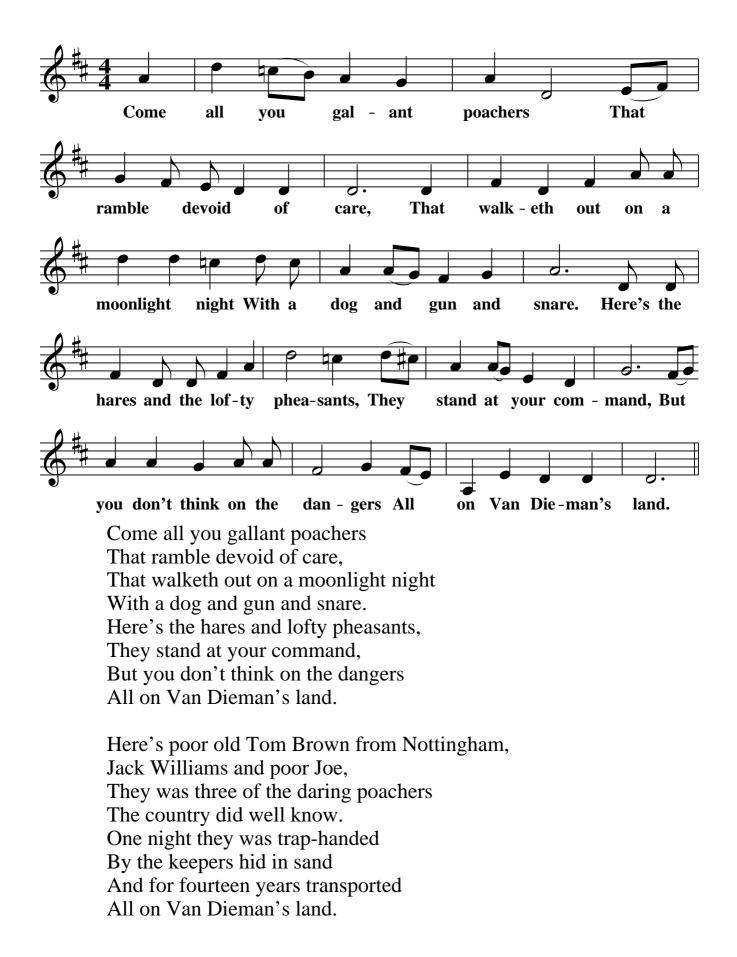
Van Dieman's Land



The very first day we landed All on that fatal shore The planters they came round us About three score or more; So they harnessed us up like horses And fit us out of hand And they yoked us to the plough my boys, To plough Van Dieman's land.

O those wretched huts that we live in Is built with clods and clay And rotten straw for bedding We dare not say Nay. Our cottages they're all fenced with fire We slumber whilst we can To drive all wolf and tiger All from Van Dieman's land.

Here is a girl from Nottingham, Sue Somers is her name, She got fourteen years transported For selling of our game. But the planter's bought her freedom And married her out of hand And she proved true and kind to us All on Van Dieman's land.