

Back Home in Derry

Irish Rebel Song

Tinwhistle

In eight-eeen - oh - three we sailed out_ to sea Out from the sweet town
of Der - ry. For Aus-trail - ia bound if we did - n't all drown And the marks of our
fet - ter we_ car - ried. In the rust - y iron chains we sighed_ for our wains As our
good wives we left_ in sor - row_ As the main-sail un - furl'd our cur - ses we
hurled On the Eng-lish and thoughts of to-mor - row. Oh_
I wish I was back home in Der - ry.

I cursed them to hell as our bow fought the swell.
Our ship danced like a moth in the firelights.
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.
In our own slime we were lost in a time.
Endless night without dawning.

Van Dieman's land is a hell for a man
To live out his life in slavery.
When 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 me bond
And comrades' ghosts are behind me.
A rebel I came and I'll die the same.
On the cold winds of night you will find me