

# Christy Moore, Van Diemen's Land

Me and three more went out one night into Squire Noble's park  
We were hoping we might catch some game the night been proven dark  
It being out sad misfortune they captured us with speed  
And brought us down to Warwick Gaol did cause our hearts to bleed

Young men all be aware lest you be drawn into a snare  
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It was about the fifth of March me boys at the court we did appear  
Like Job we stood with patience our sentence to hear  
Without jury bail nor witness our case it did go hard  
Our sentence was for fourteen years straight away being sent on board

The ship that bore us from the land the Speedwell was her name  
For full five months and upwards we ploughed the raging main  
We saw no land nor harbour I tell you its no lie  
All around us one black ocean, above us one blue sky

About the fifth of August tis then we made the land  
At five o'clock next morning they tied us hand to hand  
To see our fellow sufferance filled my heart with woe  
For there's some chained to the harrow and the others to the plough

To see our fellow sufferance it filled me with despair  
For they'd leather smocks and lindsey shorts and their feet and hands were bare  
They tied them up two by two like horses in a dray  
And the driver he stood over them with his Malacca cane

There was a female prisoner, Rosanna was her name  
For sixteen years a convict from Wolverhampton came  
She often told her tale of love when she was young at home  
But now it's rattling of the chains in a foreign land to roam

Come all of you young poaching lads and a warning take from me  
Mark you well the story that I tell and guard your destiny  
Its all about transported lads as you may understand  
And the hardships we did undergo going to Van Dieman's Land