

## The Colours (P. Simmonds)

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  
If 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

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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

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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

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