

# Bold Ben Hall

*First published in AB Paterson's 'Old Bush Songs' in the 1926 edition which was. The  
This tune from Sally Sloane collected by John Meredith.*

**G** **C** **D7** **G**

Come all Aus - tra - lia's sons to me, A her - o has been slain, \_\_\_\_\_

**10** **Em** **D7** **C** **D7** **G**

Butch - ered by cow - ards in his sleep, up - on the Lach \_\_\_\_\_ lan plain.

Ah, do not stay your seemingly grief,  
But let the teardrops fall,  
Australian hearts will always mourn  
The fate of bold Ben Hall.

He never robbed a needy man,  
The records sure will show  
How staunch and loyal to his mates,  
How manly to the foe.

No brand of Cain e'er stamped his brow,  
No widow's curse can fall;  
Only the robber rich men feared  
The coming of Ben Hall.

For ever since the good old days  
Of Turpin and Duval,  
The people's friends were outlaws,  
And so was bold Ben Hall.

Yet savagely they murdered him,  
Those coward bluecoat imps,  
Who only found his hiding place  
From sneaking peelers' pimps.

Yes, savagely they murdered him,  
Oh, let your teardrops fall,  
For all Australia mourns today  
Her bravest son, Ben Hall.

No more he'll mount his gallant steed  
To roam the ranges high;  
Poor widow's friend in poverty,  
Our bold Ben Hall, goodbye.