

## **Black 47**

### **"Bas In Eireann"**

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I stole some butter to put on my bread  
A crime against God, king and parliament  
No fancy lawyer to defend my case  
So I was sentenced at the Mayo Assizes

Seven long years transportation  
To Botany Bay in Australia  
Is this the justice whereof you speak  
Ten crucifying years ahead of me

And all that I asked for, all that I need  
Is to live my life in my own country  
All that I wanted or dear to me  
Is bas in Erin, a chiusla geal mo chroÃ

I hid my brother to protect his life  
He shot a man for collecting tithes  
To support the rites of the English Church  
A faith that meant not a damn to us

They hung my brother in Wexford town  
And when they cut his body down  
The hangman turned and called my way  
You'll long for me in Australia

I should have known what would become of me  
The future's always been there for all the world to see  
The black death is approaching  
I can see it on the way  
Oh, I'm better off in hell or Australia

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