

# The Migrant

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**This song is based on a true story, written from the viewpoint of a jailor at the Hertford County Court in 1845.**

Guitar intro: [D] / / / [A] / / / [A] / [E7] / [A] / / / /

The [A] quarter session [A] judges had no [D] pity for the [E7] poor  
so [A] little Charlotte [A] Kimpton felt the [E] vengeance of the [E7] law  
But as [A] she was [A] stepping down, and a-[D]-nother took her [E7] place,  
I [D] saw a smile of [A] triumph as it [A] passed a-[E7]-cross her [A] face.  
*I [D] saw a smile of [A] triumph as it [A] passed a-[E7]-cross her [A] face.*

That night I checked the convicts as they settled for the night,  
and I asked wee Charlotte Kimpton for the cause of her delight.  
"Oh sir," she said, "you cannot mind, but this is what I planned,  
To get myself transported to far Van Diemen's Land"  
*To get myself transported to far Van Diemen's Land*

"My father's ill and cannot work, our family might starve,  
My brothers can support them, but it's time for me to leave.  
Now the crown has paid for me to go and find another land,  
And I hope with time to prosper in far Van Diemen's Land."  
*And I hope with time to prosper in far Van Diemen's Land.*

Now 10 long years had passed and gone, and a letter to me came,  
From little Charlotte Kimpton, she'd not forgot my name.  
"Sir, you showed to me some kindness, so I'll thank you now I can  
For I now live free and happy in far Van Diemen's Land."  
*For I now live free and happy in far Van Diemen's Land.*

To those with hearts to listen, here's a thought to keep in mind,  
Each man will strive to find a place where others are more kind.  
Don't look down on strangers, but offer them a hand,  
For maybe our Merry England could be their Van Diemen's Land.  
*Maybe our Merry England could be their Van Diemen's Land.*

more info at <http://www.oldtimetim.com/migrant.htm>