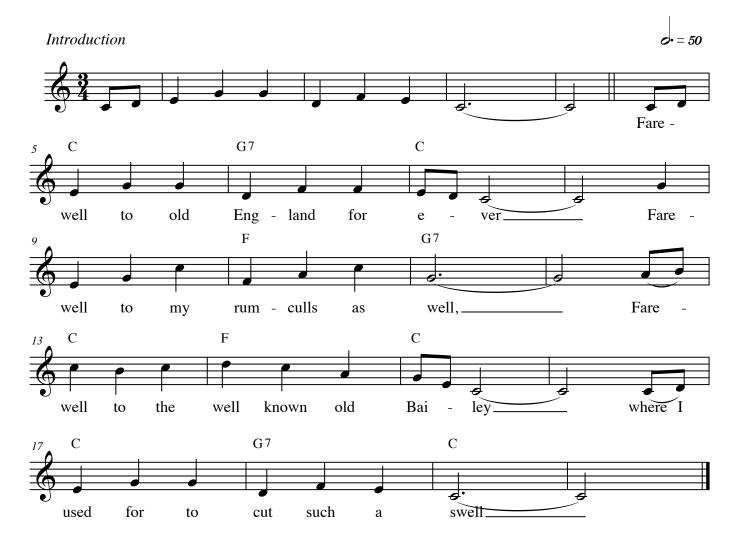
Botany Bay



1. Farewell to old England for ever, Farewell to my rum culls as well, Farewell to the well-known old Bailey, Where I used for to cut such a swell.

CHORUS

Singing Too-ral li-ooral-li ad-dity, Singing Too-ral li-ooral-li - ay, Singing Too-ral li-ooral-l1 ad-dity, And we're bound for Botany Bay.

- 2 There's the Captain as is our Commander, There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew, There's the first and second-class passengers. Knows what we poor convicts go through:
- 3 'Taint leaving old England we cares about, 'Taint 'cos we mis-spells what we knows, But becos all we light-fingered gentry Hops around with a log on our toes.

- 4 These seven long years I've been serving now, And seven long more have to stay, All for bashing a bloke down our alley And taking his ticker away.
- 5 Oh, had I the wings of a turtle-dove! I'd soar on my pinions so high, Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love, And in her sweet presence I'd die.
- 6 Now, all my young Dookies and Duchesses, Take warning from what I've to say, Mind all is your own as you toucheses, Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.