Moreton Bay

A

Dulcimer

One Sunday morning as I went walking By Brisbane waters I chanced to stray I

B

heard a prisoner his fate bewailing as on the sunny bank he lay. I

am a native from Erin's Island Transported now from my nativew shore They

tore me from my aged parents and from the maid I adore.

For three long years I was beastly treated
And heavy irons on my legs I wore
My back from flogging was lacerated
And often slain with my crimson gore
And many a man from downright starvation
lies mouldering underneath the clay
And Captain Logan he had us mangled
At 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 give our tyrant his mortal stroke
My fellow prisoners exhilarated
That all such monsters a death shall find
And when from bondage we're liberated
Our former sufferings shall fade from mind