

Redgum, Poor Ned

Eighteen-hundred & 78 was the year I remeber so well
they put my father in an early grave and slung my mother in gaol
now I don't know whats right or wrong
but they hung Christ on nails
6 kids at home & 2 still on the breast
they wouldn't even give us bail

(CHORUS:

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

CHORUS

You know they took Ned Kelly
& they hung him in the Melbourne gaol
he fought so very bravely
dressed in iron mail
& no man single handed
can hope to break the bars
there's a thousand like Ned Kelly
who'll hoist the flag of stars

we sing...CHORUS