

Botany Bay

Australian Folk

Oh, there's Glas - gow and Ber - wick and Pen - ton - ville, There's
Ports - mouth and good old Dart - moor; But they aren't of
int-'rest to such as us, For we're bound for a far for - eign shore. Oh -
too - roo - lie, too - roo - lie, oo - roo - lay, Too - roo - lie, oo - roo - lie, ay.
Too - roo - lie, too - roo lie, oo - roo - lay, Too - roo - lie, oo - roo - lie, ay.

*It's not leaving Old England we care about,
Nor sailing for shores far away,
It's the drearily monotony wears us out,
And the prospect of Botany Bay.*

*Oh, the captain and all the ship's officers,
The bos'n and all of the crew;
The first and the second class passengers
Know what us poor convicts go through.*

*Oh, come all ye dukes and ye duchesses,
And harken and list to my lay;
Be sure that ye owns all ye touchesses,
Or they'll land you in Botany Bay.*