The Soo Ste. Mary's Jail

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Come all you brave and gallant boys and listen to my rhyme:
'Tis of that great and gallant band that's travelled in its time,
'Tis of some brave and gallant boys that's seen this world of pain,
It's little they thought they'd find themselves in the Soo Ste. Mary's Jail.

'Twas on the twenty-fourth of May we got so awful tight.
We strayed away to Canada and there got in a fight.
The policeman and the citizens with clubs they did us flail,
And they marched us off in single file to the Soo St. Mary's Jail.

They took us to the magistrate and searched us through and through,
It's little they found on any of us except a dollar or two.
They placed us under heavy bond and we could give no bail
So we had to wait for court next day in the Soo St. Mary's Jail.

Now every night when we've laid down we lie without a light
The lice around us they do crawl; the bedbugs they do bite.
Our ticks they are not very large, and our blankets they are frail,
But you couldn't expect a feather bed in the Soo St. Mary's Jail.

Now every Monday morning they give you an Irish stew,
And the remainder of the week it's buns and barley too.
It's only on Sunday they give you spuds that you pare with your fingernail
For a prisoner has no knife or fork in the Soo St. Mary's Jail.

Our keeper was a villain; I'll not tell you his name.
He treated us uncivilly, our turnkey did the same.
It's now my song is ended for the want of a gin cocktail,
So I'll bid you boys and girls adieu from the Soo St. Mary's Jail

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