

Australian Folk Songs

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Maggie May



Maggie May

Oh come along all you sailor boys and listen to my plea
And when I am finished you'll agree
I was a goddamned fool in the port of Liverpool
The first time that I came home from sea
We was paid off at The Hove from a port called Sydney Cove
And two pound ten a month was all my pay
Oh I started drinking gin and was neatly taken in
By a little girl they all called Maggie May

Chorus

Oh Maggie, Maggie May they have taken you away
To slave upon that cold Van Diemen shore
Oh you robbed so many sailors and dosed so many whalers
You'll never cruise down Lime Street any more

Twas a damned unlucky day when I first met Maggie May
She was cruising up and down old Canning Place
Oh she had a figure fine as a warship of the line
And me being a sailor I gave chase
In the morning when I woke stiff and sore and stoney broke
No , trousers, coat, or waistcoat could I find
The landlady said 'Sir I can tell you where they are
They'll be down in Stanley's hock-shop number nine'

To the bobby on his beat at the corner of the street
To him I went to him I told my tail
He asked me as if in doubt 'Does your mother know you're out?'
But agreed the lady ought to be in jail
To the hock-shop I did go but no trousers there I spied
So the bobbies came and took the girl away

The jury guilty found her for robbing a homeward bounder
And paid her passage out to Botany Bay

[Notes](#)

John Manifold in his Penguin Australian Song Book writes "A foc'sle song of Liverpool origin apparently, but immensely popular among seamen all over the world. This version comes chiefly from Geoff Wills". Stan Hugill in his Shanties from the Seven Seas writes of an early reference to the song in the diary of Charles Picknell a sailor on the convict ship 'Kains' which sailed to Van Diemens Land in 1830

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Botany Bay



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Botany Bay

Farewell to old England forever
Farewell to my rum culls as well
Farewell to the well known Old Bailey
Where I used for to cut such a swell

Singing Tooral lioral liaddy
Singing Tooral lioral liay
Singing Tooral lioral liaddy
And we're bound for Botany Bay

There's the captain as is our commander
There's the bosun and all the ship's crew
There's the first and the second class passengers
Knows what we poor convicts go through

Taint leaving old England we cares about
Taint cos we mis-spells what we knows
But because all we light fingered gentry
Hops around with a log on our toes

These seven long years I've been serving now
And seven long more have to stay
All for bashing a bloke down our alley
And taking his ticker away

Oh had I the wings of a turtle dove
I'd soar on my pinions so high
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love
And in her sweet presence I'd die

Now all my young Dookies and Dutchesses
Take warning from what I've to say
Mind all is your own as you toucheses
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay

Notes

First published in Sydney Golden Songster in 1893 This song is a burlesque, written by Stephens and Yardley, from the comedy 'Little Jack Shepherd' that played in London in 1885, and in Melbourne in 1886. 'Botany Bay' shares two verses with 'Fairwell to Judges and Juries' a broadside c.1820

In 2011 I came across this version of the song

The West Australian Wednesday 24 November 1886 p.3
<http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/3759595>

FROM THE "PINK 'UN."

O ! my rum pals, my ben culls, and barrakers,
My old lags and scampsmen so gay,
My blooming bushrangers and larrikins,
On the Shores of Old Botany Bay.

In the days of our youth I've a noshiun,
From rectitoods path we did stray,
So they shipped us across the salt o-shiun,
To do time at Botany Bay.

But now we've returned to these British shores,
Where we 'opes for a long time to stay,
They calls has Colonial Visitors,
Not menshioning Botany Bay.

And we pal on with Dukes, Lords and Markisses
Which our manners is strickly O.K.
And they don't make no nasty remarkises,
Respectu-ing Botany Bay.

O ! the fakes they get up to please as is
Quite lovely in every way,
And they've made us all K.C.M.G.esuses,
Vich you can't do in Botany Bay.

(Sing) Tooral lal looral lal laddidi,
(Also) Tooral lal looral liday,
(Likewise) Tooral lal looral lal laddidi,
(Not forgetting) Tooral lal looral liday.

Searchable archives of Irish transports are now available on at The National Archives of Ireland

<http://www.nationalarchives.ie/search01.html>

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Euabalong Ball



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Euabalong Ball

Oh who hasn't heard of Euabalong Ball
Where the lads of the Lachlan the great and the small
Come bent on diversion from far and from near
To shake off their troubles for just once a year

Like stringy old wethers the shearers in force
All rushed to the bar as a matter of course
While waltzing his cliner the manager cursed
For someone had caught him a jab with his spurs

There were cliners in plenty some two or three score
Some weaners some two-tooths and it maybe some more
With their fleeces all dipped and so fluffy and clean
The finest young shearlings that ever was seen

The boundary riders was frisking about
And the well-sinkers seemed to be feeling the drought
If the water was scarce well the whisky was there

