MORETON BAY
Traditional Arranged by John Denver
from Live At Sydney Opera House (1978)

D  G  A7  D

D                       G
ONE SUNDAY MORNING AS I WAS WALKING
D                       Em  A7
BY BRISBANE WATERS I CHANCED TO STRAY
D                       G
I HEARD A CONVICT HIS FATE BEWAILING
D                       A7  D
AS ON THE SUNNY RIVER BANK HE LAY
D                       G
I AM A NATIVE FROM ERIN'S ISLAND
D                       Em  A7
BUT BANISHED NOW FROM MY NATIVE SHORE
D                       G
THEY STOLE ME FROM MY INDEPENDENCE
D                       A7  D
AND FROM THE MAIDEN WHOM I DO ADORE

D                       G
I'VE BEEN A PRISONER AT PORT MACQUARIE
D                       Em  A7
AT NORFOLK ISLAND AND EMU PLAINS
D                       G
AT CASTLE HILL AND AT CURSED TOONGABBIE
D                       A7  D
AT ALL THESE SETTLEMENTS I'VE BEEN IN CHAINS
D                       G
BUT OF ALL PLACES OF CONDEMNATION
D                       Em  A7
AND PENAL STATIONS IN NEW SOUTH WALES
D                       G
TO MORETON BAY I HAVE FOUND NO EQUAL
D                       A7  D
EXCESSIVE TYRANNY EACH DAY PREVAILS

D                       G
FOR THREE LONG YEARS I WAS BEASTLY TREATED
D                       Em  A7
AND HEAVY IRONS ON MY LEGS I WORE
D                       G
MY BACK FROM FLOGGING WAS LACERATED
D                       A7  D
AND OFT TIMES COVERED WITH MY CRIMSON GORE
D                       G
AND MANY A MAN FROM DOWNRIGHT STARVATION
D                       Em  A7
LIES MOULDERING NOW BENEATH THE CLAY
D                       G
AND CAPTAIN LOGAN HE HAD US MANGLED

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D                  A7                  D
ALL AT THE TRIANGLES OF MORETON BAY

D                  G
LIKE THE EGYPTIANS AND ANCIENT HEBREWS
D                  Em                  A7
WE WERE OPPRESSED UNDER LOGAN'S YOKE
D                  G
TILL A NATIVE BLACK LYING THERE IN AMBUSH
D                  A7                  D
DID DEAL ALL TYRANT WITH HIS MORTAL STROKE
D                  G
MY FELLOW PRISONERS BE EXHILARATED
D                  Em                  A7
THAT ALL SUCH MONSTERS LIKE DEATH SHALL FIND
D                  G
AND WHEN FROM BONDAGE WE ARE LIBERATED
D                  A7                  D
OUR FORMER SUFFERINGS WILL FADE FROM MIND

D                  G
ONE SUNDAY MORNING AS I WAS WALKING
D                  Em                  A7
BY BRISBANE WATERS I CHANCED TO STRAY
D                  G
I HEARD A CONVICT HIS FATE BEWAILING
D                  A7                  D
AS ON THE SUNNY RIVER BANK HE LAY

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