

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Ned Kelly's Farewell to Greta

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Farewell to home in Greta, to my sister Kate farewell.  
It grieves my heart to leave you, but here I cannot dwell.

The brand of Cain is on my brow and the bloodhounds on my trail,  
And for the sake of golden gain, my freedom will assail.

But should they cross my chequered path, for all I hold on earth,  
I'll give them cause to rue the day their mothers gave them birth.

I'll shoot them down like kangaroos that roam the forest wide,  
And leave their bodies bleaching upon some woodland side.

Oh, Edward, dearest brother, you know you should not go,  
To go and be encountered by such a mighty foe.

It's due by North lies Morgan town, and pointing to the sky,  
North-east by east the mighty range of Gippsland mountains lie.

You know the country well dear Ned, go take your comrades there,  
And profit by your knowledge of the wombat and the bear.

See, yonder ride four troopers. One kiss before we part,  
And go and join your comrades, Ned, Joe Byrne and Steve Hart.

Let no petty quarrels part the union of your gang,  
But stick to one another, Ned, and guard my brother Dan.

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