

# Music Scores

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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.

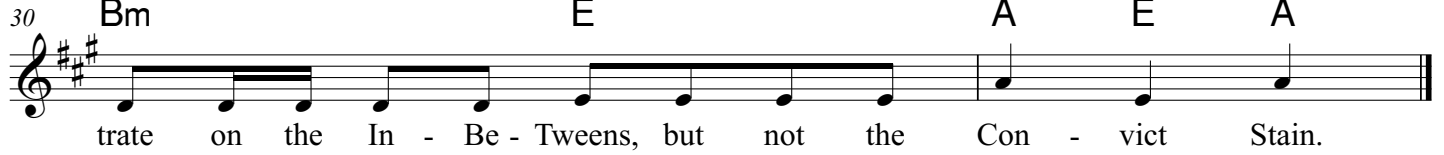
## Chorus

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:  
 far away 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 Just - ice Most im - port - ant man on earth. Ap -

3 **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**  **F** **C $^7$**  **F $^7$**

point - ed by King George the Third and pri - vi - leged from birth. I

5 **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**  **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**

run the Pri - vy Coun - cil, I sit in the House of Lords. And

7 **C $^7$**  **F** **C $^7$**  **F** **F $^7$**

I know God be - stows on me my fair share of re - wards. And

10 **B $\flat$**  **Gm**

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

12 **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**  **F $^7$**

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

14 **B $\flat$**  **Gm**

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

16 **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**

reas - on I was cho - sen for my job.

18 B $\flat$  Gm

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

21 F $^7$  B $\flat$  F $^7$

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

25 F F $^7$  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. Chord symbols (C, F, G, D, Am) are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: 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, "He's guil - ty, sir", and says the Judge, says he; "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.

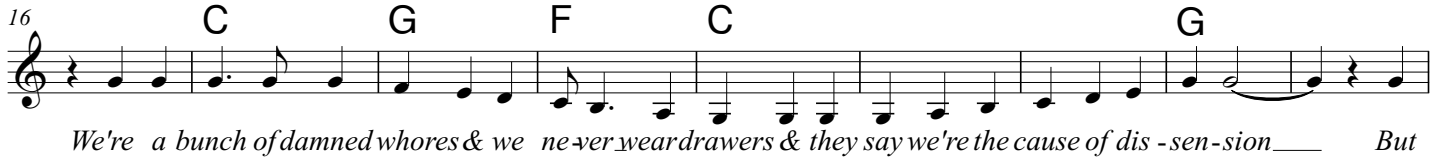
*Jim Jones:*

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

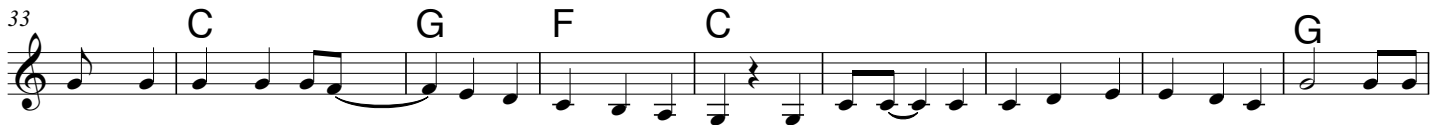
Ted Egan



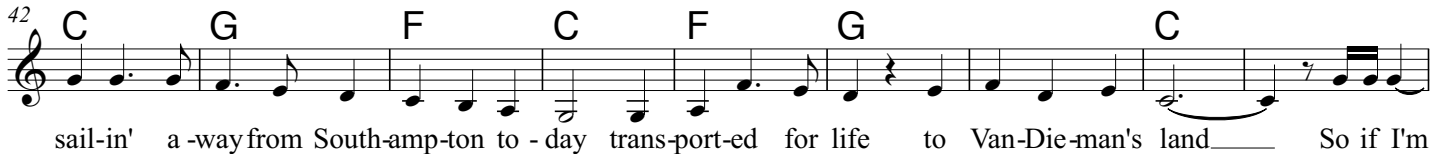
We're a bunch of damned whores & we ne-ver wear drawers & they say we're the cause of dis-sen-sion. But



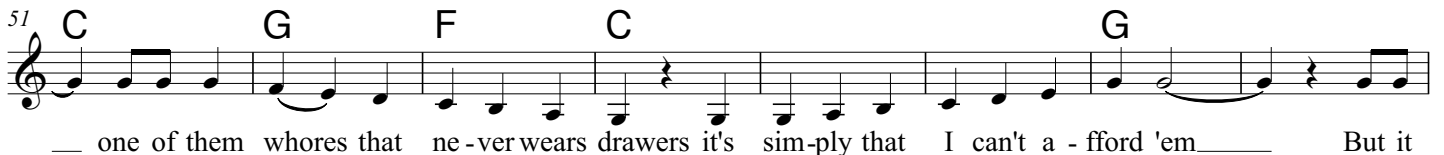
ne-ver you fuss be-fore you judge us there's a few things that we'd like to men-tion



