

## "Paddy Hannan's Gold"

(Spoken introduction)

In memory of a Clareman who is regarded as the founder of Kalgoorlie in Western Australia, the main street and a suburb in Kalgoorlie both bear Paddy Hannan's name, and in 1929 a statue of him was erected there. He found what is regarded as the richest square mile in the world. The modern open-cut mine is a vast, astonishing sight known as the Super Pit.

### Verse 1

In the fields of sweet Quin where the River Rine flows,  
Paddy Hannan was poor but dreamed of bright gold.  
With a hunger for roaming his head held a dream,  
He sailed from Clare's meadows and his beloved soft stream.

### Verse 2

Through Fremantle's wide harbour and the dust of the track,  
He wandered with his shovel and his swag on his back.  
The sun beat him ragged, but he'd known hardship before  
For Clare men are stubborn, and Paddy was more.

### Chorus

Oh Paddy Hannan, your name it still rings,  
But the tune that it carries has a sorrow that clings.  
From a Clareman's heartache came a city of gold,  
Yet the ache of the homeland stayed bitter and cold.

### Verse 3

It was June '93 when the gold met his hand,  
A glint in the gravel, a light in the sand.  
But he bowed his head slowly, as if hearing again  
The cries of the hungry in the black years of pain.

### Verse 4

The rush of the diggers rose wild through the plain,

But Paddy stood quiet, remembering the pain  
That fell upon gravesides where the young never grew  
For the sorrow of Ireland was the sorrow he knew.

#### Verse 5

Word travelled like wildfire across the goldfields' plain,  
And men rushed to the diggings like moths to a flame.  
But Paddy stood modest, as Clare men will do  
Let the riches be counted, let the story be true.

#### [Bridge]

From the loneliest track to a small town that grew  
Most names get weathered but his always stayed true  
Now the mining ground hums with the old stories told  
Of a man and a shovel and a seam of bright gold

#### Chorus

Oh Paddy Hannan, your name it still rings,  
But the tune that it carries has a sorrow that clings.  
From a Clareman's heartache came a city of gold,  
Yet the ache of the homeland stayed bitter and cold.

#### Bridge

And though he died far from the Rine's gentle flow,  
His spirit's in Kalgoorlie in the golden afterglow.  
For the famine's old shadow crossed oceans untold,  
And was living in the hands that lifted the gold.

#### Final Chorus

Oh Paddy Hannan, forever you'll stand,  
A bridge of lost longing between two distant lands.  
From Quin to Kalgoorlie, your story's still told  
A humble Irishman who struck the bright gold.

### Chorus

Oh Paddy Hannan, your name still stays,  
In Kalgoorlie's red dust with Flanagan and Shea.  
From a Clareman's courage came a city of light,  
A spark in the desert on a hot, lonely night.

### Bridge

And though he died quiet, far from Quin's gentle stream,  
His spirit walks Kalgoorlie again and again.  
He found gold in the Kalgoorlie sand  
And made a new town with his proud calloused hand.