

## Falconer

# "We Sold Our Homesteads"

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We sold our homesteads and started on our way  
Just like the birds will fly when autumn is here to stay  
One day they will return, come spring again that's when  
But we will never see our native country again

At first we traveled through the English countryside  
On tracks and on wagons, as quickly as birds would fly  
It was a lovely sight to see the land at last  
But all the glorious sights kept flashing by too fast  
The glorious sights kept flashing by too fast

And later when we came to Liverpoolian bay  
The tears of regret finally started to have their say  
The hearts then started burning in each and everyone  
We only talked of Sweden that used to be our home

We all were packed together in one unhealthy cave  
It was as if we'd stepped into an open grave  
The food that we had brought from blessed Swedish  
land  
Was suddenly forbidden and taken from our hand  
It was forbidden and taken from our hand

And when we had been sailing for just a week or two  
A horrid kind of darkness was clouding our view  
We couldn't see each other and hardly breathe or walk  
It was a gruesome anguish for all people aboard

The air was filled with hunger and drenched in  
wretched cries  
The howling and the noises would pierce right through  
the skies  
And death became the ruler that forced us to our knees  
The dead were buried in the horrid fathom of the seas  
They were buried in the fathom of the seas

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