

Traditional Irish Music

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Botany Bay

C Am F C
Farewell to your bricks and mortar, farewell to your dirty lies
 Am D7 G
Farewell to your gangers and gang planks and to hell with your overtime
C Am F C
The good ship Ragamuffin she's lying at the Quay
 Am
For to take out Pat with his shovel on his back
 E7 Am
To the shores of Botany Bay

I'm on my way down to the Quay where the ship at anchor lies
To command a gang of navvys that they told me to engage
I thought I'd drop in for a drink before I went away
For to take a trip on an emigrant ship
To the shores of Botany Bay

Chorus:

The boss came up this morning, he says "well Pat, you know
If you don't get your navvys out, I'm afraid you'll have to go"
So I asked him for my wages and demanded all my pay
For I told him straight, I'm going to emigrate
To the shores of Botany Bay

Chorus:

Verse 3: And when I reach Australia I'll go and look for gold
There's plenty there for the digging of, or so I have been told
Or else I'll go back to my trade and a hundred bricks I'll lay
Because I live for an eight hour shift
On the shores of Botany Bay

Chorus: