

# 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