

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Streets of Forbes (2)

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Come all you Lachlan men, and a sorrowful tale I'll tell  
Concerning of a hero bold who through misfortune fell  
His name it was Ben Hall, a man of good renown  
Who was hunted from his station, and like a dog shot down.

Three years he roamed the roads, and he showed the traps some fun  
A thousand pounds was on his head, with Gilbert and John Dunn  
Ben parted from his comrades, the outlaws did agree  
To give away bushranging and to cross the briny sea.

Ben went to Goobang Creek, and that was his downfall  
For riddled like a sieve was valiant Ben Hall  
'Twas early in the morning upon the fifth of May  
When seven police surrounded him as fast asleep he lay.

Bill Dargin he was chosen to shoot the outlaw dead  
The troopers then fired madly, and filled him full of lead  
They rolled him in a blanket and strapped him to his prad  
And led him through the streets of Forbes to show the prize they had.

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