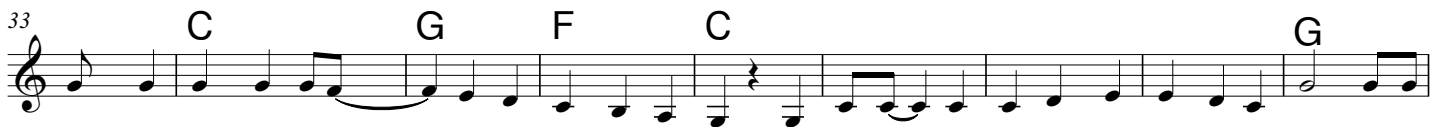
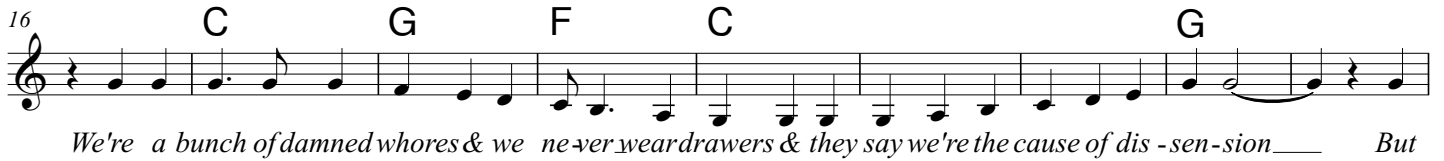
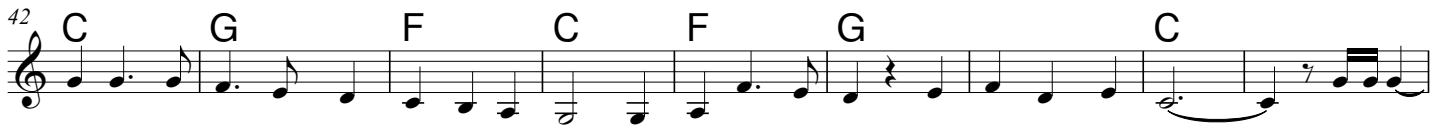


A bunch of damned whores

Ted Egan



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



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



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



seems plain to me that the En-glish 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.