

An Cat Dubh

"Back home in Derry"

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Strophe:

a C

In eighteen o4three we sailed out to sea,

G D a

Out from the sweet town of Derry.

a C

For Australia bound if we didn4t all drown,

G D a

The marks of our fetters we carried.

D C

In our rusty iron chains we cried for our weans,

D e

Our good women we left in sorrow.

a C

As the main sails unfurled wild curses we hurled

G D a

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.

O4Doherty 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?

Refrain:

C G a G a

Oh oh oh oh I wish I was back home in Derry

Strophe:

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.

Fve 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.

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.

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