

Men They Couldn't Hang "The Colours"

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I am a member of the council of the naval mutiny
And no traitor to my conscience having done my sworn
duty
These are my last words before the scaffold and I
charge you all to hear
How a wretched British sailor became a citizen
mutineer
Pressed into service to carry powder I was loyal to the
crack of the whip
It I starved on the streets of Bristol, I starved worse on
a British ship
Red is the colour of the new republic
Blue is the colour of the sea
White is the colour of my innocence
Not surrender to your mercy
I was woken from my misery by the words of Thomas
Paine
On my barren soil they fell like the sweetest drops of
rain
Red is the colour of the new republic
Blue is the colour of the sea
White is the colour of my innocence
Not surrender to your mercy
So in the spring of the year we took the fleet
Every cask and cannon and compass sheet

And we flew a Jacobean flag to give us heart
While Pitt stood helpless we were waiting for Bonaparte
Red is the colour of the new republic
Blue is the colour of the sea
White is the colour of my innocence
Not surrender to your mercy
All you soldiers, all you sailors, all you labourers of the
land
All you beggars, all you builders, all you come here to
watch me hang
To the masters we are the rabble, we are the 'swinish
multitude'
But we can re-arrange the colours of the red and the
white and the blue
Red is the colour of the new republic
Blue is the colour of the sea

White is the colour of my innocence
Not surrender to your mercy
Red is the colour of the new republic
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White is the colour of my innocence
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