

# Molly Maguire, Botany Bay

Farewell to your bricks and mortar, farewell to your dirty lies  
Farewell to your gangers and gang planks, to hell with your overtime  
For the good ship Ragamuffin is lying at the quay  
to take out Pat with a shovel on his back  
To the shores of Botany Bay.

I'm on my way down to the quay where the ship at anchor lays  
To command a gang of navvys that they told me to engage  
I thought I'd drop in for a drink before I went away  
For to take a trip on an emigrant ship to the shores of Botany Bay

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The boss came up this morning, he says "well Pat you know  
If you don't get your navvys out I'm afraid you have to go"  
So I asked him for me wages and demanded all my pay  
For I told him straight, I'm going to emigrate to the shores of Botany Bay

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And when I reach Australia I'll go and look for gold  
There's plenty there for the digging of, or so I have been told  
Or else I'll go back to my trade and a hundred bricks I'll lay  
Because I live for an eight hour shift on the shores of Botany Bay