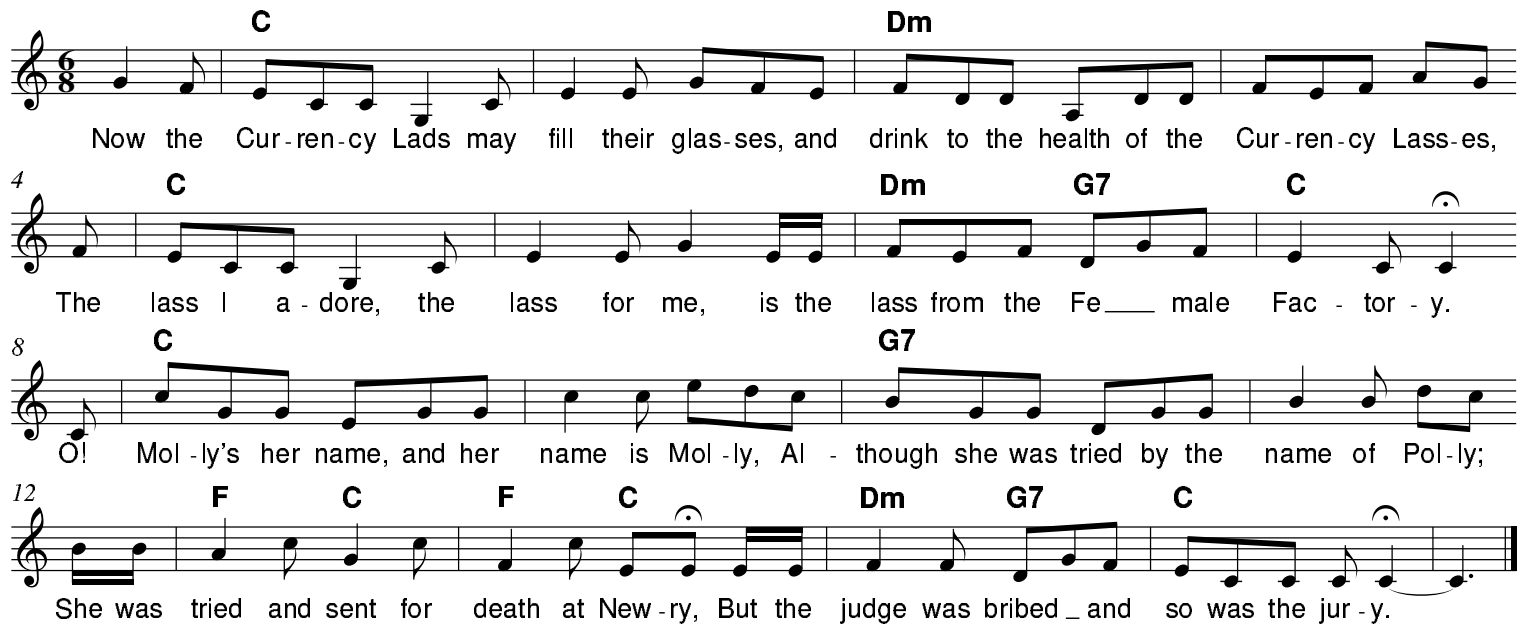


A Botany Bay Courtship

Words published in the Sydney Gazette in 1832 and here set to the 'Irish Washerwoman' as suggested by folklorist John Lahey.



Now the Cur-ren-cy Lads may fill their glas-ses, and drink to the health of the Cur-ren-cy Lass-es,
The lass I a-dore, the lass for me, is the lass from the Fe___ male Fac - tor - y.
O! Mol-ly's her name, and her name is Mol-ly, Al-though she was tried by the name of Pol-ly;
She was tried and sent for death at New-ry, But the judge was bribed _ and so was the jur-y.

She got "death recorded" in Newry town
For stealing her mistress's watch and gown;
Her little boy Paddy can tell you the tale,
His father was turnkey at Newry jail.
The first time I saw the comely lass
Was at Parramatta, going to Mass;
Says I: "I'll marry you now in an hour."
Says she: "Well, go and fetch Father Power."

But I got into trouble that very same night!
Being drunk in the street I got into a fight;
A constable seized me – I gave him a box –
And was put in the watch-house and then in the stocks.
O! It's very unaisy as I remember,
To sit in the stocks in the month of December,
With the north wind so hot, and the hot sun right over,
O! sure, and it's no place ac all for a lover!

"'Tis worse than the treadmill," says I, "Mr Dunn,
To sit here all day in the heat of the sun."
"Either that or a dollar," says he, "for your folly"
But if I had a dollar I'd drink it with Molly.
But now I am out again, early and late
I sigh and I cry at the Factory gate.
"O! Mrs Reordan, late Mrs Farson,
Won't you let Molly come out very soon?"

"Is it Molly McGuigan?" says she to me.
"Is it now?" says I, for I know'd it was she.
"Is it her you mean that was put in the stocks
For beating her mistress, Mrs Cox?"
"O! yes and it is, madam, pray let me in,
I have brought her a half-pint of Cooper's best gin.
She likes it as well as she likes her own mother,
Pray let me in, madam, I am her brother."

So the Currency Lads may fill their glasses
And drink the health of the Currency Lasses
But the lass I adore, the lass for me,
Is the lass from the Female Factory.