

# Jim Jones at Botany Bay

Collected by Charles McAllister and published in Old Pioneering Days in the Sunny South (Goulburn 1907).  
The tune is as McAllister suggested Irish Mollie Oh

O list - en for a mo - ment, lads, and hear me tell my tale,  
How o'er the sea from Eng - land's shores I was com - pelled to sail.  
The jur - y 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.

'And take my tip before you ship to join the iron gang;  
Don't be too gay at Botany Bay, or else you'll surely hang—  
Or else you'll hang,' he says, says he, 'and after that, Jim Jones,  
It's high upon the gallows tree the crows will pick your bones.

'You'll have no time for mischief then, remember what I say;  
They'll flog the poaching out of you, out there at Botany Bay.'  
The waves were high upon the sea, the winds blew up in gales —  
I would rather drown in misery than come to New South Wales.

The winds blew high upon the sea, and the pirates came along,  
But the soldiers on our convict ship were full five hundred strong.  
They opened fire and somehow drove that pirate ship away,  
I'd rather have joined that pirate ship than come to Botany Bay.

For day and night the irons clang, and like poor galley slaves  
We toil and toil, and when we die must fill dishonoured graves.  
But by and by I'll break my chain; into the bush I'll go,  
And join the brave bushrangers there, Jack Donahue & Co.

And some dark night when everything is silent in the town  
I'll kill the tyrants one and all, I'll shoot the floggers 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.