

Cara Dillon

"Van Diemen's Land"

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Come all you gallant poachers who ramble void of
care,
Who wander out on a moonlit night with your dog, your
gun and snare,
The hare and lofty pheasant you have at your
command,
Not thinking of your long career spend on Van
Dieman's land.

Poor Thomas Brown from Nenagh town, John Murphy
and Poor Joe,
Where three determined poachers, the country well
does know,
By the keepers of the land, one night, at last they were
trepanned,
And for fourteen years transported unto Van Dieman's
Land.

The first day that we landed upon that fatal shore,
The planters gathered around us, they might be twenty
score,

They ranked us off like horses and sold us out of hand,
They yoked us to a plough, brave boys, to plough Van
Dieman's Land.

Often when I slumber, I have a pleasant dream,
I 'm lying on the cold green grass down by your purling
stream,
Oh, wondering through the maid of fair with my
sweetheart by the hand,
Then I awaken broken-hearted upon Van Dieman's
Land.

Fourteen years is a long long time, that is our fatal
doom,
For nothing more the poaching got no all that so we
done,
You give up dog, gun and snare and the poaching,
every man
If you only knew the hardship upon Van Dieman's Land.

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