



Botany Bay

*Farewell to your bricks and mortar. Farewell to dirty lime
Farewell to your gangways and gangplanks
And to hell with your overtime
For the good ship Ragamuffin is lying in the bay
For to take poor Pat with a shovel on his back
To the shores of Botany Bay*

I was on my way down to the Quay where the ship at anchor lay
To command a gang of navvies I was ordered to engage
I stopped in for to drink awhile before I went away
For I'm going to take a trip on an emigrant ship to the shores of Botany Bay

Chorus

Well the boss came up next morning and he said 'Well Pat you know'
If you didn't get those navvies out I'm afraid you'll have to go
So I asked him for my wages, demanded all my pay
And I told him straight I'm gonna emigrate to the shores of Botany Bay

Chorus

And when I reach Australia I'll go and search for gold
There's plenty there for digging, or so I have been told
Or else I'll go back to my trade and a thousand bricks I'll lay
For the reason I live is an eight hour shift on the shores of Botany Bay

Chorus