

# 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**