

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.