

## Back Home In Derry (Am)

**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.  
**D C**  
In rusty iron chains we cried for our wains  
**D Em**  
Our good women we left in sorrow.  
**Am C**  
As the mainsails unfurled our curses we hurled  
**G D Am**  
At the English and thoughts of tomorrow.

At the mouth of the Foyle bid farewell to the soil  
As down below decks we were lyin'  
O' Doherty screamed woken out of a dream  
By a vision of the bould Robert dyin'  
The sun burnt 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 reach their receiver

**C G Am G Am**  
Ohh oh oh ohhhh oh I wish I was back home in Derry  
**C G Am G Am**  
Ohh oh oh ohhhh oh I wish I was back home in Derry

**I cursed them to hell as our bow 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.  
In our own slime we were lost in the time.  
Endless night without dawning.**

### **Chorus**

**Van Dieman'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 cares for bravery.  
Twenty years have gone by and I've ended me bond  
My comrades' ghosts walk behind me.  
A rebel I came and I'll die the same.  
On the cold winds of night you will find me**

### **Chorus x 2**