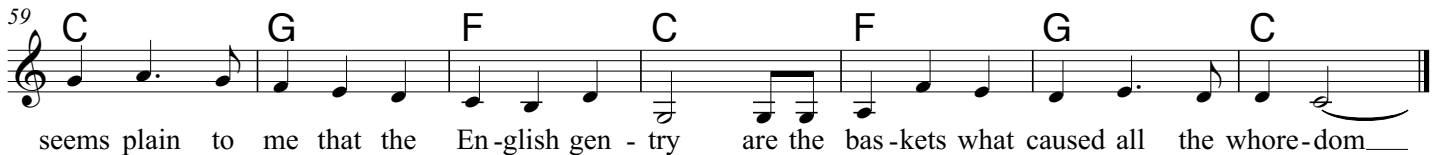
1. Well me name's Mo-lly Brown and the beak sent me down for nick-in' a gent-leman's watch in the Strand So I'm



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-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.

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.

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.

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

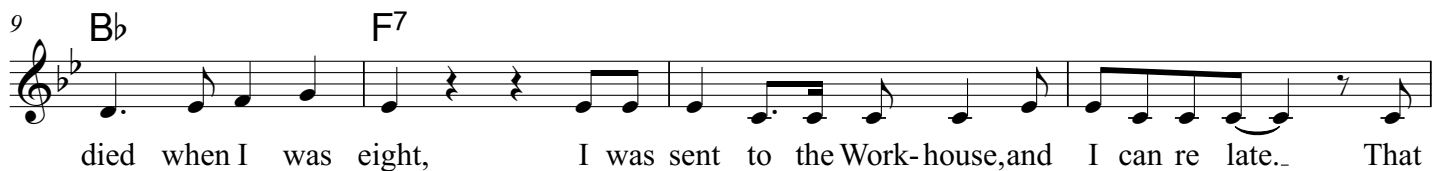
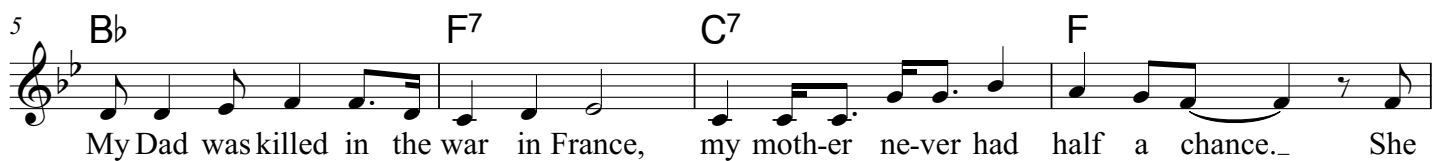
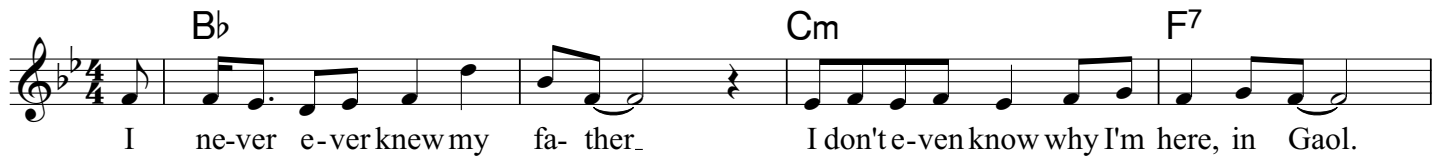
Ted Egan

## Court Scene - Old Baily (1785)

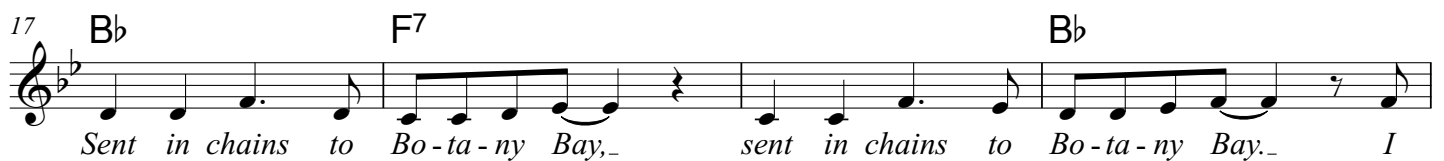
A group of 8-10 children stand, forlorn, in the Court of the Chief Justice. The rich and powerful, now the Jury, look on disdainfully.

