

# The Shores of Botany Bay

The Irish Rovers

Well, I'm on my way down to the quay  
Where the good ship Nell doth lay  
To command a gang of navvies  
I was ordered to engage  
I thought I would stop in for a while  
Before I sailed away  
For to take a trip on an immigrant ship  
To the shores of Botany Bay

{Refrain}

Farewell to your bricks and mortar  
Farewell to your dirty lime  
Farewell to your gangway and gang planks  
And to Hell with your overtime  
For the good ship Ragamuffin  
She's lying at the quay  
For to take old Pat with a shovel on his back  
To the shores of Botany Bay

The best years of our life we spend at  
Working on the docks  
Building mighty wharves and quays  
Of earth and ballast rocks  
Though pensions keep our jobs secure  
I shan't rue the day  
When I take a trip on an immigrant ship  
To the shores of Botany Bay

{Refrain}

Well, the boss comes up this morning  
And he says, "Why, Pat, hello  
If you do not mix the mortar quick  
To be sure you'll have to go"  
Well, of course he did insult me  
I demanded all me pay  
And I told him straight I was going to emigrate  
To the shores of Botany Bay

{Refrain}

When I reach Australia  
I'll go and search for gold  
There's plenty there for digging up  
Or so I have been told  
Or maybe I'll go back to me trade  
Eight hundred bricks I'll lay  
For an eight hour shift and an eight bob pay  
On the shores of Botany Bay

{Refrain}

The shores of Botany Bay!