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The Convict Stain

Sung by Sneddon Tobias and Students

Ted Egan



5 A D A E

Once up-on a time out of Aus-tra-lia, We had to be so care-ful what we knew. We

9 Bm E

could-n't have_ the ti - ny tots get-ting up - set, we

11 B7 E

could-n't have_ them read - ing "Who Who Who Who Who's Who."_ No, we

13 A D A

must not have the lit - tle chil - dren wor-ried, That

15 D

Grand - dad might have come out_ here in chains, or that

17 Bm E A F#7

Grand - ma might have been a scar - let har - lot. Trans -

19 Bm E A F#7

port - ed to Aus - tra - lia for the gains - I mean her pains. Trans -

21 Bm E A

port - ed to Aus - tra - lia for the gains.

Chorus

23 A D

We knew we must ab - stain from ref - rains a - bout "The Stain", That most

26 **B7** **E**

 dread - ful blot of all The Con - vict Stain. Teach them

28 **A** **D**

 of the Kings & Queens. Don't for - get the Might. Have. Beens. Con - cen -

30 **Bm** **E** **A** **E** **A**

 trate on the In - Be - Tweens, but not the Con - vict Stain.

So we did not teach our children any history,
 Other than of English Kings and Queens;
 Peasants who dutifully tugged their forelocks (?foreskins)
 And Luddites who marauded the machines.
 The Romans as they came and saw and conquered,
 The Jutes and Anglo-Saxons and the Celts
 Huns and Picts and Goths,
 And slippery slimy Sloths,
 And Boers who drank a laager* on teh veltdts. [*six]

But now, na-now, na-now now things are different,
 The time has comem 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 like finest English wine,
 Selected by the noblest English judges,
 Just put down to mature for a time - oh, yes we are
 Just put down to mature for a time.

Yes, we had to teach them all about Crusaders,
 Who in the name of God had slain the Wogs,
 Vikings who'd all sailed off to Valhalla,
 And the pestilence of Napoleon & the Frogs - oh, yes indeed.
 The pestilence of Napoleon and the Frogs.

Uncorked, unfettered, now we're free,
 We'll show the world Australia, culturally,
 We're into stubbies, tubes and thongs,
 Andn 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 and 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 Dinky-Di
 Despite The Convict Stain.*

For the terms of their natural lives

Ted Egan

B \flat Gm F B \flat

1. My Lords & my Ladies I crave your attention I speak on the subject of crime. There's
 2. They're awful, they're vicious, they're execrable, they're rescuable & a damn they're not worth. So

5 B \flat E \flat C F

fara too much of it and those who commit it are surely the curse of our time. We
 I put it to you, this verminous crew should be banned from the land of their birth. To the

9 B \flat Gm B \flat E \flat

gentry and good folk just can't be affronted by all of those felons and crooks:
 faraway ends of the earth we will send them; a truly ingenious plan.

13 1. E \flat B \flat F B \flat

And robbers & poachers & harlots & varlets & swindlers who fiddle the books.

21 2-3 E \flat B \flat F B \flat

For the terms of their natural lives we'll transport them. We'll send them as far as we can.

26 F B \flat E \flat B \flat F

We'll send them away to Botany Bay. It's a truly ingenious plan. For the

31 B \flat E \flat C F

terms of their natural lives we will send them, we'll send them as far as we can. We'll send them a -

35 B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat

way to Botany Bay. It's a truly ingenious plan. For the

39 E \flat B \flat F B \flat

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
 These liberal thinkers
 Who tell us to find a new way.
 But surely the only
 Commitment we have
 Is to show them that crime doesn't pay.

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.

The Lord Chief Justice

Ted Egan

B \flat **Gm**

I am the Lord Chief Justice Most important man on earth. Ap -

F 7 **B \flat** **F** **C 7** **F 7**

point - ed by King George the Third and privileged from birth. I

F 7 **B \flat** **F 7** **B \flat**

run the Privy Council, I sit in the House of Lords. And

C 7 **F** **C 7** **F** **F 7**

I know God bestows on me my fair share of rewards. And

B \flat **Gm**

that's as it should be for nothing will deter me from

F 7 **B \flat** **F 7**

bring - ing Truth and Justice to this mob. I'm as

B \flat **Gm**

hap - py as I can be, surely you can see. The

F 7 **B \flat**

reas - on I was chosen for my job.

