

NEITHER WIND NOR RAIN CARE FOR BRAVERY

This tune will be familiar to most of us. IRA rebel Bobby Sands was a fan of Gordon Lightfoot, and composed this song to the tune of "Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald" while in an English prison. Musically, I like this song better than Lightfoot's because the short but powerful chorus provides a break from the repetitive melody of the verses. For the music track, I've chosen a self-posted video by "Sheena" <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oE1CmgqYaOU> because she shows us how to do a fine solo rendition with guitar (which is how most of us would be doing it), and you can see exactly what she is doing on guitar. She is playing in Am Capo IV.

BACK HOME IN DERRY

Lyrics by Bobby Sands

Melody by Gordon Lightfoot

Am **Em** **G** **D** **Am**
In 1803 we sailed out to sea, out from the sweet town of Derry.
Am **Em**
For Australia bound if we didn't all drown
Em **G** **D** **Am**
And the marks of our fetters we carried.
Am **Em**
In our rusty iron chains we cried for our weans,
Em **G** **D** **Am**
Our good women we left in sorrow.
Am **Em**
As the mainsails unfurled, our curses we hurled
Em **G** **D** **Am**
On the English and thoughts of tomorrow.

At the mouth of the Foyle, bid farewell to the soil
As down below decks we were dying.
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 Receiver?

C **G** **Am** **G** **Am**
CHORUS: O – oh... I wish I was back home in Derry.
C **G** **Am** **G** **Am**
O – 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 winter's night you will find me.

CHORUS