

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 enchain'd 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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