

# Moreton Bay

John Denver

This song was first released on the Live at the Sydney Opera House album.  
It is the only album it has been released on. One Sunday morning as I was walking  
By Brisbane Waters I chance to stray  
I heard a convict his fait bewhaling  
As on the sunny riverbank he lay I am a native of Erin, Ireland  
But banished now from my native shore  
They stole me from my independence  
And from the maiden whom I do adore I've been a prisoner at Port Macquarie  
At Norfolk Island and Emu Plains  
At Castle Ule and Curstune Garbby  
At all these settlements I've been enchained 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 covered with my crimson gore And many a man from downright starvation  
Lies smouldering now beneath the cave  
And Captain Logan he had us mangled  
On the triangles of Moreton Bay Like the Egyptians and ancient Hebrews  
We were oppressed under Logan's yoh  
Till a native black lying bare and ambush  
Did deal out tyrant with his mortal stroke My fellow prisoners be exhilarated  
Let all such monsters like death shall find  
And when from bondage we're extricated  
Our former suffering shall will fade from mind One Sunday morning as I was walking  
By Brisbane Waters I chance to stray  
I heard a convict his fait bewhaling  
As on the sunny riverbank he lay

Songwriters

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