



**G** **Em** **C** **D** **G**  
 The boss came up this morning, he says "well Pat, you know  
**G** **Em** **A7** **D**  
 If you don't get your navvys out, I'm afraid you'll have to go"  
**G** **Em** **C** **D** **G**  
 So I asked him for my wages and demanded all my pay  
**G** **Em** **B7** **Em**  
 For I told him straight, I'm going to emigrate to the shores of Botany Bay

**Chorus:** **G** **Em** **C** **D** **G**  
 Farewell to your bricks and mortar, farewell to your dirty lies  
**G** **Em** **A7** **D**  
 Farewell to your gangers and gang planks and to hell with your overtime  
**G** **Em** **C** **D** **G**  
 The good ship Ragamuffin she's lying at the Quay  
**G** **Em** **B7** **Em**  
 For to take out Pat with his shovel on his back to the shores of Botany Bay

**G** **Em** **C** **D** **G**  
 And when I reach Australia I'll go and look for gold  
**G** **Em** **A7** **D**  
 There's plenty there for the digging of, or so I have been told  
**G** **Em** **C** **D** **G**  
 Or else I'll go back to my trade and a hundred bricks I'll lay  
**G** **Em** **B7** **Em**  
 Because I live for an eight hour shift on the shores of Botany Bay

**Chorus:** **G** **Em** **C** **D** **G**  
 Farewell to your bricks and mortar, farewell to your dirty lies  
**G** **Em** **A7** **D**  
 Farewell to your gangers and gang planks and to hell with your overtime  
**G** **Em** **C** **D** **G**  
 The good ship Ragamuffin she's lying at the Quay  
**G** **Em** **B7** **Em**  
 For to take out Pat with his shovel on his back to the shores of Botany Bay