

# Back Home In Derry

Words: Bobby Sands; Music: Gordon Lightfoot

Am Em  
In eighteen-o-three we sailed out to sea  
G D Am  
Out from the sweet town of Derry  
Am Em  
For Australia bound, if we didn't all drown  
G D Am  
The marks of our fetters we carried  
Am Em  
In our rusty iron chains we cried out for our weans  
Am G  
Our good women we left in sorrow  
Am Em  
As the main sails unfurled, our curses we hurled  
G D Am  
On the English and thoughts of tomorrow

Am Em  
At the mouth of the Foyle, bade farewell to the soil  
G D Am  
As down below decks we were lying  
Am Em  
O'Doherty screamed, woken out of a dream  
G D Am  
By a vision of bold Robert dying  
Am Em  
The sun burnt cruel as we dished out the gruel  
Am G  
Dan O'Conner was down with a fever  
Am Em  
Sixty rebels today, bound for Botany Bay  
G D Am  
How many will reach their receiver

[chorus]

C G Am G Am  
Oh oh oh oh I wish I was back home in Derry  
C G Am G Am  
Oh oh oh oh I wish I was back home in Derry

Am Em  
I cursed them to hell as our bow fought the swell  
G D Am  
Our ship danced like a moth in the firelight  
Am Em  
White horses rode high as the devil passed by  
G D Am  
Taking souls to Hades by twilight  
Am Em  
Five weeks out to sea, we were now forty-three  
Am G  
We buried our comrades each morning  
Am Em  
In our own slime we were lost in a time  
G D Am  
Endless night without dawning

[repeat chorus]

Am Em  
Van Diemen's Land is a hell for a man  
G D Am  
To end out his whole life in slavery  
Am Em  
Where the climate is raw and a gun makes the law  
G D Am  
Neither wind nor rain care for bravery  
Am Em  
Twenty years have gone by, I have ended my bond  
Am G  
My comrades' ghosts walk beside me  
Am Em  
A rebel I came, I'm still the same  
G D Am  
On the cold winds of night you will find me

[repeat chorus]