18 B \flat Gm

And that's as it should be for noth - ing will de - ter him from

21 F7 B \flat F7

bring - ing Truth and Just - ice to this mob. He's as

23 B \flat Gm

hap - py as he can be, and sure - ly you can see, the we can sure - ly see

25 F F7 B \flat

reas - on he was cho - sen for his job.

I went to school at Eton
 That was ever so jolly nice
 My schoolchums run the country
 And they take my good advice
 For the classes are ordained by God
 It's only right He should
 In my role as Lord Chief Justice
 I work for the Common Good

Yes, 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
 Are just a waste of space
 It's my duty to remind them
 They're an absolute disgrace

So, in summary my dear 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 (REACTION)
 Yes, I invite you, one and all
 To join with me and sing

(All sing Chorus twice as Lord Trilby performs a whirling dervish dance.)

Jim Jones at Botany Bay

Traditional arr. by Ted Egan

Musical score for 'Jim Jones at Botany Bay' in 6/8 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, F, C, D, G, C, F, Am, C, F, G, C.

Oh lis - ten for__ a mo - ment lads,__ and hear me tell__ my tale; How
o'er the sea__ from Eng - land's shore. I am con - demned to sail. The
ju - ry says,__ (Jury) "He's guil - ty, sir",__ and says the Judge, says__ he; (Judge) "For
life, Jim Jones, I'm send - ing you__ a - cross the storm - y sea."

Judge:

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.

Convicts:

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

Judge:

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

Jim Jones:

But bye and bye, I'll break my chains
And to the bush I'll go.
I'll join the bold bushrangers there -
Jack Donahue and Co.
And late at night when everything
Is quiet in 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.

A bunch of damned whores

Ted Egan

Am G Am G Am G Am G

16 C G F C G

We're a bunch of damned whores & we ne-ver wear drawers & they say we're the cause of dis-sen-sion. But

25 C G F C F G C

ne-ver you fuss be-fore you judge us there's a few things that we'd like to men-tion

33 C G F C G

1. Well me name's Mo-lly Brown and the beak sent me down for nick-in' a gent-leman's watch in the Strand So I'm

42 C G F C F G C

sail-in' a-way from South-amp-ton to-day trans-ported for life to Van-Die-man's land So if I'm

51 C G F C G

one of them whores that ne-ver wears drawers it's sim-ply that I can't a-fford 'em But it

59 C G F C F G C

seems plain to me that the En-lish gen-try are the bas-kets what caused all the whore-dom

I'm Morag McDonald, born in The Gorbals
Raised in a brothel since I was aged ten.
But now I'm transported for life for me sins
They've handed 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, andn tell us we're evil,
But they are the sinners, we're not.

My name's Megan Rhys, I got nabbed by the police
In the back streets of Cardiff for pinching 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 baby
Whose father was killed in the war.
I was driven to vice, so tyll d'in pob saes!
It's the system that made me a whore.

I'm Brigid O'Rourke, from County Cork
A prisoner for life just for stealin' a sheep,
To feed me old parents who are squealin' wit' hunger
Jesus! These times are so hard I could weep.
I'll go to the factory, out in Australia
Sold to the soldiers and guards.
By a dirty old harlot who takes all the money
And spends it on liquor and cards.

So lift up your skirts, girls, and show your bare bums
Slap on your buttocks me whorey old chums.
Let's show 'em, we know 'em, for just what they are,
They're the world's greatest bastards by far.

Scum of the Earth

Verses for the Old Bailey.
Sung by the male convicts.

Ted Egan

D A7 D

I'm Michael Reidy, I am from Somerset I must admit to my crime.

9 A7 D E7 A A7

I forged my master's hand. Changed a bank document Now I must serve penal time. I'm not

17 G D G D E A E7 A

really a bad man I thought it was fair, that some of my master's vast wealth I could share.

