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### A BotSoc Song

by B J M

(Tune: "The People's Flag".)

#### AM

Before the dawn breaks in the sky  
The billy boils, por . . . ridge\* is nigh -  
Bestir yourselves! Forsake the pit -  
Or there'll be nothing left of it!

#### CHÓRUS (mit feeling)

Euphrasia, Celmisia, Coprosma foetidissima . . .  
We love them more than we can tell,  
And try our best to learn them well.

#### LUNCH

The Vegemite's mixed up with jam  
The cheese is green, there's no more ham,  
But never ones to moan and curse,  
BotSocers say, "It could be worse".

CHORUS Euphrasia, etc . . .

#### PM

One hundred metres up we climb  
(This was an easy line to rhyme):  
Smoke spirals high, the brew is nigh,  
Thank God for that - we were so dry!

CHORUS Euphrasia, etc . . .

Our tannin levels now correct,  
We're more inclined to genuflect;  
With lens to eye and bums on high  
We hunt Lobelia roughii.

CHORUS Euphrasia, etc . . .

#### EVENING

The evening sun has long since sunk,  
The moon and stars have done a bunk;  
The fire's gone out, a morepork calls  
And silence on the campsite falls.

\*Acknowledgements to Ted Williams (camp-rouser) and Tony Druce (stirrer).