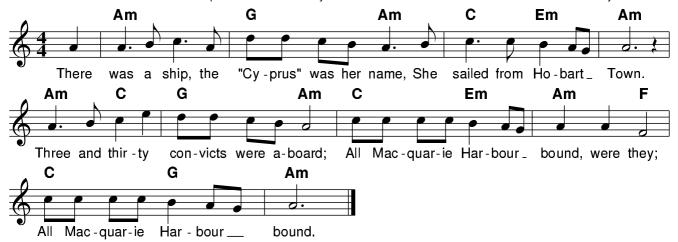
The Cyprus

Collected by Ian Coggins from Maeve Chick, Hobart Tas in 1968 and published in Australian Tradition in March 1969. Australian Tradition was published 1963–75 by The Victorian Folk Music Club and the Folklore Society of Victoria



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,