

John Denver, Moreton Bay

One Sunday morning as I went walking
By Brisbane Waters I chanced to stray
I heard a convict his fate bewailing
As on the sunny riverbank he lay

I am a native of Erin's Ireland
But banished now from my native shore
They stole me from my aged parents
And from the maiden whom I do adore

I've been a prisoner at Port Macquarie
At Norfolk Island and Emu Plains
At Castle Hill and the cursed Toongabbie
At all these settlements I've been in chains

But of all places of condemnation
And penal stations in New South Wales
To Moreton Bay I have found no equal
Excessive tyranny each day prevails

For three long years I was beastly treated
And heavy irons on my legs I wore
My back from flogging was lacerated
And oft times painted with my crimson gore

And many a man from downright starvation
Lies mouldering now underneath the clay
And Captain Logan he had us mangled
All On the triangles of Moreton Bay

Like the Egyptians and ancient Hebrews
We were oppressed under Logan's yoke
Till a native black lying there in ambush
Did deal this tyrant with his mortal stroke

My fellow prisoners be exhilarated
That all such monsters like death may find
And when from bondage we're liberated
Our former suffering shall will fade from mind