

**Paddy Schmidt**  
**"BACK HOME IN DERRY"**

Visit "[BACK HOME IN DERRY](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://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  
The marks of our fetters we carried  
On 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 thought 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 burned 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?  
I cursed them to hell as our bough 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 43  
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 spend 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 my 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  
Oh, I wish I was back home in Derry

Visit [Paddy Schmidt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.