

EAST ANGLIAN TRADITIONAL MUSIC TRUST

Vaughan Williams' Folk Van Diemen's Land

Come all you gallant poachers that ramble free from care
That walk out of a moonlight night with your dog your gun and snare
Where the lofty hare and pheasant you have at your command
Not thinking that your last career is on Van Diemen's Land

There was poor Tom Brown from Nottingham Jack Williams and poor Joe
Were three as daring poachers as the country well does know
Till one night we were captured all by the keeper's hand
And for fourteen years transported were unto Van Diemen's Land

Oh when that we were landed upon that fatal bay
The planters they came flocking round full twenty score or more
They ranked us up like horses and sold us out of hand
They yoked us up to the plough my boys to plough Van Diemen's Land

They chain us two by two, and whip and lash along,
They cut off our provisions if we do the least thing wrong,
They march us in the burning sun, until our feet are sore,
So hard's our lot now we are got upon Van Diemen's shore.

We labour hard from morn to night, until our bones do ache.
Then every one, they must obey, their mouldy beds must make ;
We often wish, when we lay down, we ne'er may rise no more.
To meet our savage masters upon Van Diemen's shore.

Collected From Mr James Bloomfield, East Horndon on 22nd April 1904
Transcribed: D. Occomore and P. Heath Coleman

Map: Tasmania Archives And Heritage Office



East Horndon, Essex