

# The Cyprus

Collected by Ian Coggins from Maeve Chick, Hobart Tas in 1968 and published in *Australian Tradition* in March 1969.  
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A life in chains is sorrow to a man,  
'Twere better he were dead,  
And sooner than a soldier mercy show,  
The cruel sea will turn red, I swear,  
The cruel sea will turn red.

You may plead for pity's blessed sake  
But a tyrant's eye is blind  
And sooner than a soldier mercy show,  
The cruel sea will turn kind, I swear,  
The cruel sea will turn kind.

Aboard this ship and loaded down with chains  
Was a man named Brian Malone.  
Twas he who said "Now we can take this ship  
And sail her away on our own, brave boys  
And sail her away on our own"

They took the ship lined the soldiers on the deck  
And they were craven men,  
But Brian Malone he pitched them overboard  
And the convicts were free men again, at last  
The convicts were free men again

They set their course and northerly did sail,  
Far from Van Diemen's Land  
And swore that they never again would bow down  
Beneath the tyrant's hand, no more,  
Beneath the tyrant's hand.

They were lost and never seen again  
But when the moonlight pales,  
And waves ride high and lightning splits the night  
They say the Cyprus sails, once more,  
They say the Cyprus sails,