25 D A G A A7 D

All I can say is: I'll try to survive. Oh yes, Michael Reidy's a man who will thrive. And

34 A7 D E7 A

this judge describes us as Scum of the Earth. Well we've got some bad news for him. If he

42 A7 D A7

reckons he'll beat us or try to defeat us, I'd say that his chances were

48 D G D A7 D

slim, wouldn't you? I'd say that his chances were slim.

Soloman 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 you go Solly, you're bound for Australia

Dominic Harvey'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 tyrannise me
My comrades and I, we have all sworn an oath,
Our death or our glory, we'll contemplate both

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 a thing
Turning to crime
Bailing up Englishmen, had a good time
Very enjoyable task to be sure
Robbing the rich, to give to the poor

I don't even know

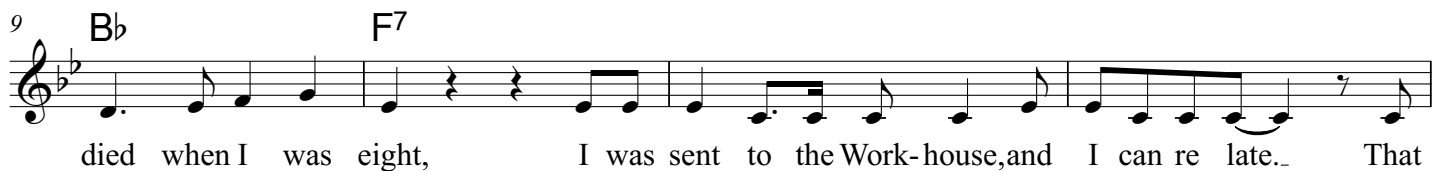
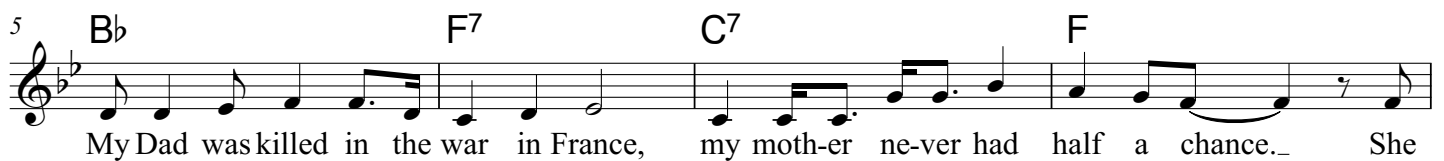
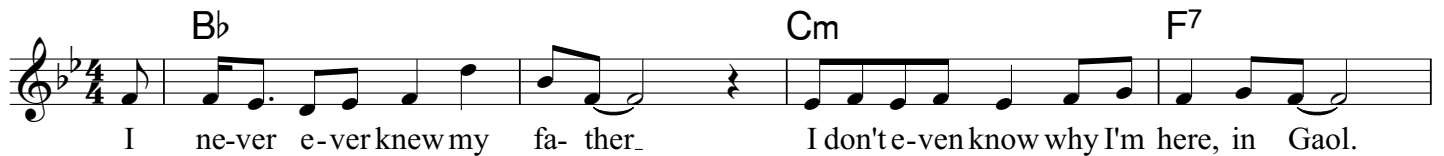
Ted Egan

Court Scene - Old Baily (1785)

A group of 8-10 children stand, forlorn, in the Court of the Chief Justice. The rich and powerful, now the Jury, look on disdainfully.

The Chief Justice looks to the Jury. They all turn thumbs down, indicate 'Guilty' and the Chief Justice repeats the body movements in affirmation.

There is no dialogue. The children sing their song.



Chorus



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 was dragged that day
I was sent in chains to Botany Bay.

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
We were sent in chains to Botany Bay.

