Cyprus Brig

Poor Tom Brown from Nottingham Jack Williams and poor Joe
They were three gallant poacher boys their country well does know
And by the laws of the Game Act that you may understand
Were fourteen years transported boys unto Van Diemen's Land

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

Down Hobart Town streets we were guarded on the Cyprus Brig conveyed
Our topsails they were hoisted boys our anchor it was weighed
The wind it blew a nor nor west and on we steered straight way
Till we brought her to an anchorage in a place called Research Bay

Now confined in a dismal hole those 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 next morning boys we put them to the test

Up steps bold Jack Muldemon his comrades three 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 Swallows 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

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The seizure of convict ships by convicts happened a number of times.
This particular event occurred in August 1829, and a manuscript in the
Mitchell Library has a poem of 48 lines that commemorates the seizure.
Titled 'Seizure of the Cyprus Brig in Recherche Bay' it is printed in
Geoffrey Ingleton's True Patriots All and attributed to Frank MacNamara
(Frank the Poet).

Collected by Lloyd Robson from J.H.Davies of Newtown, Tasmania.

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