

The Battle of Castle Hill

Words by John Dengate set to the Scot tune of 'The Bonnie Lass o' Fyvie'. To describe this as a battle is quite an exaggeration. In 1804 the colony was in danger of uprising from the largely Irish convict population who were little more than slaves.

I'll sing of Toon - gab bie, a place of re - nown
and e - vents that occ - urred in the days of yore.
Oh, the con - victs work - ing there lived a life of black des - pair,
It was all in the year of eight - een hun dred and four.

Brave Cunningham said, "I will march at your head
If you'll throw off your fetters and follow me,
And though Ireland's far away we will think of her today
As we fight for our lives and our liberty."

The magistrate's house they burned to the ground
'Twas a grand insurrection, a stirring sight
And it cannot be denied that the flogger's wretched hide
Was bruised and abused on that eventful night.

Parramatta here they come, so beat on the drum;
A rider spurs for Sydney and the loyalists' arm,
And without the least delay Samuel Marsden ran away
In a boat that he pinched from John MacArthur's farm.

There's a priest forced to ride by Colonel Johnstone's side
While the Rum Corps red coats march in the rear.
Soon a bitter cup will spill on the road near Castle Hill
Where the convicts rest not knowing death is near.

See the dead on the road, hear the sharp command 'Reload!'
See the soldiers present, hear the volleys crash.
There's a dozen croppies more lying lifeless in their gore,
They're safe from the Reverend Samuel Marsden's lash.