25 Botany Bay

Traditional



Farewell to old England for ever, Farewell to my rum culls as well; Farewell to the well - known Old Bailee, 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.

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.

Taint leavin' old England we cares about, Taint cos we mispels what we knows, But becos all we light - fingered gentry Hops around with a log on our toes.

For seven long years I'll be staying here, For seven long years and a day, For meeting a cove in an area And taking his ticker away.

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.

Now, all my young Dookies and Duchesses, Take warining from what I've to say, Mind al! is your own as you touchesses, Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.