

Van Diemanis land

A handwritten musical score for the song 'Van Diemanis land'. The score consists of four staves of music, each beginning with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a simple, melodic style with various note values and rests. The first staff contains 12 measures, the second 12 measures, the third 12 measures, and the fourth 12 measures. The notation includes quarter notes, eighth notes, and rests, with some notes having stems pointing downwards. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fourth staff.

VAN DIEMANS LAND

The last line of the first verse of this song seems to have been misheard by Mr Broomfield.

Come all you gallant poachers that ramble void of care
While walking out one moonlit night with gun and dog
and snare
With your hares and lofty pheasants you have at your
command
Not thinking of the losses here upon Van Diemans Land

It's poor Tom Brown from Nottingham, Jack Lothams and
poor Joe
They were three daring poachers the country well did know
At night they were trepanned but the keepers in the sand
Fourteen years transported boys upon Van Diemans Land

The very day we landed upon that fateful shore
The planters stood round us full twenty score or more
They ran ed us up like horses and sold us out of hand
They yoked us to the plough brave boys to plough Van
Diemans Land

The cottage that we lived in was 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 come by Van Diemans Land

There was a poor girl from Birmingham Susan Simmons 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 to us good usage boys upon Van Diemans Land

It's oft times 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 up brokenhearted upon Van Diemans Land

Come all you daring poachers give hearing to my song
It is a bit of good advice though it is not long
Lay aside your dogs and snares to you I must speak plain
For if you know our hardships you'd never poach again

Also see English Traditional songs and carols
L Broadwood