

Moreton Bay

Traditional

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Moreton Bay

1. 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 river bank he lay:
*"I am a native of Erin's island, but banished now from my native shore.
They stole me from my aged parents and from the maiden that I do adore.*
2. *I've been a prisoner at Port Macquarie, at Norfolk Island and Emu Plains,
At Castle Hill and at cursed Toongabbie, at all those settlements I've worked in chains.
But of all places of condemnation and penal stations in New South Wales,
To Morton Bay I have found no equal, excessive tyranny each day prevails.*
3. *For seven long years I've been beastly treated. Heavy irons on my legs I bore.
My back with flogging was lacerated and oft' times painted with my crimson gore.
And many a man from downright starvation, lies mouldering now beneath the clay,
For Captain Logan, he had us mangled on the triangles of Moreton Bay.*
4. *Like the Egyptians and ancient Hebrews, we were oppressed under Logan's yoke,
Till a native black, lying there in ambush, did deal our tyrant with his fatal stroke.
My fellow prisoners, be exhilarated, that all such monsters like death may find,
And when from bondage, we're liberated, our former sufferings will fade from mind."*

Source

Bill Scott, Complete Book of Australian Folklore, Lansdowne Press, 1976.