

# The Isle Of France - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

The sun was far in the clouds advanced,  
When a convict came to the Isle of France;  
Around his leg he wore a ring and a chain,  
And his country was of the shamrock green.

The coast-guard waited on the beach,  
Till the convict's boat was within reach;  
The convict's chains did so shine and spark, \*  
Which opened the veins of the coast-guard's heart

Then the coast-guard launched his little boat,  
That on the ocean with him to float;  
The birds at night take their silent rest,  
But the convict here has a wounded breast.

Then the coast-guard came to the Isle of France,  
Towards him the convict did advance-  
When the tears from his eyes did fall like rain-  
"Young man, I hear you are of the shamrock green."

"I am a shamrock," the convict cried,  
"That has been tossed on the ocean wide;  
For being unruly, I do declare,  
And was doomed a transport for seven years.

When six of them was past and gone,  
We were coming home to make up one,  
When the stormy winds did blow and roar,  
Which cast me here on a foreign shore."

Then the coast-guard played noble part,  
And with some brandy cheered the convict's heart;  
"Although the night is so far advanced.  
You shall find a friend in the Isle of France."

Then a speedy letter went to the Queen,  
About the dreadful shipwreck of the shamrock green;  
Then his freedom came by a speedy post.  
To the absent convict they thought was lost.

"God bless the coast-guard," the convict cried,  
"You have saved my life from the ocean wide;  
I will drink his health in a flowing glass-  
Here's success to the Isle of France!"