

Of all Australian colony settlements,
Old Hobart town has its own sentiments;
Of what appears to be the first place of the race,
Where the truth is lost in time and space.

But in the meaning down through the years,
When history can't lie and where the truth appears;
Tasmania was discovered before Australia was,
From down under to up where Australia was.

As if in a miracle there would be the return of God,
To see the beauty of sandstone from some other place odd;
All nestled in Grandeur yet humbled from sight,
To be found hidden riches in its soft perfect light.

And in the midst of what is gone dull surreal,
As if by magic it's all overcome by what is so real;
The lie is beaten by what had occurred on the sky,
As we remember the first and those who had to die.

But down the years the names start to show their face,
From the people that drift here from place to place;
And in the hope of Christs shining return,
The vagrant sinners are all exposed to burn.

And who was the man who names the place,
Can we put words together to see his face;
To be fulfilled in three centuries of time,
The truth of Australia and this Hobart rhyme.

Signed,

Convicts Crime