

Back Home In Derry

Seven Nations

Back Home In Derry

(Traditional melody; lyrics by B Sands) 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

And rusty iron chains we sighed for our wanes

As our good wives we left home in sorrow

As the main sails unfurled our curses we hurled

On the English and thought of tomorrow Woah-oh-oh-oh

I wish I was back home in Derry

Woah-oh-oh-oh

I wish I was back home in Derry I cursed them to hell as our bough 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

Our comrades we buried each morning

And in our own slime we were lost and on time

Endless nights without dawning

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