

Part 1

First published in 1879 in "The Kelly Gang, Outlaws of the Wombat Ranges" by G Wilson Hall. Given here to "The Wearing of the Green"

A **E7**
 Sure, Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round?
D **A** **E7** **A**
 On the head of bold Ned Kel - ly they have placed five thous - and pound;
A **E7**
 For Dan, Steve Hart and Joe - y Byrne a thous - and each they'll give,
D **A** **E7** **A**
 But if the sum was doub - le, sure, the Kel - ly boys would live.
A
 It's sad to think such pluck - y hearts in crime should be em - ployed,
E7
 But by po - lice per - sec - u - tion they have all been much an - noy - ed.
A **E7**
 Re - venge is sweet, and in the bush they can def - y the law:
D **A** **E7** **A**
 Such stick - ing - up and plun - der - ing, col - on - ials nev - er saw!

'Twas in November '78 the Kelly Gang came down,
Just after shooting Kennedy near famous Mansfield Town.
Blood horses they all upon rode, revolvers in their hands;
They took Euroa by surprise, and gold was their demand.
Into the bank Ned Kelly walked, and "Bail up!" he did say,
"Unlock the safe, hand out your cash, be quick and don't delay!"
Without a murmur they obeyed the robber's bold command,
Ten thousand pounds in gold and notes they gave into his hand.

"Now hand out all you fire- arms," the audacious scoundrel said;
 "And all your ammunition, or – a bullet thro' your head.
 Your wives and children too must come, just make them look alive!
 Jump into these conveyances, we'll take you for a drive."
 They drove them to a station about five miles away,
 Where twenty men already had been bailed up all the day;
 A hawker also shared their fate as everybody knows.
 He came in handy to the gang, supplying them with clothes.

They next destroyed the telegraph by cutting down the wire,
And of their cast-off clothing they made a small bonfire.
Throughout the whole affair, boys, they never fired a shot:
The way they worked was splendid and will never be forgot.

Part II

O Paddy dear, do shed a tear, I can't but sympathize!
These Kellys are a terror, and they've made another rise:
This time across the billabong, on Morgan's ancient beat,
They've robbed the bank of thousands and in safety did retreat.
They rode into Jerilderie town at twelve o'clock at night,
And rose the troopers from their beds all in a dreadful fright.
They took them in their nightshirts, ashamed am I to tell;
They covered them with revolvers, and locked them in a cell.

Next morning being Sunday, of course they must be good;
They dressed themselves in troopers' clothes and Neddy chopped some wood.
Nobody there suspected them; for troopers all they pass;
And Dan, the most religious, took the Sergeant's wife to Mass.
They spent the day most pleasantly, had plenty of good cheer,
Beef steaks and onions, tomato sauce and beer.
The ladies in attendance indulged in pleasant talk,
And just to ease the troopers' wives they took them for a walk.

On Monday morning early, still masters of the ground,
They took their horses to the forge and got them shod all round.
Then back they brought and mounted them, they planned the raid so well,
And in company with the troopers they stuck up the Royal Hotel.
They shouted freely for all hands and paid for all they drank;
Then two of them remained in charge and two went to the bank.
They bailed up all the bankers' clerks and robbed them of their gold,
And caught the manager in his bath, all blue with funk and cold.

They destroyed communication by telegraph at last.
Of robberies and plunderings they had a perfect fast.
Where they have gone's a mystery, the police they cannot tell,
So until we hear from them again I'll bid you all farewell.