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 G<sup>7</sup> 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.

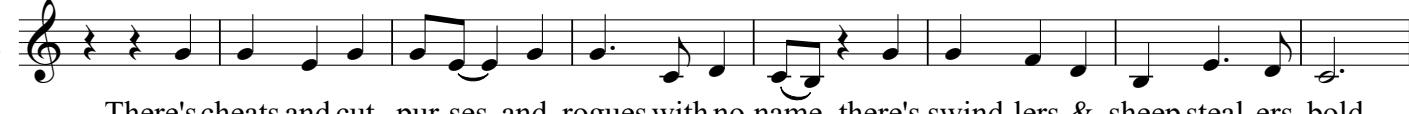
A.   
From De-von, from Der-by, from Wilt shire and Wales, from Nor-wich, from Ne-wark, and Frome.

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

Measures 1-4: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, ending with a descending half-note chord.

5 A D A E  
Measures 5-8: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords A, D, A, and E are indicated above the staff. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes.

9 Bm E  
Measures 9-10: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords Bm and E are indicated above the staff. The melody features a series of eighth notes and a quarter note.

11 B7 E  
Measures 11-12: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords B7 and E are indicated above the staff. The melody consists of eighth notes and a quarter note.

13 A D A  
Measures 13-14: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords A, D, and A are indicated above the staff. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes.

15 D  
Measures 15-16: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chord D is indicated above the staff. The melody consists of eighth notes and a quarter note.

17 Bm E A F#7  
Measures 17-18: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords Bm, E, A, and F#7 are indicated above the staff. The melody features a series of eighth notes and a quarter note.

19 Bm E A F#7  
Measures 19-20: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords Bm, E, A, and F#7 are indicated above the staff. The melody continues with eighth notes and a quarter note.

21 Bm E A  
Measures 21-22: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords Bm, E, and A are indicated above the staff. The melody consists of eighth notes and a quarter note.

## Chorus

23 A D  
Measures 23-24: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords A and D are indicated above the staff. The melody consists of eighth notes and a quarter note.

#### 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.

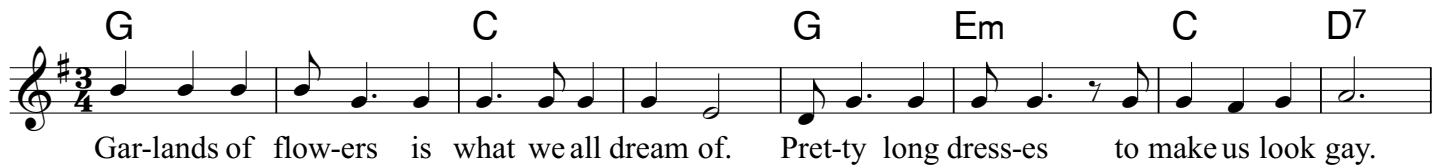
Us boys all know The Flogger  
He's full of mortal sin.  
If he gets hold of any young boys  
Watch out - he's in like Flynn!  
Especially watch The Flogger  
If he's wearing one of his smiles  
Stay away from The Flogger, me boys,  
About a thousand miles.



