

# Seven Nations, 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 bade farewell to the soil as down below decks we were lyin'  
O'Doherty screamed woken out of a dream by a vision of bold 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?

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 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  
We buried our comrades each morning  
In our own slime we were lost in the time  
Endless night without dawning

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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 my bond  
My comrades' ghosts walk behind me  
A rebel I came, I'm still the same  
On the cold winds of night you will find me

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