

26 B7 E

28 A D

30 Bm E A E A

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.