

Back Home In Derry

Seven Nations

Back Home In Derry

(Traditional melody; lyrics by B Sands)

In 1803 we sailed out to sea
Out from the sweet town of Derry
For Australia bound if we didn't all drown
And the marks of our fetters we carried
And rusty iron chains we sighed for our wanes
As our good wives we left home in sorrow
As the main sails unfurled our curses we hurled
On the English and thought of tomorrow

Woah-oh-oh-oh

I wish I was back home in Derry

Woah-oh-oh-oh

I wish I was back home in Derry

I cursed them to hell as our bough fought the swell
Our ship danced like a moth in the firelight
White horses 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
And in our own slime we were lost and on time
Endless nights without dawning

Van Diemen's land is a hell for a man
To live out his life in slavery
Where climate is raw and the gun makes the law
Neither wind or rain cares for bravery
In the years've gone by an' I've ended my bond
And comrade's ghosts are behind me
A rebel I came and I'll die just the same
On the cold winds of night you will find me