

## 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