

As I walked down by the Oxborough Banks Where the maids of Australia do play their wild pranks Beneath a green shady bower I sat myself down Where the birds sang so gaily enchanted all round In the forest of native Australia In the forest of native Australia Where the maidens are handsome and gay.

Now she dived in the water without fear or dread Her beautiful limbs she exceedingly spread Her hair hung in wrinkles, the colour was black "Sir", said she, "you will see how I float on my back On the stream in me native Australia On the stream in me native Australia Where the maidens are handsome and gay."

Now being exhausted she swam to the brink "Assistance, kind sir, for I surely shall sink". As quick as the lightning I took hold of her hand My foot slipped and we fell on the sand Here, on the native plains of Australia Here, on the native plains of Australia Just as the sun went down.

Now we frolicked together in the highest of glee In the finest Australia you ever did see The sun it went down and the clouds did resign Then I left the fair maid of Australia behind Then I left the fair maid of Australia behind Just as the sun went down.

Now six months being over and nine being come This pretty fair maid she brought forth a fine son "Oh where was his father?"; he could not be found And she cursed the hour that she laid on the ground In her native the plains of Australia In her native the plains of Australia Where the maidens are handsome and gay.