

# The Isle Of France

John Wesley Harding

Oh the sky was dark and the night advanced  
When a convict came to the isle of france  
And round his leg was a ringing chain  
And his country was of the shamrock green

I'm from the shamrock this convict cried  
That has been tossed on the ocean wide  
For being unruly I do declare  
I was doomed to transport these seven long years

When six of them they were up and past  
I was coming home to make up the last  
When the winds did blow and the seas did roar  
They cast me here on this foreign shore

So then the coastguard he played a part  
And with some brandy, he cheered the convict's heart  
Although the night is far advanced  
You shall find a friend on the isle of france

So he sent a letter all to the queen  
Concerning the wreck of the shamrock green  
And his freedom came by a speedy post  
For the absent convict they thought was lost

God bless the coastguard this convict cried  
For he's saved my life from the ocean wide  
And I'll drink his health in a flowing glass  
And here's success to the isle of france