

# WE'LL NO RETURN

(Neil Murray)

They were driven from every Highland glen and scattered from their clans  
They were forced to board a sailing ship and leave their native land  
As they left old Scotland's shores they held each other's hands  
While their pipers played cha till mi tuille  
We'll no return again

A perilous journey could n'er be found than to sail the southern seas  
And the months aboard a creakin' ship brought many to their knees  
There were those who felt their souls were damned and cast before the waves  
And all they knew was cha till mi tuille  
We'll no return again

When finally they landed in Geelong Town  
To the squatters they were bound  
They had no choice but toil for them in carving up the land  
And see native people driven off and scattered from their clans  
And they felt once more cha till mi tuille  
We'll no return again

Oh weary me, oh weary me to ponder these sad events  
I have grown up in a land of sorrow and all my tears are spent  
The clans have gone, both black and white  
Though I wish it wasn't so  
But the wind it cries cha till mi tuille  
We'll no return no more

To the Australian land my soul belongs it's the only home I know  
I seek for peace a bush retreat where the sun will warm my bones  
Where the children will play, both black and white in friendship on the land  
May they never hear cha till mi tuille  
We'll no return again  
No may they never hear cha till mi tuille  
We'll no return again