

# 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**