

Bob Dylan, Jim Jones

Come and listen for a moment, lads
And hear me tell my tale
How across the sea from England
I was condemned to sail
Now the jury found me guilty
Then says the judge, says he
"Oh, for life, Jim Jones, I'm sending you
Across the stormy sea
But take a tip before you ship
To join the iron gang
Don't get too gay in Botany Bay
Or else you'll surely hang
Or else you'll surely hang", says he
"And after that Jim Jones
It's high above on the gallows tree
The crows will pick your bones".

And our ship was high upon the sea
When pirates came along
But the soldiers on our convict ship
Were full five hundred strong
For they opened fire and somehow drove
That pirate ship away
But I'd rather have joined that pirate ship
Than gone to Botany Bay
With the storms ragin' round us
And the winds a-blowin' gale
I'd rather have drowned in misery
Than gone to New South Wales
There's no time for mischief there they say
Remember that, says they
Or they'll flog the poaching out of you
Down there in Botany Bay.

Now it's day and night and the irons clang
And like poor galley slaves
We toil and toil, and when we die
Must fill dishonored graves
And it's by and by I'll slip my chains
Well, into the bush I'll go
And I'll join the bravest rankers there
Jack Donohue and co
And some dark night, when everything
Is silent in the town
I'll shoot those tyrants one and all
I'll gun the floggers down
Oh, I'll give the land a little shock
Remember what I say
They'll yet regret they've sent Jim Jones
In chains to Botany Bay.