

# Van Dieman's Land



Come all you gal - ant poachers That  
ramble devoid of care, That walk - eth out on a  
moonlight night With a dog and gun and snare. Here's the  
hares and the lof - ty pheasants, They stand at your com - mand, But  
you don't think on the dan - gers All on Van Die - man's land.

Come all you gallant poachers  
That ramble devoid of care,  
That walketh out on a moonlight night  
With a dog and gun and snare.  
Here's the hares and lofty pheasants,  
They stand at your command,  
But you don't think on the dangers  
All on Van Dieman's land.

Here's poor old Tom Brown from Nottingham,  
Jack Williams and poor Joe,  
They was three of the daring poachers  
The country did well know.  
One night they was trap-handed  
By the keepers hid in sand  
And for fourteen years transported  
All on Van Dieman's land.

The very first day we landed  
All on that fatal shore  
The planters they came round us  
About three score or more;  
So they harnessed us up like horses  
And fit us out of hand  
And they yoked us to the plough my boys,  
To plough Van Dieman's land.

O those wretched huts that we live in  
Is built with clods and clay  
And rotten straw for bedding  
We dare not say Nay.  
Our cottages they're all fenced with fire  
We slumber whilst we can  
To drive all wolf and tiger  
All from Van Dieman's land.

Here is a girl from Nottingham,  
Sue Somers is her name,  
She got fourteen years transported  
For selling of our game.  
But the planter's bought her freedom  
And married her out of hand  
And she proved true and kind to us  
All on Van Dieman's land.