

Sandy Denny, The Ballad Of Ned Kelly

Eighteen hundred and eighty five
Is a year I remember so well
When they drove old brad into an early grave
And sent my mother to jail
Now I don't know what's right or wrong
But they hung christ on nails
But with six kids at home and two still on her breast
They wouldn't even give her bail

Chorus

Oh ned, you're better off dead
You get no peace of mind
A track's a trail
And they're hot on your tail
Before they're gonna hang you high
I did write a letter
And I sealed it with my hand
Tried to tell about stringy bog creek

And tried to make them understand
Oh, that I didn't wanna kill kennedy
Or cause his blood to run
Well he alone could have saved his life
By throwing down his gun

Chorus

Well I'd rather die like donahue
That bush-ranger so brave
Than be taken by the government
And forced to walk in chains
Well I'd rather fight with all my might
While I have eyes to see
Well I'd rather die ten thousand times
Than hang from a gallow's tree.

Chorus