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The Sporting Farmers

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Vandiemans Land.

COME all you gallant poachers,
That ramble void of care,
That walk out on a moonlight night,
With your dog, and gun, and snare,
The lofty hare and pheasant,
You have at your command,
No, thinking of your last farewell,
Upon Van Dieman's Land.

'Tis poor Tom Brown from Nottingham,
Jack Williams, and poor Joe,
Were the three daring poachers,
The country does well know,
At night we were trepanned,
By the keepers hid in sand,
For fourteen years transported,
Unto Van Dieman's Land.

The first day we landed,
Upon that fatal shore,
The planters they came round us,
Full twenty score or more,
They sold us out by hand,
And dragged us up like horses,
Then yok'd us to plough my boys,
To plough Van Dieman's Land.

Our cottages that we live in,
Are built of clods of clay,
And rotten straw for bedding,
And we dare not say nay,
Our cottages we surround with fire,
And slumber when we can,
To drive those wolves and tigers,
Upon Vandiemans Land.

It is of her I slumber,
I have a pleasant dream,
Of my sweet pretty girl,
Sitting by a pearly stream,
Through England I've been roaming,
With her at my command,
Now weak and broken-hearted,
Upon Vandiemans Land.

God bless our wives and families,
Likewise that happy shore,
That isle of sweet contentment,
That we shall see no more.
As for our wretched females,
See them we seldom can,
For there is twenty of us to one,
Upon Vandiemans Land.

There was a girl from Birmingham,
Susan Summers was her name,
For fourteen years transported,
We all well knew the same,
Our planter bought our freedom,
And married her off hand,
She gave to us good usage,
Upon Vandiemans Land.

THE Sporting Farmers,

A NEW SONG ON

THE TIMES.

You farmers all, both great and small, listen to my ditty,
It is concerning the working hands in country and city:
They can't buy flour, 'tis not in their power, their payment
it's so scanty;
You all do find them work to do, but keep their bellies empty.

CHORUS.

Let's hope the rich may pay the poor, whilst there is work a
plenty,
'Twill save them from the workhouse door, and keep the
jails all empty.

If a poor man has no work to do, to the parish he goes for
labour;

O then they send him on the road, and say they shew him
favour:

Ten-pence a day is young men's pay, it is a dismal story,
The poor young men may be starved to death, while the
rich are in their glory,

O now the money is in a lump, to be so they intend it,
And try to keep it from the poor, but have no heart to
spend it:

The rich can't tell their calling day, the Lord is sure to find
them,

Forgiveness—money cannot buy, so they leave it all behind
them.

Their numbered days soon pass away, the one behind another,
The rich will have to meet the poor, and be as man and
brother:

So do not keep your brother low, in this life shew them
favour,

For in the next world wages are all alike, so pay them for
their labour.

Now to conclude and make an end, let's hope the poor will
find, sir,

That with our gracious Majesty, unto the poor they'll bend,
sir:

I hope no one will think amiss, for now it is nearly ended,
But if they will, why so they must, for no harm have I
intended.

Pray God the poor may have their fill, be they in whatever
station,

The royal King will help the poor, whenever there's occasion.
So let's all rejoice with heart and voice, in hopes we better
times shall see;

The king he is a noble choice, and here an end to rhyming be.