**Jim Jones at Botany Bay**

Traditional Australian Folk Song

As sung by Jennifer Jason Leigh from the movie “The Hateful Eight”

**Intro: / 1 2 3 4 / [G]↓ / [G] / [G] /**

**[G]** Listen for a moment lads and **[Am]** hear me tell my **[Em]** tale

How **[C]** all the sea from **[G]** England's shore I **[Am]** was condemned to **[Em]** sail

How **[C]** jury found me **[G]** guilty sir and **[Am]** says the judge says **[Em]** he **[Em]**

For **[Am]** life Jim Jones I **[Em]** sentence you a-**[Am]**cross the stormy **[Em]** sea **[Em]**

But **[G]** take a tip before you ship to **[Am]** join the iron **[Em]** gang

Don’t **[C]** be too gay in **[G]** Botany Bay or **[Am]** else you'll surely **[Em]** hang

Or **[C]** else you'll surely **[G]** hang he says and **[Am]** after that Jim **[Em]** Jones **[Em]**

**[Am]** High upon yon **[Em]** gallows tree the **[Am]** crows will pick your **[Em]** bones **[Em]**

**[G]** There’s no time for mischief there re-**[Am]**member what I **[Em]** say

Or they'll **[C]** flog the poaching **[G]** out of you out **[Am]** down in Botany **[Em]** Bay

The **[C]** waves were high up-**[G]**on the sea the **[Am]** winds are blowing **[Em]** gales **[Em]**

I'd **[Am]** rather drowned in **[Em]** misery than **[Am]** come to New South **[Em]** Wales **[Em]**

The **[G]** waves were high upon the sea and the **[Am]** pirates came a-**[Em]**long

The **[C]** soldiers on our **[G]** convict ship were **[Am]** full five hundred **[Em]** strong

They **[C]** opened fire and **[G]** somehow drove that **[Am]** pirate ship **[Em]** away **[Em]**

I'd **[Am]** rather joined that **[Em]** pirate ship than **[Am]** gone to Botany **[Em]** Bay **[Em]**

**A cappella**

Now one dark night, everything is quiet in the town

I’ll kill you bastards one and all, I’ll gun the floggers down

I’ll give them all a little shock, remember what I say

They’ll yet regret they sent Jim Jones in chains to Botany Bay

That **[G]** night and day in irons clad **[Am]** we’re like poor galley **[Em]** slaves

We’ll **[C]** toil and toil our **[G]** lives away to **[Am]** fill dishonoured **[Em]** graves

**[C]** Bye and bye I'll **[G]** break my chains in-**[Am]**to the bush I'll **[Em]** go **[Em]**

And **[Am]** you’ll be dead be-**[Em]**hind me John when I **[Em]** get to Mexi-**[Em]**co **[Em]**

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