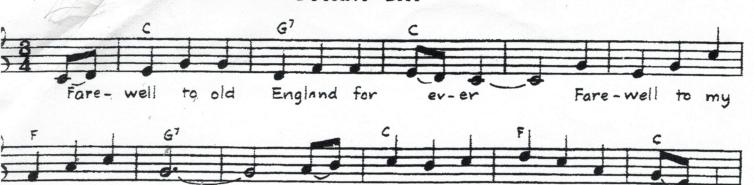
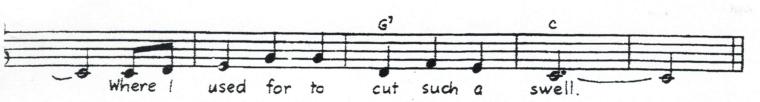
BOTANY BAY





Fare- well

to

the

well-known Old

Bailey

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:

well

rum-culs as

Singing Too-ral li-ooral-li ad-dity, Singing Too-ral li-ooral-li - ay, Singing Too-ral li-ooral-li 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.



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-li ad-dity, And we're bound for Botany Bay.

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A theatrical "convict" song from the musical "Little Jack Shepherd" 1885.

FUM-CULL A rich is that cambe easily bit, or cheated by anythis