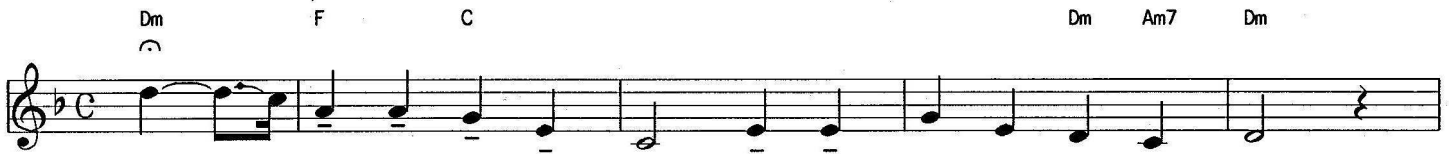


Van Diemen's Land

No. 1.

Boldly



1. Come,.....all you gal- lant poach- ers, that ram- ble free from care,
 2. There.....was poor Tom Brown from Nott- ing-ham, Jack Will- iams, and poor Joe,
 3. Oh!.....When we sailed from Eng- land we land- ed at the bay,
 4. Oh!.....When that we were land- ed up- on that fat- al shore,



That walk...out of...a moon- light night,with your dog, your gun, and snare;
 Were three..as dar..ing poach-.... ers as the count-ry well does know;
 We had rott...en straw for bedd..... ing, we.. dared not to say nay.
 The plant..ers they.came flock- ing round, full twent-y score or more;



Where the lofty (or lusty)hare...and pheas- sant you.... have at your com... mand,
 At.... night they were...tra- pann- ed by the keep- ers hid in.... sand,
 Our... cots were fenced.with fi- re, (we.... slum- ber when we.... can,)
 They.. ranked us up....like hors- es, and.... sold us out of.... hand,



Not think- ing that your last ca- reer is on Van Die- men's Land!
 And for four- teen years trans- port- ed were un- to Van Die- men's Land.
 To drive a-way the wolves and ti.....gers up- on Van Die- men's Land.
 They yoked us to the plough, my boys, to plough Van Die- men's Land.

5. There was one girl from England, Susan Summers was her name,
 For fourteen years transported was, we all well knew the same;
 Our planter bought her freedom, and he married her out of hand,
 Good usage then she gave to us, upon Van Diemen's Land.
6. Oh! Oft when I am slumbering, I have a pleasant dream:
 With my sweet girl I am sitting, down by some purling stream,
 Through England I am roaming, with her at my command,
 Then waken, broken hearted, upon Van Diemen's Land.
7. God bless our wives and families, likewise that happy shore,
 That isle of sweet contentment which we shall see no more.
 As for our wretched females, see them we seldom can,
 There are twenty to one woman upon Van Diemen's Land.
8. Come all you gallant poachers, give ear unto my song,
 It is a bit of good advice, although it is not long:
 Lay by your dog and snare; to you I do speak plain,
 If you knew the hardships we endure you ne'er would poach again.

