

Ben's side of the story (Printed in a newspaper column during the 1860s)

"I'm not a criminal. I've been driven to this life. Pottinger arrested me on Forbes racecourse last year and I was held for a month in gaol, an innocent man. While I was away me wife ran away - with a policeman. Well, with a cove who used to in the police force. Then I was arrested for the mail coach robbery and held another month before I was let out on bail. When I came home, I found my house burned down and cattle perished of thirst, left locked in yards. Pottinger has threatened and bullied everybody in this district just because he can't catch Gardiner. Next thing I knew is that the troopers fired at me 3 weeks ago for robbing Pinnacle police station, when I had nothing to do with that little joke. Trooper Hollister has skited that he'll shoot me on sight. Can you wonder I'm wild? By Gawd, Mr Norton, it's your mob have driven me to it and, I tell you straight, you'll never take me alive!!"

The Ballad of Ben Hall

**Come all Australian sons to me: a hero has been slain,
And cowardly butchered in his sleep upon the Lachlan plain.
Oh, do not stay your seemly grief but let a teardrop fall,
Oh, so many hearts will always mourn the fate of bold Ben Hall.**

**No brand of Cain ever stamped his brow, no widow's curse did fall.
When times were bad the squatters dread the name of Ben Hall.
He never robbed a needy chap, his records best will show,
He was staunch and loyal to his friends and manly to the foe.**

**Oh, and savagely they murdered him, those cowardly blue-coat imps,
Who were set on to where he slept by informing peeler's pimps.
Every since the good old days of Turpin and Duval,
The people's friends were outlaws too and so was bold Ben Hall**

Ben Hall

**Come all you young Australians and everyone besides
I'll sing to you a ditty that will fill you with surprise
Concerning of a ranger bold whose name it was Ben Hall
But cruelly murdered was this day which proved his downfall**

**An outcast from society he was forced to take the road
All through his false and treacherous wife who sold off his abode
He was hunted like a native dog from bush to hill and dale
Till he turned upon his enemies and they could not find his trail**

**All out with his companions men's blood he scorned to shed
He oft-times stayed their lifted hands with vengeance on their heads**

No petty mean or pilfering act he ever stooped to do
But robbed the rich and hearty man and scorned to rob the poor

One night as he in ambush lay all on the Lachlan Plain
When thinking everything secure to ease himself had lain
When to his consternation and to his great surprise
And without one moment's warning a bullet past him flies

And it was soon succeeded by a volley sharp and loud
With twelve revolving rifles all pointed at his head
Where are you Gilbert? where is Dunn? he loudly did call
It was all in vain they were not there to witness his downfall

They riddled all his body as if they were afraid
But in his dying moment he breathed curses on their heads
That cowardly hearted Condel the sergeant of police
He crept and fired with fiendish glee till death did him release

Although he had a lions heart more braver than the brave
Those cowards shot him like a dog no word of challenge gave
Though many friends had poor Ben Hall his enemies were few
Like the emblems of his native land his days were numbered too

It's through Australia's sunny climb Ben Hall will roam no more
His name is spread both near and far to every distant shore
For generations after this parents will to their children call
And rehearse for them the daring deeds committed by Ben Hall

Streets of Forbes

Come all you Lachlan men and a sorrowful tale I'll tell,
The story of a decent man who through misfortune fell,
His name it was Ben Hall, a man of high renown,
Who was hunted from his station, and like a dog shot down.
Three years he roamed the roads, and he showed the traps some fun,
One thousand pounds was on his head, with Gilbert and John Dunn.
Ben parted from his comrades, the outlaws did agree,
To give away bushranging and to cross the briny sea.
Ben went to Goobang Creek, and that was his downfall
For riddled like a sieve was the valiant Ben Hall,
'Twas early in the morning upon the fifth of May
That the seven police surrounded him as fast asleep they lay.
Bill Dargin he was chosen to shoot the outlaw dead,
The troopers then fired madly and they filled him full of lead,
They rolled him in his blanket and strapped him to his prad,
And they led him through the streets of Forbes, to show the prize they had.