

The Shores of Botany Bay

Collected from Duke Tritton by John Meredith. It is said that Tritton wrote the last verse to add to the verses he remembered.

capo 2

I'm on my way down to the quay where a big ship now does lay,
For to take a gang of nav-vies I was told to en-gage;
But I thought I would call in for a while be-fore I went a-way,
For to take a trip on an em-i-grant ship To the shores of Bot-any Bay.

Chorus

Farewell to your bricks and mortar, farewell to your dirty lime.
Farewell to your gangway hand gang planks and to hell with your overtime;
For the good ship Rag of Muffin is a-lying at the quay,
For to take old Pat with a shovel on his back,
To the shores of Botany Bay.

For the boss came up this morning, and he said, 'Well Pat, hello!
If you do not mix that mortar fast be sure you'll have to go.'
Of course he did insult me, I demanded my pay,
I told him straight, I was going to emigrate
To the shores of Botany Bay.

And when I reach Australia, I'll go and dig for gold,
Sure there's plenty there for the digging, or so I have been told.
Or I might go back into my trade, eight hundred bricks I'll lay
In an eight hour day for eight bob pay
On the shores of Botany Bay.