

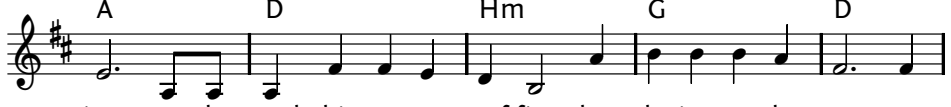
# Botany Bay



Ref. Fare-well to your bricks and mortar, fare-well to your dir-ty lies, fare-



well to your gan-gers and gang planks, to hell with your o-ver-



time. For the good ship Ra-ga-muf-fin, she's ly-ing at the quay to



take oul Pat with a shovel on his back to the shores of Botany Bay.

1. I'm on my way down to the quay where the ship at anchor lays  
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.

2. The boss came up this morning, he says: "Well, Pat you know,  
if you don't get your navvys out, I'm afraid you have to go."

So I asked him for me wages and demanded all my pay,  
for I told him straight: "I'm going to emigrate to the shores of Botany Bay."

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.

*Worte und Weise: Molly Maguire, Irland.*