

Cord
 Chorus
 8 bars
 Verse 1
 C
 Verse 2
 8 bars
 V 3
 chorus x 2

POOR NED

Fast

(instr. tacet)

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 —

Eigh-teen hun-dred and se-ven-ty eight was the

year I re-mem-ber so well,

They put my fa-ther in an

ear-ly grave — and slung my mo-ther in goal —

(bail —) We sing

Poor Ned, you're be-ter off dead, at least you'll get some peace of

mi — nd You're out on the track, they're right on your back,



go-na hang you high ———.

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 going to hang you high

8 bars

1/ 1878 was the year I remember so well
 They put my father in an early grave
 And slung my mother in gaol
 I don't know what's right or wrong
 But they hung Christ on nails
 Six kids at home and two still on the breast
 They wouldn't even give her bail

(Chorus)

2/ You know I wrote a letter 'bout
 Stringybark creek
 So they would understand
 I might be a bushranger but I'm not
 A murdering man
 I didn't want to shoot Kennedy
 Or that copper Lonnegan
 He alone could have saved his life
 By throwing down his gun

Chorus

8 bars last.

(Chorus)

3/ You know they took Ned Kelly
 And they hung him in the Melbourne
 Gaol
 He fought so bravely dressed in iron
 mail

Slower
 full cords

And no man single-handed
 Can hope to break the bars
 It's a thousand like Ned Kelly
 Who'll hoist the flag of stars.

Chorus

Chorus (Unaccompanied) — hold last note