

Back Home in Derry

Chorus C G Am G Am C G Am G Am

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

At the mouth of the Foyle bid farewell to the soil
 As down below deck we were lying
 O'Doherty screamed woken out of a dream
 By a vision of Bold Robert dying
 The sun burnt us 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

||: Oh 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 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 fourty-three
 We buried our comrades each morning
 In our own slime we were lost in a time
 Endless night without dawning

Chorus Instr. Chorus Takte 9-16

Van Diemen's Land is the 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 care for bravery

Twenty years have gone by and I've ended me bond
 My comrades ghosts walk behind me
 A rebel I came and I'm still the same
 On the cold winds of night you will find me

Chorus AmAmAm AmAmAm Chorus

(ab dem 7. Takt 4/4) AmAmAmAm + Battle of Aughrim

Michaela 2. Stimme !!!!!