

## 72 Young Henry the Poacher - Mr Anderson

Come all you wild and wicked youths wher - e - ver - you may be, I  
 pray you give at - ten - tion and lis - ten un - to me; the  
 fate of us po - or trans - ports as - you shall und - der - stand, the  
 hard - ships that we un - der - go up - on Van Die - man's land.

1  
 Come all you wild and wicked youths wherever you may  
 be,  
 I pray you give attention and listen unto me;  
 the fate of us poor transports as you shall understand,  
 the hardships that we undergo upon Van Diemen's Land.

2  
 My parents reared me tenderly, good learning gave to me,  
 till by bad comp'ny I was beguiled, which proved my  
 destiny.  
 I was brought up in Warwickshire, near Southam town did  
 dwell;  
 my name it is young Henry, in Harbourn known full well.

3  
 Me and five more went out one night into Squire Dunhill's  
 Park  
 to see if we could get some game; the night it provèd dark;  
 but to our great misfortune they trepanned us with speed,  
 and sent us off to Warwick Gaol, which made our hearts to  
 bleed.

4  
 It was at the March Assizes, to the bar we did repair,  
 like Job we stood with patience to hear our sentence there.  
 There being some old offenders, which made our case go  
 hard,  
 my sentence was for fourteen years, then I was sent on  
 board.

5  
 The ship that bore us from the land, the Speedwell was by  
 name;  
 for full five months and upwards, boys, we ploughed the  
 raging main.  
 Neither land nor harbour could we see, believe it is no lie;  
 all around us one black water, boys, above us one blue sky.

6  
 I often looked behind me, towards my native shore;  
 that cottage of contentment which we shall see no more,  
 nor yet my own dear father who tore his hoary hair,  
 likewise my tender mother; the womb that did me bear.

7  
 The fifteenth of September, 'twas then we made the land,  
 at four o'clock we went on shore all chainèd hand in hand.  
 To see our fellow sufferers we felt, I can't tell how,  
 some chained unto a harrow, and others to a plough.

8  
 No shoes or stocking they had on, nor hat they had to wear,  
 but a leathern frock and Lindsey drawers; their feet and  
 hands were bare.  
 They chained them up by two and two like horses in a team;  
 their driver he stood over them with his Malacca cane.

9  
 Then I was marched to Sydney town without no more delay,  
 where a gentleman he bought me, his book-keeper to be.  
 I took this occupation, my master liked me well;  
 my joys were out of measure, I'm sure no-one can tell.

10  
 We had a female servant, Rosanna was her name,  
 for fourteen years a convict, she from Wolverhampton came;  
 we often told our tales of love when we were blest at home,  
 but now we're rattling of our chains in foreign lands to roam.