

# The Ballad of Ben Hall's Gang

*A composite version from John Manifold to the tune "The Black Horse" from Wynnum Qld.  
The King refers to Frank Gardiner 'King of the Road' and definitely not royalty!*

Come all you sons of lib - er - ty and list - en to my tale;  
A stor - y of bush - rang - ing days I will to you un - veil.  
'Tis of those val - i - ant her - oes, God bless them one and all!  
Let us sit and sing: 'God save the King, Dunn, Gil - bert and Ben Hall.'

Come all you sons of liberty and listen to my tale;  
A story of bushranging days I will to you unveil.  
'Tis of those valiant heroes, God bless them one and all!  
Let us sit and sing: 'God save the King, Dunn, Gilbert and Ben Hall.'

Ben Hall he was a squatter, and he owned six hundred head;  
A peaceful, quiet man was he until he met Sir Fred.  
The troopers burnt his homestead down, his cattle perished all.  
'I've all my sentence yet to earn,' was the word of brave Ben Hall.

John Gilbert was a flash cove, and young O'Meally too,  
With Ben and Bourke and Dunn and Vane, they all were comrades true.  
They bailed the Carcoar mailcoach up and made the troopers crawl.  
There's a thousand pound set on the heads of Dunn, Gilbert and Ben Hall.

From Bathurst down to Goulburn town they made the coaches stand,  
While far behind, Sir Frederick's men went labouring thro' the land.  
Then at Canowindra's best hotel they gave a public ball:  
"We don't hurt them that don't hurt us," says Dunn, Gilbert and Ben Hall.

They held the gold-commissioner to ransom on the spot,  
But young John Vane surrendered after Mickey Bourke was shot.  
O'Meally at Goimbla did like a hero fall;  
But "We'll take the country over yet," says Dunn, Gilbert and Ben Hall.

They never robbed a needy man, the records go to show,  
But staunch and loyal to their mates, unflinching to the foe;  
So we'll drink a toast tonight, my lads, their memories to recall.  
Let us sit and sing: "God save the King, Dunn, Gilbert and Ben Hall!"