

Poor Ned

G D C G
 Poor Ned, you're bet-ter off dead, at least you'll get some piece of mind... You're
 G D C G
 out on the track, th're right on your back, boy,they're gon-nahangyou high...
 G D C G G
 Eight-teen hun-dred and
 D C G
 sev-en-ty eight was the year I re-mem-ber so well, They
 G D
 put my fath-er in an ear-ly grave, and
 C 1.G 2.G
 slung my moth-er in gaol... bail We... sing

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
 And I didn't want to shoot Kennedy or that copper Lonigan
 He alone could have saved his life by throwing down his gun

You know they took Ned Kelly and they hung him in the Melbourne gaol
 He fought so very bravely dressed in iron mail
 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

**Vocal Chorus, V1, C, V2, C, Instrumental V,
 V3, C, Vocal Chorus, 4 Bar end**