

Falconer, We Sold Our Homesteads

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 travelled 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.

And later when we came to Liverpuddlian 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.

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 forces us to our knees.
The dead were buried in the horrid fathom of the seas.