What they didn't swallow they rubbed in their hair

There was music and dancing and going the pace
Some went at a canter some went at a race
There was bucking and gliding and staggering and sliding
And to vary the gait some couples colliding

Oh Euabalong Ball was a wonderful sight
With the two-tooths so frisky the whole flaming night
And many there'll be who regret to recall
The polkas they danced at Euabalong Ball

Notes

Printed in Stewart and Keesing Old Bush Songs under the title 'The Wooyeo Ball' with the note: "From Rob Webster's The First Fifty Years of Temora This song was dated 1888, and the place named was Euabalong". Euabalong Ball is also in Manifold Penguin Australian Song Book with the note: "Learnt from Australian students abroad, circa 1935". This version from the singing of A.L.Lloyd. Euabalong is a town on the Lachlan River, while there is no mention of 'Wooyeo' in modern gazettes. There is a 'Whoey Tank' however, some 17 kilometres from Euabalong, and the surrounding district is called 'Whoey Shire'.

In September 1999 I received the following email from Bob Small

"When I was a lad, Wooyeo Homestead was about fifteen kilometres north of Lake Cargelligo and about the same distance from Euabalong (If you swam your horse across the river). Probably about twenty Ks. by road. In the last century it was the main station covering all that area but is now totally cut up.

Wooyeo Homestead, fifty years ago, was a huge building, mostly made of shingleback logs. From my memories of it, there would have been somewhere around thirty rooms in the building. In those days, even though it was old, it was still in very good condition.

A little bit more of history. Wooyeo woolshed was situated just off the Lake Cargelligo, Euabalong Road, 10 Kilometres from Lake Cargelligo and about 6 Ks. from the Wooyeo homestead. It was a massive building, in its hey day there were fifty one stands. It was still there in the early sixties and still being used as a woolshed, although only on a two or three stand basis. At that stage it was in a very poor condition and was going downhill fast.

When I was a lad, many of the older generation spoke of the great woolshed dances that were held in the Wooyeo woolshed. They would have been speaking about the 1920s and before. "

In April 2003 I received the following email from Fred Thompson



"I recently went to the Lake Cargelligo area, chasing up past and current relatives that lived in the area. While there I took this photograph of the Wooyeo Woolshed. Although I did not find out much about the Wooyeo Ball, the woolshed's heyday was in the 1880-90's, when Wooyeo Station

covered an area that took in the site of the present day Lake Cargelligo. The Wooyeo Woolshed is on private property and due to the amount of time I had for my visit to the lake, I could not gain info leading to access. Its location is 7km from the Lake Cargelligo P.O. on the Euabalong Rd on the right hand side near the first big curve heading out of town. A small road off to the left at the start of the curve is exactly opposite."

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Bold Jack Donohue



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Bold Jack Donohue

In Dublin town I was brought up that city of great fame
My parents reared me tenderly there's many did the same
Being a wild colonial boy I was forced to cross the main
And for seven long years in New South Wales to wear a convict's chain

Oh I'd been no longer than six months upon Australian shores
When I turned out as a Tory boy as I'd often done before
There was Macnamara from yonder woods and Captain Mackie too
They were the chief associates of bold Jack Donahoe

As O'Donahoe was taken for a notorious crime
And sentenced to be hanged all on the gallows high
But when he came to Sydney gaol he left them in a stew
For when they came to call the roll they missed Jack Donahoe

As O'Donahoe made his escape to the woods he did repair
Where the tyrants dared not show their face by night and day
And every week in the newspapers there was published something new
Concerning that bold hero boy called brave Jack Donahoe

As O'Donahoe was walking one summer's afternoon
Little was his notion that his death should be so soon
When a sergeant of the horse police discharged his carbine
And loudly called to O'Donahoe to fight or else resign

Resign to you, you cowardly dogs its a thing I ne'er will do
For I'll range these woods and valleys like a wolf or kangaroo
Before I'll work for Government said bold Jack Donahoe

Nine rounds the horse policeman fired till at length a fatal ball
He lodged it in O'Donahoe's breast and it caused him to fall

As he closed his mournful eyes to this world he bid adieu
Good people all both great and small pray for Jack Donahoe

Notes

This version collected by Alan Scott from Mr H. Beatty of Hawthorne Qld. In his booklet The Donahoe Ballads gives some 16 tunes that have been collected. The earliest Donahoe ballad appeared in The Sydney Gazette 7th September 1830. On 2nd January 1825 John Donahoe arrived at Sydney Cove on board the convict ship 'Ann and Amelia'. He had been sentenced to transportation for life on a charge "Intent to commit felony". On 1st September 1830 Donahoe, with his companions William Webber and John Warmsley, was ambushed by a party of police near Bringelly. Donahoe was shot dead, while Webber and Walmsley escaped.

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