

# The Go Set, Roaring Forties

Well I met a fervent lady in the splendour of the night,  
and a harlot is a curse and so began my plight.  
I am a poor unhappy soul within these walls I lay.  
And transportation sentenced, I'm going far away.  
I spent ever sovereign to maintain the lofty dame.  
And when it all ran out she treated me with disdain.  
So upon her orders I began a life to plunder.  
But now she is long gone and I am left to wonder.  
So here I ride on the roaring forties.  
Shed tear for seven years in a foreign land.  
Here I ride on the roaring forties.  
Shed tear for seven years a forsaken man.  
Well I was a young man proud, but I turned a common thief.  
A man will do most anything for a womans spell beneath.  
My aged parents proud, they bitterly did cry.  
They bid farewell their son, and his soul, goodbye.  
So come all you native boys, come and gather round.  
I'll tell you all the story of why I'm ironbound.  
I stood before the judge and was sentenced for my ways.  
He said my lad you are transported - To Botany Bay.  
So here I ride on the roaring forties.  
She'd tear for seven years in a foreign land.  
Here I ride on the roaring forties.  
Shed tear for seven years a forsaken man.