

Hugh Cornwell, The Story Of Harry Power

A hundred years and many a tear tells the story of Harry Power
Took Ned Kelly when he was a lad and just a wild flower
Taught him how to rob taught him how to hide in not so many hours
Such was his fame the mention of his name led those who heard to cower
His mother gave him fifteen quid to take the boy away
Just fourteen and never been kissed but Harry's world held sway
He lit the fire he cooked the food they headed Whitfield way
Hold them horses Ned he cried And we'll be rich today!

To Bullock Creek they headed out and Ned became a ranger
Those wooden walls were two feet thick to keep them from all danger
Harry wagged his pipe at Ned and told the tale of Whitty
Who sold his soul to the devil red and gave lawyers no pity
They headed out the month of May and robbed the Buckland coach
Look who's here brave Cody cried and Harry said Approach!
The women gave their jewelry because Ned's ma needs a broach
Hold them horses Ned he cried Let's find some gold to poach!

Harry disappeared a while but soon he came a calling
He'd taken back the Quiller boots and Ned he was crestfallen
The boots restored at Tarawingee Harry wasn't stalling
Get on your horse and follow me his manners were appalling
He took revenge by urging Ned to tan old Bill Frost's hide
In Beechworth Town a gun went off and Ned thought he'd shot wide
Frost he fell a naked ape and the blood spilled from his side
Get on your horse and follow me you're a wanted man he lied

Harry was taken by the law and all thought that Ned was spilling
But Ned he was a loyal dog he'd taken quite a grilling
He took the blame read Lorna Doone then found a lady willing
Then Fitzpatrick turned his coat and Ned he took to killing
I've really had to simplify because Ned's the name we know
He's the one that history has decided to show
The books that bear his name describe his armor and his woe
But Harry holds the key for me he's the truly seasoned pro

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