

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Poor Ned

Poor Ned

Eighteen-hundred and seventy-eight was the year I rember so well.
They put my father in an early grave and slung my mother in gaol.
Now I don't know what's right or wrong
But they hung Christ on nails.
Six kids at home and two still on the breast
They wouldn't even give us bail.

chp: Poor Ned, you're better off dead.
At least you'll get some peace of mind.
You're out on the track,
They're right on your back,
Boy, they're gonna hang you high.

You know I wrote a letter 'bout Stringy Bark Creek
So they would understand
That I might be a bushranger
But I'm not a murdering man.
I didn't want to shoot Kennedy
Or that copper Lonnigan.
He alone could have saved his life
By throwing down his gun.

You know they took Ned Kelly
And they hung him in the Melbourne Gaol.
He fought so very bravely
Dressed in iron mail.
And no man single handed
Can hope to break the bars.
There's a thousand like Ned Kelly
Who'll hoist the flag of stars.

KX

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