



10 - BACK HOME IN DERRY

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(Bobby Sands/Christy Moore)

1 .            **am        C**  
 In 1803 we sailed down the sea  
**G                D                am**  
 Out from the sweet town of Derry  
**am                                C**  
 For Australia bound if we didn't all drown  
**G                        D                am**  
 And the marks of our fetters we carried  
**am                                C**  
 In rusty iron chains we cried out for wings  
**G                        D                am**  
 Our good women we left in sorrow  
**am                                C**  
 As the mainsails unfurled our curses were heard  
**G                        D                am**  
 On the English and thoughts of tomorrow

**C/D/am**

2.            At the mound of Lough Foyle bid farewell to the soil  
 As down below we were laying  
 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  
 50 rebels today bound for Botany Bay  
 How many will reach their receiving ?

**C G am                G                am**  
 Chorus            Oh I wish I was back home in Derry

3.            I cursed them to hell as our bow fought the swell  
 The ship danced like a mouth in the firelight  
 Wild horses rode high as the devil passed by  
 Taking souls to Hades by twilight  
  
 Five weeks out on sea we were now 43  
 We buried our comrades each morning  
 In our own slime we were lost in the time  
 Endless night without dawning

Chorus

4.            Van Diemen's Land is a hell for a man  
 To end up his whole life in slavery  
 For the time it was raw the gun makes the law  
 Neither winds nor rain care for bravery  
  
 20 years have gone by now I went in my bond  
 My comrades ghosts walk behind me  
 A rebel I came and I'll die the same  
 On the cold winds of night you will find me

Chorus