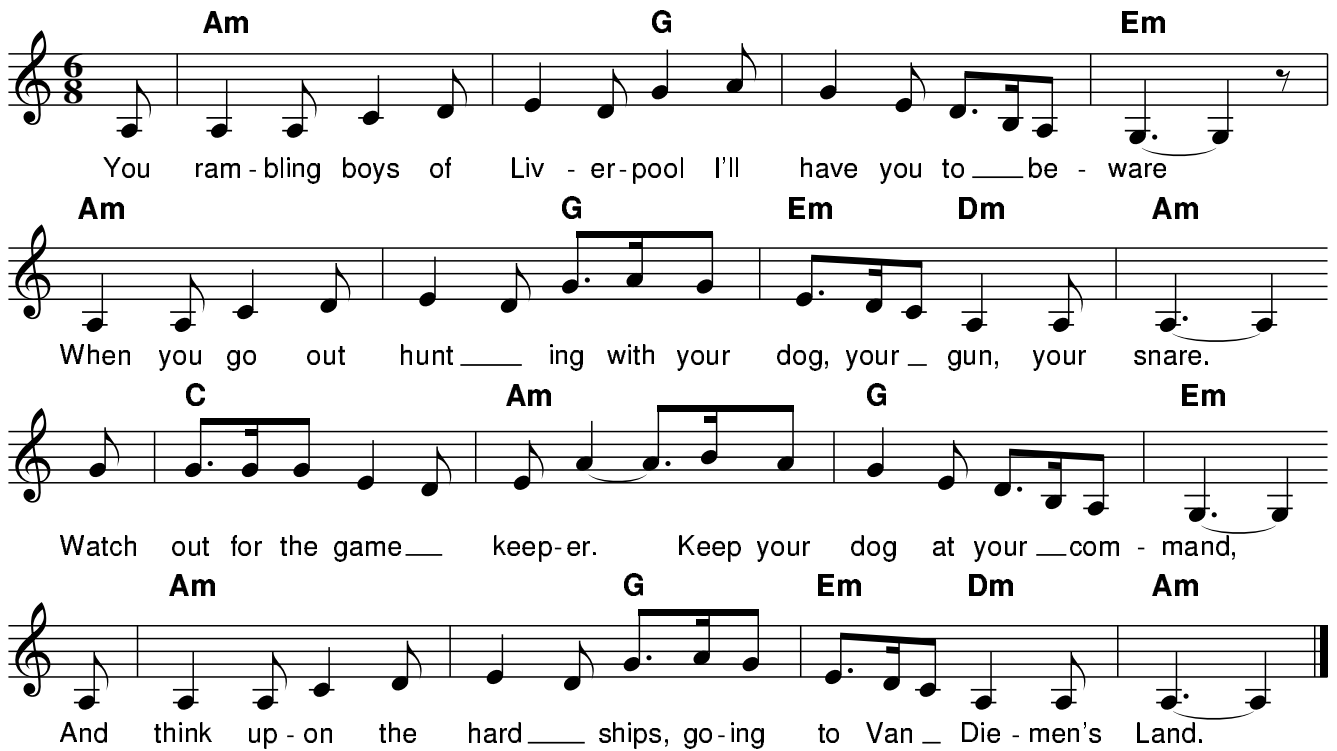


Van Diemen's Land

Clearly based on a broadside circa 1800, this version is cobbled from extant versions.



Am G Em

You ram-bling boys of Liv-er-pool I'll have you to be-ware

Am G Em Dm Am

When you go out hunt-ing with your dog, your gun, your snare.

C Am G Em

Watch out for the game-keep-er. Keep your dog at your com-mand,

Am G Em Dm Am

And think up-on the hard-ships, go-ing to Van-Die-men's Land.

We had two Irish lads on board, Jimmy Murphy and Paddy Malone,
And they were both the truest mates that any man could own.
The gamekeeper he caught them and from old England's Strand,
They were fourteen years transported unto Van Diemen's Land.

One night as I lay sleeping all in the hold below,
I dreamed I was in Liverpool, way back in Marylebone
With my true love beside me and a jug of ale at hand,
When I woke quite broken hearted lying off Van Diemen's Land,

The minute that we landed upon that fatal shore,
The planters they inspected us full twenty score or more.
They led us round like horses and sold us out of hand,
Then they yoked us to the plough, brave boys, to plough Van Diemen's Land.