It's The Same the Whole World Over

English folk song

It's the same the whole world o-ver, It's the poor that get the blame, It's the rich that get the pleas-ure, Ain't it all a blood-y shame?

She was poor but she was honest,
Though she came from 'umble stock,
And her honest heart was beating
Underneath her tattered frock.

But the rich man saw her beauty,
She knew not his base design,
And he took her to a hotel
And bought her a small port wine.

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor what gets the blame,
It's the rich what gets the pleasure,
Isn't it a blooming shame?