Green Fields of England

Peter Bellamy

Verse 1 ♩=140

T. 
Fare-well to our lov-ers_ and our kind re - la-tions, Fare well to the homes we love well.

8 T. 
There is ne-ver an end-ing to our trib-u - la-tions for they've damned us like sin-ners_ to hell.

16 Chorus G C F G⁷ C


T. 
Here's a-dieu, here's a-dieu to the green fields of Eng land now we're part-ing from you.

S. 
Here's a-dieu, here's a-dieu to the green fields of Eng-land now we're part-ing from you.

A. 
Here's a-dieu, here's a-dieu to the green fields of Eng-land now we're part-ing from you.


B. 
Here's a-dieu, here's a-dieu to the green fields of Eng-land now we're part-ing from you.


24 Verse 2

T. 
The sweet fet-ters of love they are wrench-ing a - sun-der as they tear us from sweet-hearts and wives.


32 T. 
— For on some fo-reign shore we are sen-tenced to wan-der in ex-ile the rest of our lives. [to Chorus]


40 Verse 3

T. 
From De-von, from Der-by, from Wilt shire and Wales, from Nor-wich, from Ne-wark, and Frome.


A. 
From De-von, from Der-by, from Wilt shire and Wales, from Nor-wich, from Ne-wark, and Frome.

48 [to Chorus]


T.  We are herd-ed to-geth-er from ver-min-ous ga ols, and like ver-min are forced from our home.

A.  We are herd-ed to-geth-er from ver-min-ous ga ols, and like ver-min are forced from our home.


56 *Verse 4*


T.  There's cheats and cut-pur-ses and rogues with no name, there's swind-lers & sheep steal-ers bold.

64 [to Chorus]

T.  There's poor poach-ing fel-lows took noth-ing but game And there's foot-pads took noth-ing but gold.

72 *Verse 5*

T.  There's some of our num-ber are hand-some and hear-ty, there's oth-ers the voy-age will mend.

A.  There's some of our num-ber are hand-some and hear-ty, there's oth-ers the voy-age will mend.

80 [to Chorus]

T.  There's ne-ver a soul in our mis-ra-ble par-ty, will live to see Eng-land a-gain.

A.  There's ne-ver a soul in our mis-ra-ble par-ty, will live to see Eng-land a-gain.

Welcome to Australia

Ted Egan

5 A D A E

9 Bm E

11 B7 E

13 A D A

15 D

17 Bm E A F#7

19 Bm E A F#7

21 Bm E A

Chorus

23 A D

FLOGGER

I'm Flattum Cyrus Flynn, and I'm in charge here,
 The Adjutant, I've been here seven years.
 I'll show you around the various prison compounds
 So you will understand this Vale of Tears
 We've men and women convicts of all backgrounds
 They're just a bunch of blackguards, dark and mean
 And there's the local Indians, who hardly rate a mention
 Before too long, they'll be no longer seen.

Rev ALGERNON

I'm Garfield Algernon, Sir, I'm the Pastor
 Received in Holy Orders, thank The Lord
 Committed to the colonies, I surely don't know why
 Perhaps in Afterlife there's my reward?
 I do my best to preach The Holy Gospel
 My sermons mostly fall on sterile ground
 The convicts won't respond to finer thinking
 They are just the basest creatures ever found.

BESSIE BOOTS

I am Elizabeth Boots, and I'm The Matron
 I'm in charge of all the female lags
 A thankless task, I tell you, but they know I'm the boss
 My energy, it never, ever 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?

FLOGGER, ALGERNON & BESSIE BOOTS

What are we going to do with all the convicts?
 The adults are completely beyond hope
 They're totally and utterly past redemption
 They'd be better off a dancing from a rope
 In the meantime, though, a flogging's worth our effort
 At least, it's language that they understand
 Bring out the Cat, and let me see some backbones
 It's the only way we'll civilise this land.

The Flogger

Ted Egan

1 A D A
Watch out for The Flog - ger He's just a rot - ten old man. Likes to

3 D A E E7
get you in his clutch - es whip yer pants down if he can. E -

5 A D A
spe - cially watch The Flog-ger if he's off - 'ring some - fink nice. Like

7 E B7 E7
sweet meats or ap - ple tarts, Here, take this good ad - vice.

Chorus

9 A D A
Ne-ver let The Flog-ger get his hands on you. Ne-ver give The Flog-ger half a chance. Re -

11 D A E7
mem - ber, boys, we must o - bey, con - tem - plate_ this e - ver - y day_

13 A E A D
We must all go just one way and ne - ver prance a-round with-out your pants, No,

15 D E7 A
Ne - ver prance a - round with - out your pants.

Us boys all know The Flogger
He's full of mortal sin.
If he gets hold of any young boys
Watch out - he's in like Flynn!
Especially watch The Flogger
If he's wearing one of his smiles
Stay away from The Flogger, me boys,
About a thousand miles.

