

Shantymand / *Kor*

Farewell to old England forever,
Farewell to my rum culls as well,
Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey,
Where I used for to cut such a swell;

*Singing Too-ra-lie, oo-ra-lie, addity,
Too-ra-lie, oo-ra-lie, ai,
Too-ra-lie, oo-ra-lie, addity,
For we're bound for the Bot-a-ny Bay.*

There's the captain as is our commander,
There's the bosun and all the ship's crew,
There's the first and the second class passengers,
Knows what we poor convicts go through,

Singing Too-ra-lie, oo-ra-lie, addity.....

'Taint leaving old England we cares about,
'Taint cos we mis-spells what we knows,
But because all we light fingered gentry,
Hops around with a log on our toes;

Singing Too-ra-lie, oo-ra-lie, addity.....

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;

Singing Too-ra-lie, oo-ra-lie, addity.....

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;

Singing Too-ra-lie, oo-ra-lie, addity.....

Now all you young Dookies and Dutchesses,
Take warning from what I've to say,
Mind all is your own as you toucheses
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay

Singing Too-ra-lie, oo-ra-lie, addity.....



https://youtu.be/_AyXKs86F4?si=cEnznZt8EY67x7Bn