ANDERSON'S COAST

(John Warner)



We stole a vessel and all her gear
--And where are you, my Annie?
And from Van Diemen's we north did steer
Till Bass Strait's wild waves wrecked us here.

And somewhere west Port Melbourne lies
--And where are you, my Annie?
Through swamps infested with snakes and flies.
The fool who walks there, he surely dies.

We hail no ships, though the time it drags.
--And where are you, my Annie?
Our chain-gang walk and our government rags.
All mark us out as Van Diemen's lags.

We fled the lash and the chafing chain.
--And where are you, my Annie?
We fled hard labour and brutal pain,
And here we are and here remain.