

So he started off back to the Forty-mile bush
But he heard on the way what caused him to fidget,
Yes, the Railway was going on ahead with a push,
But Muldoon never had any Aunt named Bridget.

Then he knew his old pal had swindled him bad,
But he smiled to himself and did not complain,
He considered Muldoon had behaved like a cad
And determined to get back his own again.

At the "Half-way" all dusty, there stood at the door,
A much travelled man, who said, "Mick, I'm
back stony,"

When the stranger had thrown his swag on the floor,
Mickey knew 'twas his old pal—Maloney.

Pat was greeted by Mick in the best of bush style,
Who must find him some sort of a billet—he thinks,
So he set him to work in the bar for awhile,
Washing glasses and serving the customers drinks.

Yes, Maloney was back in the old bar again
And the customers called in the same as of old,
For they wanted to know, and to hear him explain,
How it was that he never had struck any gold.

Then Muldoon who was lazy, gave way to the booze,
But Maloney worked hard and it was not in vain
For he always could do what ever he'd choose,
And "his own" he determined to get back again.