# Bessie Bossy Boots

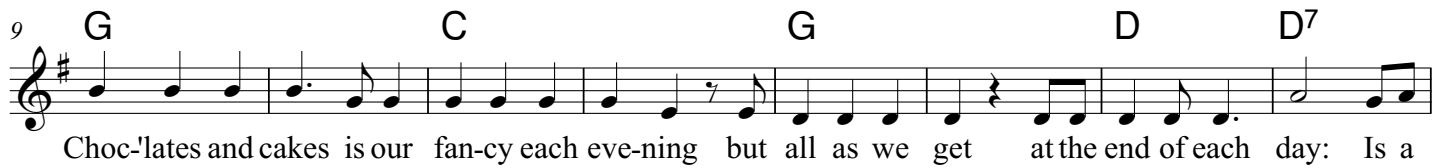
Ted Egan

G C G Em C D<sup>7</sup>



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 D<sup>7</sup>



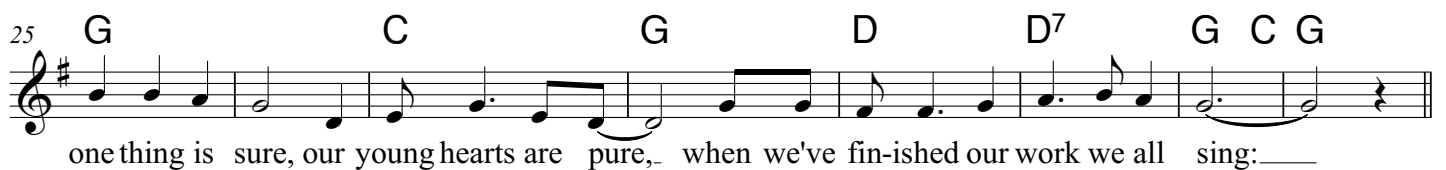
Choc-'lates and cakes is our fan-cy each eve-ning but all as we get at the end of each day: Is a

17 G C G Em Am D<sup>7</sup>



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 D<sup>7</sup> 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 D<sup>7</sup>



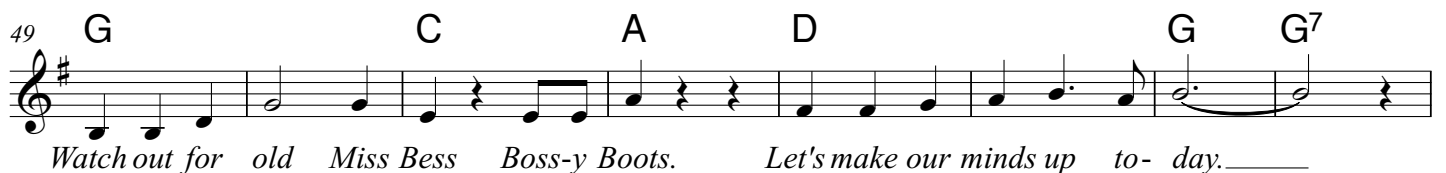
*Don't get in cahoots, with Miss Bess-ie Boss-y Boots. Watch out for Boss-y Bess-ie each day.*

41 G C A<sup>7</sup> D D<sup>7</sup>



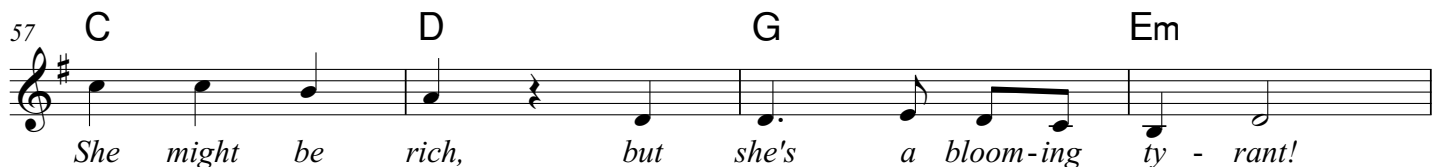
*Don't let her ru-in our lives, me dear girls. Don't let her get her own way.*

49 G C A D G G<sup>7</sup>



*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 D<sup>7</sup> 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 the song 'If ever'. The score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are: 'If e-ver, if e-ver we get out of\_ here. We'll first of all have lots of curr-ant buns. Loads & loads & loads of Christ mas Cheer. Roast beef & vege-tables by\_ the tonne, we'll have cus-tard tarts. and juic-y app-le pies. Wash it down with pints of gin-ger beer. 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'

