

The Cyprus Brig

The Seizure of the Cyprus Brig in Recherche Bay

Words adapted by Bob Bolton from a manuscript from the Mitchell Library in Sydney and a version collected by Dr Lloyd Robson from JH Davies, Newtown Tas in 1961. Note that Hobart Town was pronounced hoe'beten.

Come all you sons of free - dom, a chor - us join with me,
I'll sing a song of her - oes, and glor - ious lib - er - ty
Some lads con-demned from Eng - land, sail'd to Van Diem - ens shore,
Their coun - try, friends and par - ents, p'rhaps nev - er to see more.

When we landed in this colony to different masters went,
For trifling offences, boys, to Hobarton gaol were sent,
Now a second sentence we received and ordered for to be
Sent to Macquarie Harbour, that place of tyranny.

Down Hobarton streets we were guarded, on the Cyprus Brig conveyed,
The topsails they were hoisted boys; the anchor it was weighed.
The wind it blew a sou' sou' west, and on we steered straightway,
Till they brought her to an anchorage, in a place called Recherche Bay.

Now confined in a dismal hole, these lads contrived a plan,
To take possession of that brig, or else die, every man.
The plan it being approved upon, we all retired to rest,
And early the next morning, boys, we put them to the test.

Up steps bold Jack Muldemon, his comrades three or more,
We soon disarmed the sentry, and left him in his gore.
"Liberty, oh liberty, it's liberty we crave;
Deliver up your arms, my boys, or the sea shall be your grave."

First we landed the soldiers, the captain and his crew,
We gave three cheers for liberty and soon bid them adieu.
William Swallow he was chosen, our commander for to be,
We gave three cheers for liberty, and boldly put to sea.

Play on your golden trumpets, boys, and sound your cheerful notes,
The Cyprus Brig's on the ocean, boys, by justice does she float.
Forever happy may they be, may kind fortune keep them free,
From gags, and cats, and chains and traps, and cruel tyranny.