

The Convict Stain

Sung by Sneddon Tobias and Students

Ted Egan



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



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



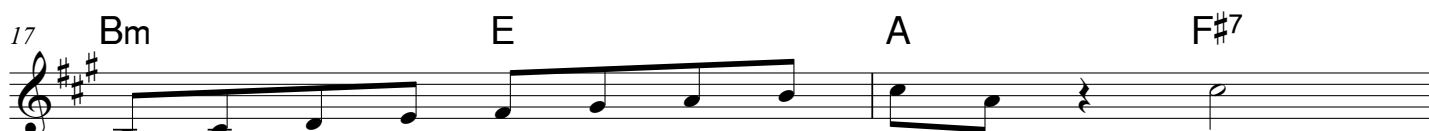
could-n't have_ them read - ing "Who Who Who Who Who's Who."_ No, we



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



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



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



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





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

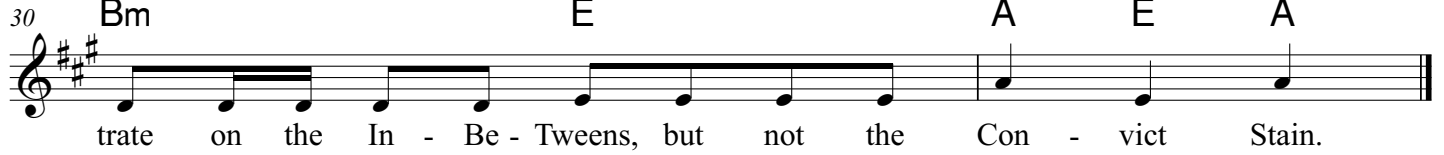
Chorus



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 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 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.