

## **Bilge Pumps "Botany Bay"**

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Farewell to your bricks and mortar farewell to your dirty  
lime

Farewell to your gangers and gang planks, and to hell  
with your over time

For the good ship Ragamuffin she's lying at the Quay  
To take old Pat with a shovel on his back to the shores  
of Botany Bay

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

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

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

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