

## ALBANY IMMIGRANTS

#46

We sailed from Cork on a windy day, with a dark and cloudy sky  
Our friends were standing on the Quay, the women stood and cried  
We were young and out for fun and the riches we could find  
So, lift your glass and drink a toast to the girls we left behind

Oh! Paddy dear, drink up your beer, we're leaving in the morn  
Aboard the ship, the Alice Gray for Straya 'round the Horn.

Oh! Paddy dear, drink up your beer, we're leaving in the morn  
Aboard the ship, the Alice Gray (Gray)...

...for West Australia 'round the Horn.

Our brother was a sailor man with the Black Ball Line  
He jumped ship in Albany and now he's doing fine  
The letters that he wrote to us said "Come out here and stay"  
So, we're off to Albany in the morn without a care, we're free.

Jack has a farm in Albany with livestock by the score  
He says the trees can touch the sky, King Kauri so we're told  
The sailing ships arrive each day with diggers off for gold  
And a hundred whales are plainly seen to frolic in the sound

And now we're underway, my boys, the ship's bell loudly sounds  
The quay is now well out of sight and we are seaward bound  
And as we round passage west the good ship gives full sail  
A parting glass to Erin's Isle from the swaying ship-deck rail

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