

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Van Dieman's Land

Van Dieman's Land

Come all you gallant poachers,
That ramble void of care,
That walk out on a moonlight night
With dog and gun and snare.
By the keepers of the land, my boys,
One night we were trepanned,
And for fourteen years transported
Unto Van Dieman's land.

The first day that we landed
Upon that fateful shore,
The planters came round us,
They might be twenty score.
They ranked us off like horses
And sold us out of hand,
And yoked us to the plough, brave boys,
To plough Van Dieman's Land.

God bless our wives and families,
Likewise that happy shore,
That isle of sweet contentment
Which we shall see no more;
As for the wretched females,
See them we seldom can,
There are fourteen men to every woman
In Van Dieman's Land.

Oh, if I had a thousand pounds
All laid out in my hand,
I'd give it all for liberty
If that I could command;
Once more to Ireland I'd return,
And be a happy man,
And bid adieu to poaching
And to Van Dieman's Land.

Note: Banks of Newfoundland is a parody of this
DT #426
Laws L18