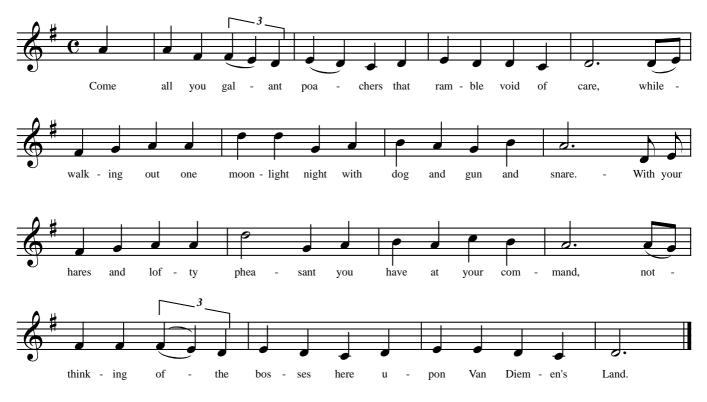
# 69 Van Dieman's Land - Mr Donger



<sup>1</sup> 

Come all you gallant poachers that ramble void of care, while walking out one moonlight night with dog and gun and snare.

With your hares and lofty pheasants you have at your command,

not thinking of the bosses here upon Van Diemen's land.

#### 2

It's poor Tom Brown from Nottingham, Jack Williams and poor Joe,

they were three daring poachers the country well did know.

At night they were trepanned\* by the keepers hid in sand, for fourteen years transported, boys,upon Van Dieman's Land.

# 3

The very day we landed upon that fateful shore, the planters they stood round us,full twenty score or more. They ranked us up like horses and sold us out of hand; they yoked us to their ploughs, boys, to plough Van Diemen's Land.

## 4

The cottage that we lived was are built of clods of clay, and rotten straw for bedding, and we dare not say nay. Our cots were fenced with fire; to slumber when we can, to drive away wolves and tigers that come by Van Dieman's Land

## 5

There was a poor girl from Birmingham, Susan Simmonds was her name,

fourteen years transported, you all have heard the same. Our Planter bought her freedom; he married her out of hand; she gave us good usage, boys, upon Van Dieman's land.

#### 6

It's oftimes when I slumber I have a pleasant dream with my pretty girl I've been roving down by a sparkling stream.

In England I've been roving with her at my command, but I wake, broken-hearted, upon Van Dieman's Land

#### 7

Come all you daring poachers, give hearing to my song; it is a bit of good advice although it is not long. Lay aside your dogs and snares, to you I must speak plain for if you knew our hardships you'd never poach again.

\* trepanned = ensnared (trapan = to trap)