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

I wish I was back home in Derry I wish I was back home in Derry

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

I wish I was back home in Derry I wish I was back home in Derry I wish I was back home in Derry I wish I was back home in Derry