

The Colours

The Men They Couldn't Hang

D G A D
I am a member - of the council - of the naval mutiny

G A D
And no traitor - to my conscience - having done my sworn duty

G A D
These are my last words - before the scaffold - and I charge you all to hear

G A D
How a wretched - British sailor - became a citizen mutineer

A D G A D
Pressed into service - to carry powder - I was loyal to the crack of the whip

G A D
If I starved on the streets of Bristol - I starved worse on a British ship

A D G
Red is the colour of the new republic - Blue is the colour of the sea

D A D
White is the colour of my innocence - Not surrender to your mercy

G A D
I was woken - from my misery - by the words of Thomas Paine

G A D
On my barren soil they fell like - the sweetest drops of rain

Ch
D
So in the spring of the year we took the fleet
Every sail and cannon and compass sheet

G A
And we flew a Jacobean flag - to give us heart

D
While Pitt stood helpless we were waiting for Bonaparte

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

G A D
All you beggars all you builders - you come here to watch me hang
A D G A D
And to the masters - we are the rabble - we are the 'swinish multitude'
 G A D
But we can re-arrange the colours - of the red and the white and the blue

A D G
Red is the colour of the new republic - Blue is the colour of the sea
 D A D
White is the colour of my innocence - Not surrender to your mercy
A D G
Red is the colour of the new republic - Blue is the colour of the sea
 D A D
White is the colour of my innocence - Not surrender to your mercy

Break 1 - D-G-A-D ... D-G-A-DA

Break 2 - D-G-A-D ... D-G-A-D