

# Christy Moore, 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 letters were heavy  
In the rusty iron chains we signed for our wanes  
Our women we left there in sorrow  
As the main sails unfurled, our cares we hurled  
At the English and the thoughts of tomorrow

Refrain:

Oh....oh, I wish I was back home in Derry.  
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At the mouth of the Foil, bid farwell to the soil  
As down below decks we were lying.  
O'Docherty's scream woke him out of a dream  
By a vision of bold Robert dying.  
The sun burned cruel and they dished out the gruel  
Dan O'Connor was down with the fever  
Sixty rebels that day bound for botany bay  
How many would reach there this evening?

I cursed them to hell, as our bow fought the swill  
Our ship danced like moths on the firelight  
Wild horses rode high as the devil passed by  
Taking souls into Hades by twilight light  
Five weeks out to sea we were now 43  
We buried our comrades each morning  
And in our own slime, forgotten by time  
Endless days without dawning

Van diemens land is a hell for a man  
To live out his life in slavery  
Where the climate is raw and the gun makes the law  
In the winds of eight care of bravery  
Twenty years have gone by and I've emptied my bond  
My comrades' ghosts walk beside me  
Well a rebel I came and sure I'll die the same  
On a cold winters night you will find me.