

Back Home In Derry

Am C
 In 1803 we sailed out to sea
 G D Am
 Out from the sweet town of Derry
 Am C
 For Australia bound if we didn't all drown
 G D Am
 And the marks of our fetters we carried
 Am Em
 In our rusty iron chains we sighed for our wains
 Am Em
 Our good women we left in sorrow
 Am C
 As the mainsails unfurled, our curses we hurled
 G D Am
 On the English, and thoughts of tomorrow
 C G Am G Am
 Chorus: Oh. I wish I was back home in Derry
 C G Am G Am
 Oh. I wish I was back home in Derry

At the mouth of the Foyle, bid farewell to the soil
 As down below decks we were lying
 O'Doherty screamed, woken out of a dream
 By a vision of bold Robert dying
 The sun burned cruel as we dished out the gruel
 Dan O'Connor was down with a fever
 Sixty rebels today bound for Botany Bay
 How many will meet their reciever
 Chorus:

I cursed them to hell as her bow fought the swell
 Our ship danced like a moth in the firelight
 White horse rode high as the devil passed by
 Taking souls to Hades by twilight
 Five weeks out to sea, we were now forty-three
 Our comrades we buried each morning
 In our own slime we were lost in a time
 Of endless night without dawning
 Chorus:

Van Diemen's land is a hell for a man
 To live out his whole life in slavery
 Where the climate is raw and the gun makes the law
 Neither wind nor rain care for bravery
 Twenty years have gone by, I've ended my bond
 My comrades ghosts walk behind me
 A rebel I came - I'm still the same
 On the cold winters night you will find me