

The Shores of Botany Bay

Trad.

[intro]

Bm . . . | Bm . . . | Bm . | A . | G . | A . |

[chorus]

 D Bm
Farewell to your bricks and mortar
 G A D
Farewell to your dirty lime
 D Bm
Farewell to your gangers and your gang planks
 E7 A
And to hell with your overtime
 D Bm
For the good ship Ragamuffin
 G A D
Is lying at the quay
 Bm
For to take old Pat with a shovel on his back
 Bm A G A
To the shores of Botany Bay

 D Bm
While on my way down to the quay
 G A D
Where the ship at anchor lay
 D Bm E7 A
To command a gang of navvies that I was told to engage
 D Bm G A D
I stopped in for to drink a while before I go away
 Bm
For to take a trip on an immigrant ship
 Bm A G A
To shores of Botany Bay

[repeat chorus]

D Bm
Well the boss came up this mornin'
G A D
And he said "Well, Pat y'know,
D Bm
If you didn't get those navvies out,
E7 A
I'm afraid you'll 'ave t'go"
D Bm
So I asked 'im for me wages
G A D
And demanded all me pay
Bm
And I told 'im straight, we would immigrate
Bm A G A
To the shores of Botany Bay

[repeat chorus]

D Bm
And when I reach Australia,
G A D
I'll go and search for gold
D Bm
There's plenty there for diggin' up,
E7 A
Or so I have been told,
D Bm
Or else I'll go back to me trade
G A D
And a hundred bricks I'll lay,
Bm
Because I live for an eight hour shift
Bm A G A
On the shores of Botany Bay

[repeat chorus x 2]