

## **Sandy Denny**

# **"The Ballad of Ned Kelly"**

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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

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