Bessie Bossy Boots

Ted Egan

G C G Em C D⁷

Gar-lands of flow-ers is what we all dream of. Pret-ty long dress-es to make us look gay.

9 G C G D D⁷

Choc-'lates and cakes is our fan-cy each eve-ning but all as we get at the end of each day: Is a

17 G C G Em Am D⁷

flog-ging, and gruel, the sys-tem's so cruel. We don't know what our lives will bring. But

25 G C G D D⁷ G C G

one thing is sure, our young hearts are pure, when we've fin-ished our work we all sing: _____

33 G C D G D⁷

Don't get in cahoots, with Miss Bess-ie Boss-y Boots. Watch out for Boss-y Bess-ie each day. _____

41 G C A⁷ D D⁷

Don't let her ru-in our lives, me dear girls. Don't let her get her own way. _____

49 G C A D G G⁷

Watch out for old Miss Bess Boss-y Boots. Let's make our minds up to- day. _____

57 C D G Em

She might be rich, but she's a bloom-ing ty - rant!

61 C D G Em C D⁷ G

Don't let Bess-ie Boots have her way! (Wif you) Don't let Bess-ie Boots have her way. _____

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 six hours sleep.
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 will never bend.

If ever

Sung by the boys of Point Puer and the girls from St Brenda's, led by Jamie and Millie.

Ted Egan

Musical score for 'If ever' in 4/4 time, key of Bb. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: Bb, F, F7, Bb, Eb, Bb, G, C7, F7, Bb.

If e-ver, if e-ver we get out of_ here. We'll first of all have lots of curr-ant buns.
5 Loads & loads & loads of Christ mas Cheer. Roast beef & vege-tables by_ the tonne, we'll have
9 cus-tard tarts. and juic-y app-le pies. Wash it down with pints of gin-ger beer.
13 Oh, what a feast, what a beau-ti-ful 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
Leap frog, running, and hide-and-blooming-peek
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 lad-de-diddle blooming-dah
But first we have to get out of here.

CODA

And we'll all have a bath, smell very posh
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.

CHANT (A 'Dip' - cf. Children counting for games, with appropriate hand claps)

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!

Ne Plus Ultra

Ted Egan

Sung by Flogger Flynn & soldiers.

'Ne Plus Ultra' - literally: 'No more beyond'

