Botany Bay 2

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Oh, there's Glasgow and Berwick and Penterville,
There's Portsmouth and old Dartmoor;
But they ain't of interest to none of us
For we're bound for a far foreign shore.

cho: Singing tooroolie ooroolie ooroolay, (spoken: Also..)
Tooroolie ooroolie ay (spoken: Likewise...)
Tooroolie ooroolie ooroolay (spoken: Not forgetting)
Tooroolie ooroolie ay.

It's not leaving old England we care about,
Nor sailing for shores far away,
It's the blooming monotony wears us out
And the prospect of Botany Bay.

Oh, the Captain and all the ship's officers
The Bo's'n and all of the crew,
The first and second class passengers,
Knows what us poor convicts go through.

Oh, come all ye dukes and ye duchesses
And harken and list to my lay,
Be sure that ye owns all ye touchesses
Or they'll land you in Botany Bay.

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle dove,
Away on my pinions I'd fly,
Straight into the arms of my lady love,
And there I would languish and die.

(Navy Verse)
It's not the rolling and pitching we care about,
Nor the foam on the crest of the wave
It's the foam in the neck of the bottle,
That's dragging us down to our graves.

From Book of Navy Songs, USNA