

The Cyprus

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There was a ship, the "Cy-prus" was her name, She sailed from Ho-bart_ Town.

Three and thir-ty con-victs were a-board; All Mac-quar-ie Har-bour_ bound, were they;

All Mac-quar-ie Har - bour _ bound.

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,