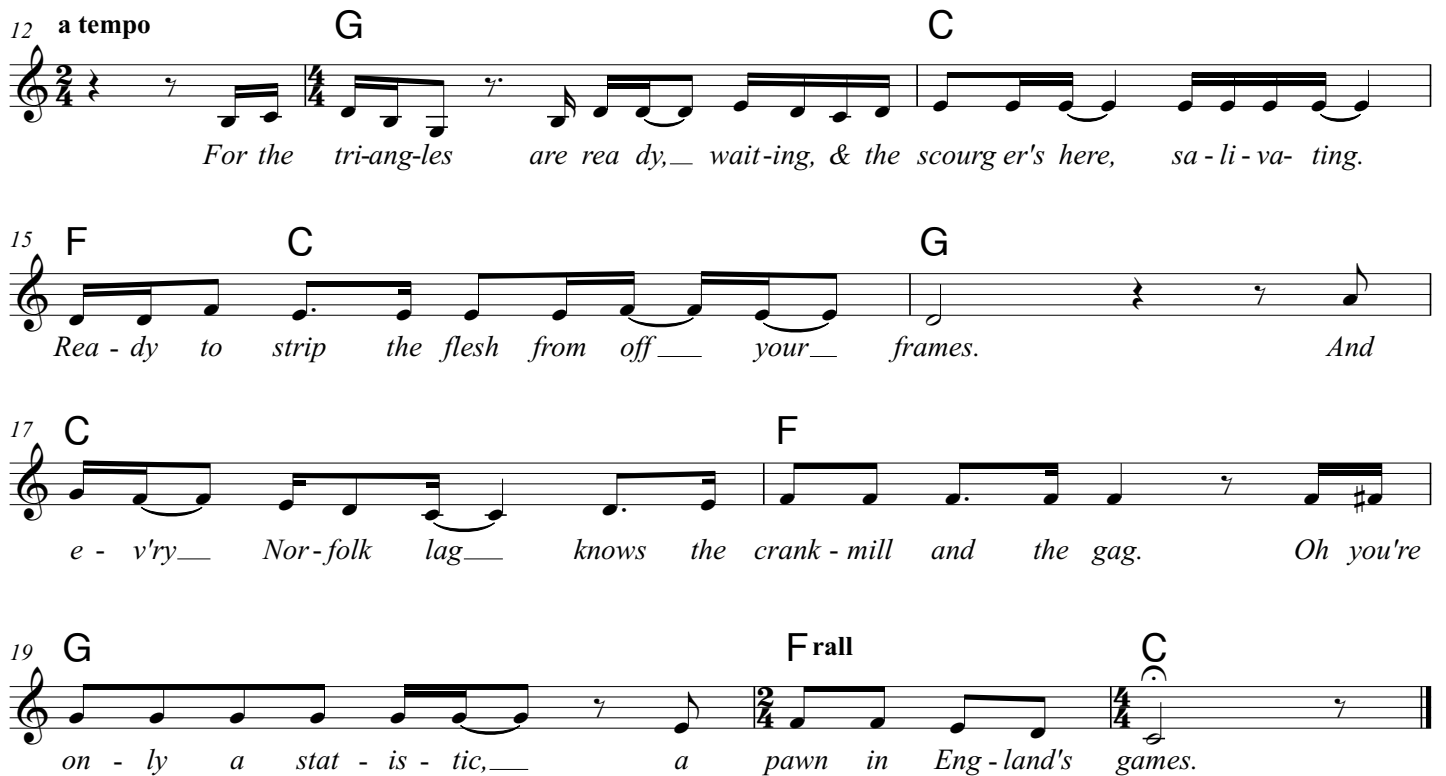
Flogger Flynn steps forward. He leads his soldiers in singing 'Ne Plus Ultra'. A timpani player beats out an ominous drumming in accompaniment.



Ne_plus ul tra, Nor-folk Is- land, No worse, there is none here on earth. The on-ly thing you can be sure of, you'll be flogged at Nor folk Is land for all your worth.

Chorus

12 *a tempo*



For the tri-ang-les are rea dy, wait-ing, & the scourg er's here, sa-li-va-ting. Rea-dy to strip the flesh from off your frames. And e-v'ry Nor-folk lag knows the crank-mill and the gag. Oh you're on-ly a stat-is-tic, a pawn in Eng-land's games.

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

Now that you're at Norfolk Island,
You might worry that you won't survive.
But when I have finished flogging,
You will only feel despondent
That you are still alive.

Dante told 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.

CODA

Ne plus ultra, Norfolk Island
No worse, there is none here on earth!

Remember: New Rules

Ted Egan

A B \flat Gm F 7 B \flat F C 7

Musical staff for measures 1-4. The key signature has two flats (B \flat and E \flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: B \flat , Gm, F 7 , B \flat , F, and C 7 .

If your Wor-ship pleas-es, for crimes a- gainst hu-man-i-ty, two pri-son-ers are now be-fore the Court.

5 B \flat Gm C 7 F F 7

Musical staff for measures 5-8. Chords are indicated above the staff: B \flat , Gm, C 7 , F, and F 7 .

Flat-tum Cy-rus Flynn and Miss E-liz a-beth Boots, ac - cor-ding-ly I ten-der this re port. We bring

9 B \flat Gm F 7 B \flat F 7

Musical staff for measures 9-12. Chords are indicated above the staff: B \flat , Gm, F 7 , B \flat , and F 7 .

e - vi-dence be-fore you at - test on oath to-day, My name is Mil ly John-son A teach-er, proud to say. Like

13 B \flat Gm F 7 B \flat

Musical staff for measures 13-16. Chords are indicated above the staff: B \flat , Gm, F 7 , and B \flat .

oth-ers in this Court Room I re-call with great dis- may. That we as chil-dren all were sent in chains to Bo-ta-ny Bay.

