

The Shores of Botany Bay

Traditional/Australia

Oh I'm on my way down to the quay
Where the good ship Nell does lie
To command a gang of navvies
They told me to engage
I thought I step in for a while
Before I sailed away
For to take a trip in an emigrant ship
To the shores of Botany Bay

Chorus

**Farewell to your bricks an' mortar
Farewell to your dirty lifes
Farewell to your gangways
An' your gang planks
An' to hell with your overtime
For the good ship Ragamuffin
Is lying at the quay
For to take old Pad
With a shovel on his back
To the shores of Botany Bay**

The boss came up this morning
An' he said „well Pad, hello,
If you don't mix that mortar fast
Be shure you'll have to go“
Well, of course he did insult me
I demanded all my pay
And I told him straight
I was gonna emigrate
To the shores of Botany Bay

Chorus

And when I reach Australia
I'll go and dig for gold
There's plenty there for the diggin' up
Or so I have been told
Or else I'll go back to me trade
Eight hundred bricks I'll lay
On an eight hour day
For an eight bob pay
On the shores of Botany Bay