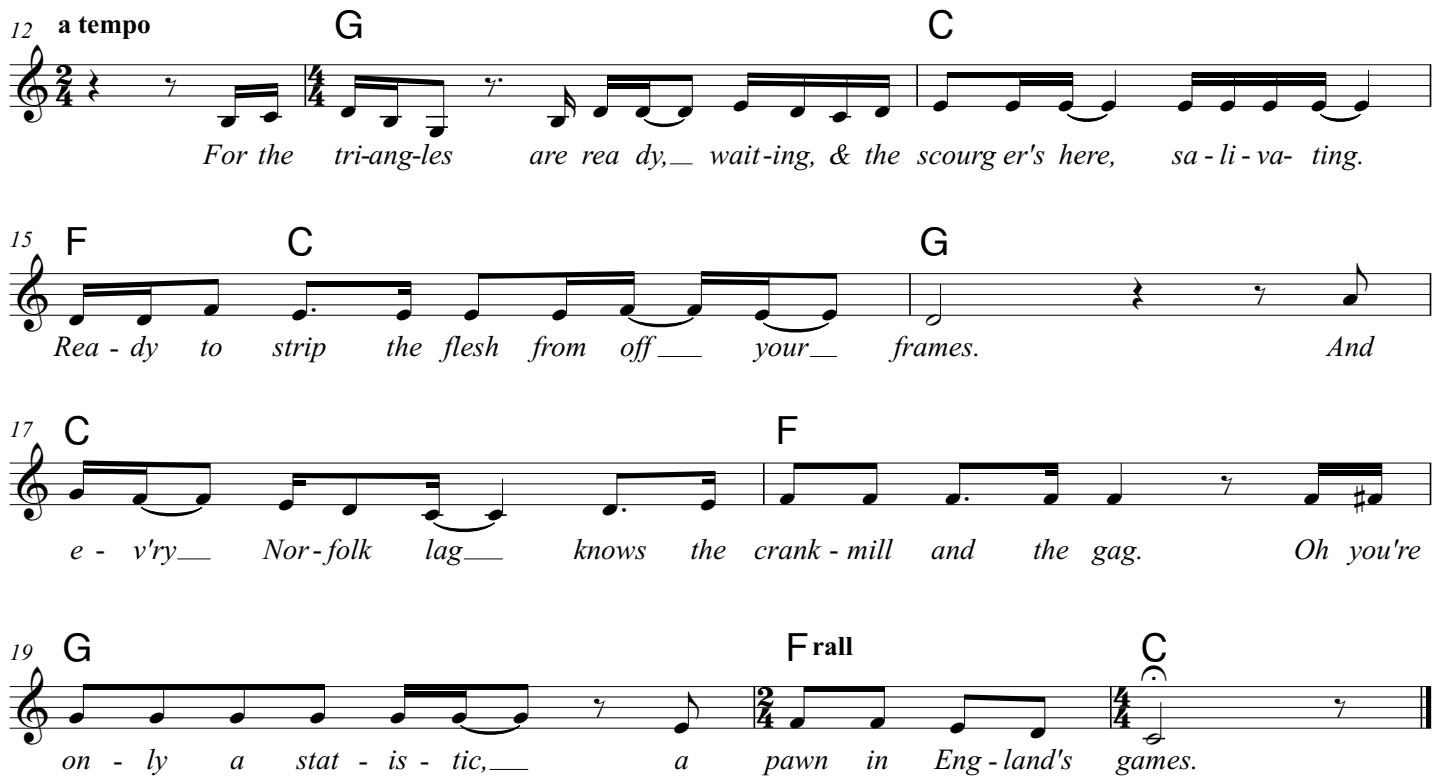
Flogger Flynn steps forward. He leads his soldiers in singing 'Ne Plus Ultra'. A timpani player beats out an ominous drumming in accompaniment.



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 $^7$

If your Wor-ship pleas-es, forrimes a-against hu-man-i-ty, two pri-son-ers are now be-fore theCourt.

5 B $\flat$  Gm C $^7$  F F $^7$

Flat-tum Cy-rus Flynn andMiss 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 $^7$

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

13 B $\flat$  Gm F $^7$  B $\flat$

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

17 **B** B $\flat$  F $^7$  B $\flat$

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

21 E $\flat$  F $^7$  B $\flat$

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

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

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

30 B $\flat$  Gm

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

32 F $^7$  F C $^7$

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

34 B $\flat$  Gm

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

36 F $^7$  B $\flat$

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

38 **D** B $\flat$  Gm F $^7$  B $\flat$  F $^7$   
that's as it should be and noth-ing will de-ter us frombring-ing Truth and Just-ice to the world. Aus -

42 B $\flat$  Gm F F $^7$  B $\flat$   
tra-lia will be free, un - to e - ter - ni - ty, as the flag of South- ern\_ Cross is here un furred.

46 **E** B $\flat$  Gm F $^7$  B $\flat$  F C $^7$   
Flat-tum Cy-rus Flynn, you're in a state of sin. You're noth- ing but about-der and a cad. Through

50 B $\flat$  Gm C $^7$  F F $^7$   
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** B $\flat$  Gm F $^7$  B $\flat$  F C $^7$   
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 B $\flat$  Gm C $^7$  F F $^7$   
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** B $\flat$  Gm F $^7$  B $\flat$  F $^7$   
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 B $\flat$  Gm F $^7$  B $\flat$  F $^7$  "10 yrs of community service!"  
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

70 **H** B $\flat$  Gm F $^7$  B $\flat$  F $^7$   
that's as it should be and noth-ing will de-ter us frombring-ing Truth and Just-ice to the world. Aus -

74 B $\flat$  Gm F F $^7$  *Fine* B $\flat$   
tra-lia will be free, un - to e - ter - ni - ty, as the flag of South ern\_ Cross is here un furred.

# 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 treasre  
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.