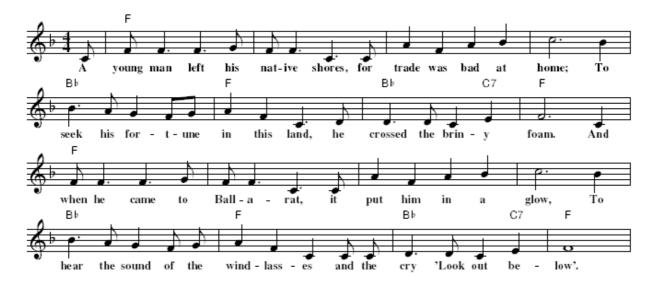
Look Out Below





Key F (capo on 3, play D)

- A (D) young man left his native shores, for trade was bad at home; To (G) seek his fortune (D) in this land, he (G) crossed the brin- (A7) y (D) foam. And (D) when he came to Ballarat, it put him in a glow To (G) hear the sound of the (D) windlasses and the (G) cry, 'Look out (A7) be- (D) low'.
- Wher- (D) e'er he turned his wondering eyes great wealth he did behold, And (G) peace and plenty (D) hand in hand, by the (G) magic power (A7) of (D) gold; Quoth (D) he, I am both young and strong, to the diggings I will go, For I (G) like the sound of the (D) windlasses and the (G) cry, 'Look out (A7) be- (D) low'.
- A- (D) mongst the rest he took his chance, and his luck at first was vile, But he (G) still resolved to (D) persevere, and at (G) length he made (A7) his (D) pile. So says (D) he, I'll take my passage, and home again I'll go, And I'll (G) say farewell to the (D) windlasses and the (G) cry, 'Look out (A7) be- (D) low'.
- 4. He a- (D) rrived in London once again, his gold he freely spent, And (G) into every (D) gaiety and (G) dissipa- (A7) tion (D) went; But (D) pleasure, if prolonged too much, oft causes pain, you know, And he (G) missed the sound of the (D) windlasses and the (G) cry, 'Look out (A7) be- (D) low'.
- 5. And (D) thus he reasoned with himself: Oh why did I return?
 For the (G) diggers inde- (D) pendent life I (G) now begin (A7) to (D) yearn.
 Here (D) purse-proud lords the poor oppress, but there it is not so:
 Give (G) me the sound of the (D) windlasses and the (G) cry, 'Look out (A7) be- (D) low'.

6. So he (D) started for this land again, with a charming little wife,
And he (G) finds there's nothing (D) quite comes up to a (G) jolly digg- (A7) er's (D) life.
Ask (D) him if he'll go back again, he'll quickly answer 'No'.
For he (G) loves the sound of the (D) windlasses and the (G) cry, 'Look out (A7) be- (D) low'.