**Back Home in Derry**

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 mark of our fetters we carried.
Better loss of our lives than the loss of our wives
And the young children we left in sorrow!
As the mainsails unfurled, our curses we hurled
At the English and thoughts of tomorrow.

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We cursed them to Hell, as our bow fought the swell.
Our ship danced like a moth in the firelight.
White horse rode high, as the Devil passed by,
Taking souls to Hades by twilight.
Sixty today bound for Botany Bay,
But no man’s a match for a fever;
Five weeks out to sea: we were now forty-three,
The rest gone to meet their receiver.

**Chorus**

Van Diemen’s land is a 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 cares for bravery.
Twenty years have gone; 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 may find me.

**Chorus**