

Look Out Below!

Written by Charles Thatcher (Thatcher's Colonial Songster c1856). The tune was collected from Sally Sloane and Gladys Scrivener by John Meredith and the chorus tag is possibly a Marian Henderson adaptation.

D **A7**

A young man left his native shores, For trade was bad at home;

G **A7** **D** **G** **A7** **D**

To seek his fortune in this land He crossed the briny foam;

D **A7**

And when he went to Ballarat, It put him in a glow,

G **A7** **D**

To hear the sound of the windlasses And the

G **A7** **D**

cry "Look out below, below, below". To

G **A7** **D** **G** **A7** **D**

hear the sound of the windlasses And the cry "Look out below!"

Wherever he turned his wandering eyes,
Great wealth he did behold—
And peace and plenty hand in hand,
By the magic power of gold;
Quoth he, I am both young and strong,
A-digging I will go,
For I like the sound of the windlasses
And the cry "Look out below, below, below".
For I like the sound of the windlasses
And the cry "Look out below".

Amongst the rest he took his chance,
His luck at first was vile;
But still he resolved to persevere,
And at length he made his pile.
Says he, "Now I'm a wealthy man
It's homewards I will go
And I'll say farewell to the windlasses
And the cry "Look out below, below, below".
And I'll say farewell to the windlasses
And the cry "Look out below".

Arrived in London once again,
His gold he freely spent,
And into every gaiety
And dissipation went.
But pleasure, if prolonged too much,
Oft causes pain, you know,
And he missed the sound of the windlasses
And the cry "Look out below, below below".
And he missed the sound of the windlasses
And the cry "Look out below"

And thus he reasoned with himself
Oh, why did I return,
For the diggers's independent life
I now begin to yearn.
Here purse proud lords the poor oppress
But there it is not so;
Give me the sound of the windlass,
And the cry "Look out below, below, below" .
W: Give me the sound of the windlass,
And the cry "Look out below " .

So he started for this land again,
With a charming little wife;
And he finds there's nothing comes up t
A jolly digger's life.
Ask him if he'll go back again,
He'll quickly answer, no:
For he loves the sound of the windlass,
And the cry "Look out below, below, below".
For he loves the sound of the windlass,
And the cry "Look out below".