

The Colours

The Men They Couldnt Hang

VERSE 1:

I am a member of the council of the naval mutiny
And no traitor to my conscience having done my sworn duty

VERSE 2:

These are my last words before the scaffold and I charge you all to hear
How a wretched British sailor Became a citizen mutineer

VERSE 3:

Pressed into service to carry powder I was loyal to the crack of the whip
If I starved on the streets of Bristol, I starved worse on a British ship

CHORUS:

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

VERSE 4:

I was awoken from my misery by the words of Thomas Paine
On my barren soil they fell like The sweetest drops of rain

CHORUS:

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

BRIDGE:

So in the spring of the year we took the fleet every sail and cannon and compass
sheet
And we flew a Jacobean flag to give us heart
While Pitt stood helpless we were waiting for Bonaparte

CHORUS:

D G

Red is the colour of the new republic, blue is the colour of the sea
D A D D G D
White is the colour of my innocence, not surrender to your mercy

VERSE 5:

D G A D
All you soldiers, all you sailors, all you labourers of the land

D G D A D
All you beggars, all you builders, you ve come here to watch me hang

VERSE 6:

D G A D
And to the masters we are the rabble, we are the swinish multitude
D G D A D
But we can re-arrange the colours of the red and the white and the blue

CHORUS:

D G
Red is the colour of the new republic, blue is the colour of the sea
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