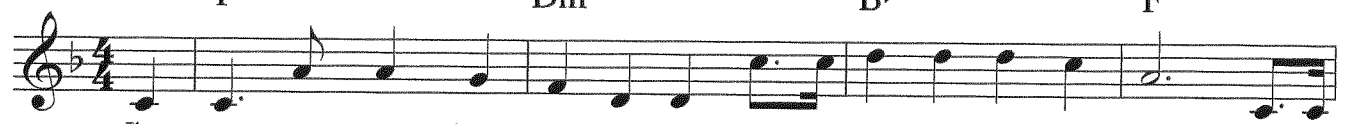



Shores of Botany Bay

F Dm B^b F




I'm on me way down to the quay where the good ship now doth lay. To com
(chorus) well to you bricks and mor - tar fare well to your dirty lime. Fare_

F Dm G C




mand a gang of nav - vies I was ord - ered to eng - age. And I
 well to your gangway and your gangplank, to hell with your over time. For the

F Dm B^b C



thought I would stop in for a while be - fore I sailed a - way to
 good ship Rag - a - muf - fin she's ly - ing at the quay for to

Dm Intro & Fill after Chorus Am Dm



take a trip on an im - mi - grant ship to the shores of Bot - any Bay Fare -
 take old Pat with a sho - vel on his back to the shores of Bot - any Bay.

The best years of our lives we spend at working on the docks
 Building mighty wharves and quays of earth and ballast rocks
 Our pensions keep our lives secure, but I'll not rue the day
 When I take a trip, on an immigrant ship to the shores of Botany Bay.

The boss came out this morning and he said, 'Why Pat, hello,
 If you do not mix that mortar quick be sure you'll have to go.'
 Well of course he did insult me and I demanded all me pay,
 And I told him straight I was going to immigrate to the shores of Botany Bay.

And when I reach Australia, I'll go and search for gold
 There's plenty there for diggin 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.