

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## BACK HOME IN DERRY

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.  
In the rusty iron chains we cried for our wains  
Our good women we left in sorrow.  
As the mainsails unfurled our curses we hurled  
On the English and thoughts of tomorrow.

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 us cruel As we dished out the gruel  
Dan O'connor was down with a fever  
Sixty rebels today bound for bottony bay  
How many will reach their reciever

Oh Oh Oh Oh I wish I was back home in Derry.  
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I cursed them to hell as our bow fought the swell.  
Our ship danced like a moth in the firelights.  
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  
We buried our comrades each morning.  
In our own slime we were lost in a time.  
Endless night without dawning.

cho:

Van Dieman's land is a hell for a man  
To live out his whole life in slavery.  
When 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  
And comrades' ghosts are behind me.  
A rebel I came and I'm still the same.  
On the cold winds of night you will find me

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