

## Christy Carlson Romano

### "Back Home In Derry"

Visit "[Back Home In Derry](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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  
In our rusty iron chains we cried for our weans  
Our good women we left in sorrow  
As the mainsails unfurled, our curses we hurled  
On the English, and thoughts of tomorrow

At the mouth of the Foyle, bid farewell to the soil  
As down below decks we were lying  
O'Doherty screamed, woken out of a dream  
By a vision of bold Robert dying  
The sun burned 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 meet their reciever

#### CHORUS

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

I cursed them to hell as her bow 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  
We buried our comrades each morning  
In our own slime we were lost in a time  
Of endless night without dawning

#### CHORUS

Van Diemen's land is a hell for a man  
To end 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, I've ended my bond  
My comrades ghosts walk behind me  
A rebel I came - I'm still the same  
On the cold winters night you will find me

## CHORUS

Visit [Christy Carlson Romano](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.