

Moreton Bay

D Bm G

One Sun - day morn - ing as I was walk - ing by
I've been a pris - oner at Port Mc - quar - ie, at
For three long years I was beast - ly treat - ed and
Like the Eg - yp - tians and an - cient He - brews we

D Bm Em D

Bris - bane wa - ters I chanced to stray I heard a con - vict his
Nor - folk Is - land and E - mu Plains At Cas - tle Hill and at
hea - vy irons on my legs I wore My back with flog - ing was
were opp - res's'd - un - der - Lo - gan's yoke 'Till a na - tive black ly -

Bm D G D

fate be - wail - ing as on the sun - ny riv - er bank I lay I
cur - sed Toon - gab - bie at all these places have I been in chains But
lac - er - ated and oft' times cov - ver - ed in my crim - son gore And
ing there in am - bush did deal this ty - rant his mor - tal stroke My

Bm D

am a na - tive of Er - in's Is - land But ban - ished now from my
of all pla - ces of - con - dem - na - tion and pe - nal - sta - tions in
many a man from down - right star - va - tion lies mould - ring now un - der -
fel - low pris - 'ners be ex - hil - er - at - ed that all such mon - sters

G D Bm

na - tive shore They stole me from my ag - ed par - ents and
New South Wales To More - ton Bay I have found no e - qual - ex -
neath the clay And Cap - tain lo - gan he had us man - gled all
death may find And when at last we are lib - er - at - ed our

D A A7 D

from the maid - en whom I do a - dore
cess - ive - tyr - any each day pre - vails
on the tri - an - gles of More - ton Bay
for - mer suf - fer - ings shall fade from mind