17 **B** B \flat F 7 B \flat

Musical staff for measures 17-20. Chords are indicated above the staff: B \flat , F 7 , and B \flat . A red box with the letter 'B' is placed above the first measure.

Sent in chains to Bo - ta - ny Bay, _ sent in chains to Bo - ta - ny Bay. _ I

21 E \flat F 7 B \flat

Musical staff for measures 21-24. Chords are indicated above the staff: E \flat , F 7 , and B \flat .

has ten to say, _ not a sing-le day, goes by with-out curs-ing Bo-ta-ny Bay. _

26 **C** B \flat Cm F 7

Musical staff for measures 25-28. Chords are indicated above the staff: B \flat , Cm, and F 7 . A red box with the letter 'C' is placed above the first measure.

Ne-ver ev - er knew my par- ents. _ And I ne-ver knew why I went to gaol.

30 B \flat Gm

Musical staff for measures 29-32. Chords are indicated above the staff: B \flat and Gm.

I am Jai - mie Rob - ert - son I'm hap - py to re - late, I've

32 F 7 F C 7

Musical staff for measures 31-34. Chords are indicated above the staff: F 7 , F, and C 7 .

done my le - gal train - ing I'm now a mag - is - trate. Un -

34 B \flat Gm

Musical staff for measures 33-36. Chords are indicated above the staff: B \flat and Gm.

hap - py mem - or - ies are all gone I hope that you'll a - gree.

36 F 7 B \flat

Musical staff for measures 35-38. Chords are indicated above the staff: F 7 and B \flat .

Life is sure - ly bet - ter now this mar - vel - lous count - ry's free. Yes,

38 **D** Gm F7 Bb F7
 that's as it should be and noth-ing will de-ter us from bring-ing Truth and Just-ice to the world. Aus -

42 Bb Gm F F7 Bb
 tra-lia will be free, un - to e - ter - ni - ty, as the flag of South- ern_ Cross is here un furled.

46 **E** Gm F7 Bb F C7
 Flat-tum Cy-rus Flynn, you're in a state of sin. You're noth- ing but about-der and a cad. Through

50 Bb Gm C7 F F7
 out your aw- ful_ life, you've gen er - a - ted_ strife. It's hard to re al - lise you've been so bad. E -

54 **F** Gm F7 Bb F C7
 liz-a-beth Bos-sy Boots, your re- cord here im-putes, that you're a nas-ty piece of goods it's true. You're an

58 Bb Gm C7 F F7
 ab-so-lute dis- grace, you've run your sor- did race. To-day the le-galsys-tem pun-ish-es you. The

62 **G** Gm F7 Bb F7
 find-ing of this Court, de - liv- ered here to-day. For all your pri-or mis-de-mean-ors you must sure-ly pay. And

66 Bb Gm F7 Bb F7
 here-by you are sen-tenced for all your liv- ing days, to serve this new so-ci-e-ty in hum-ble, ser-vile ways. And "10 yrs of community service!"

70 **H** Gm F7 Bb F7
 that's as it should be and noth-ing will de-ter us from bring-ing Truth and Just-ice to the world. Aus -

74 Bb Gm F F7 **Fine** Bb
 tra-lia will be free, un - to e - ter - ni - ty, as the flag of South ern_ Cross is here un furled.

Think of me

For this song the convicts - whores, scumbags (minus Michael Reidy) and the children - are on the screen but also in the flesh. Annie & Bennett Strike, Marawilga and Stanton Campbell are NOT part of this scene.

Ted Egan



Chorus



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.

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.

Balls and Chains

Ted Egan

1 G C

Be-neath the South - ern Cross We will know free dom._____ We'll break our

3 D G

chains, we'll link our names to li - ber - ty._____ Be - neath the

5 G C

South - ern Cross we'll swear to hon - our,_____ this sac - red

7 D G

pledge, we'll ne - ver bow to ty - ran - ny._____

Chorus

9 C G

The balls and_____ the chains, they are for - sa - ken,_____ the

12 D7 Am D7

cat and the rope are put a - side._____ We are

14 G C G

free men and wo - men,_____ we love this land Aus - tra - lia_____ and our

16 D7 G

chil - dren will in - her - it 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

Beneath the Southern Cross
We 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.