)

Sent in chains to Botany Bay
Sent in chains to Botany Bay
I hasten to say, not a single day
Goes by without cursing Botany Bay.

Jury sits

**JAMIE (remains standing at the Bench)
(To the tune of I never Knew)**

**Never ever knew my parents
And I never knew why I went to Gaol.... but
(to the tune of Lord Chief Justice)**

**Yes I am Jamie Robertson
I'm happy to relate
I've done my legal training
I'm now a Magistrate
Unhappy memories are all gone
I hope that you'll agree,
Life is surely better
Now this marvellous country's free**

ALL EXCEPT FLOGGER AND BESSIE SING CHORUS

**Yes, that's as it should be
And nothing will deter us
From bringing truth and justice to the world
Australia will be free, unto eternity
As the flag of Southern Cross is here unfurled.**

**Jamie Flattum Cyrus Flynn
You're in a state of sin
You're nothing but a bounder and a cad
Throughout your awful life, you've generated strife
It's hard to realise you've been so bad**

**Elizabeth Bossy Boots
Your record here imputes
That you're a nasty piece of goods it's true
You're an absolute disgrace, you've run your sordid race
Today the legal system punishes you**

**The finding of this Court
Delivered here today
For all your prior misdemeanors
You must surely pay
And hereby you are sentenced
For all your living days
To serve this new society
In humble, servile ways.....ten years of community service!**

Cheers and Thumbs down everywhere!!!!!!!

ALL STAND

And that's as it should be (REPEAT X 2)

ALL CAST MEMBERS, EXCEPT FOR FLOGGER AND BESSY, STAND AND SING

ENTER FROM AUDIENCE JIM JONES. HE BRANDISHES TWO PISTOLS.

HE SINGS

Jim Jones

They'll yet regret they sent Jim Jones

In chains to Botany Bay.....

JIM JONES IS THE CENTRE OF ATTENTION. HE WALKS TOWARDS FLOGGER AND BESSY, THREATENINGLY. THEY COWER.

SLOWLY BUT DELIBERATELY, MILLIE WALKS TOWARDS JIM. SHE STANDS BETWEEN HIM AND THE INTENDED VICTIMS. SHE RAISES HER ARMS IMPLOINGLY. A LONG PAUSE. JIM HANDS THE PISTOLS TO HER.

MILLIE EMBRACES JIM

End of Scene

Australia 1850 - OPEN AIR/TOWN SQUARE

Think of Me Balls and Chains

The entire cast gather, some holding “Balls and Chains” (Green and Gold) Southern Cross Flags. All wear better clothes, especially children. A large Green and Gold flag waves. General air of celebration. Soloists step forward to sing. All join in the chorus of the two songs

Think of Me

It was I who built the bridges and the roads
It was I who carried all those heavy loads
It was I, transported on the stormy sea
It was I, I was you, and you are me

Do you ever feel you're bound to this harsh land?
Do you ever find that hard to understand?
To know your background learn your history
Think of me, for I was you and you are me

CHORUS

I am every single convict sent in chains
I endured the torture
And I suffered endless pains
I'm the withered branch upon your family tree
So think of me, for I was you and you are me.

WOMEN TOGETHER

The hardships that we all endured back then
Chattels of those hard and callous men
Suffering such gross indignity
Think of us, for we are you and you are we

CHILDREN TOGETHER

When the history books are written of these times
We wonder who'll be listed for their crimes
The system placed our lives in jeopardy
Let us hope that henceforth children are born free

JIM JONES

When the floggers bared my shoulders to the bone
When my screams and sobs had faded to a moan
They salted down my wounds, then let me be
It was I and I was you and you are me

**When you see the gracious buildings that I made
The churches where the guards and soldiers prayed
Where I was dragged to curse my misery
Think of me, for I was you and you are me.**

CHORUS I am every single convict etc.,

**When you think of all the suffering and the pain
Are you sure those times could never come again?
It was I who paved the way, so you'd be free,
So think of me, for I was you and you are me.**

CHORUS X 2

Finale

Balls and Chains

**Beneath the Southern Cross
We will know freedom
We'll break the chains
We'll link our names to liberty**

**Beneath the Southern Cross
We'll swear to honour
This sacred pledge
We'll never bow to tyranny**

CHORUS

**The balls and the chains, they are forsaken
The Cat and the Rope are put aside
Male singers We are free. We love this land Australia
Female singers Australia is a better land
 We all love our freedom here
Our children will inherit it with pride**

**Beneath the Southern Cross
We will remember
The Australians
Who were here the first of all**

**Beneath the Southern Cross
We'll always treasure
The wisdom they bestow
They still stand tall**

CHORUS The balls and the chains etc.,

**Beneath the Southern Cross
We'll sing of freedom
And the future
We will face with dignity**

**Beneath the Southern Cross
We'll show compassion
To those who are
Less fortunate than we**

CHORUS X 3

Final chorus

**The balls and the chains they are forsaken
The cat and the rope are put aside – FOREVER!**

MALES

We are free. We love this land Australia

FEMALES

Australia is a better land, we love our freedom here

Our children will inherit it with pride.

END