# The Wild Colonial Boy

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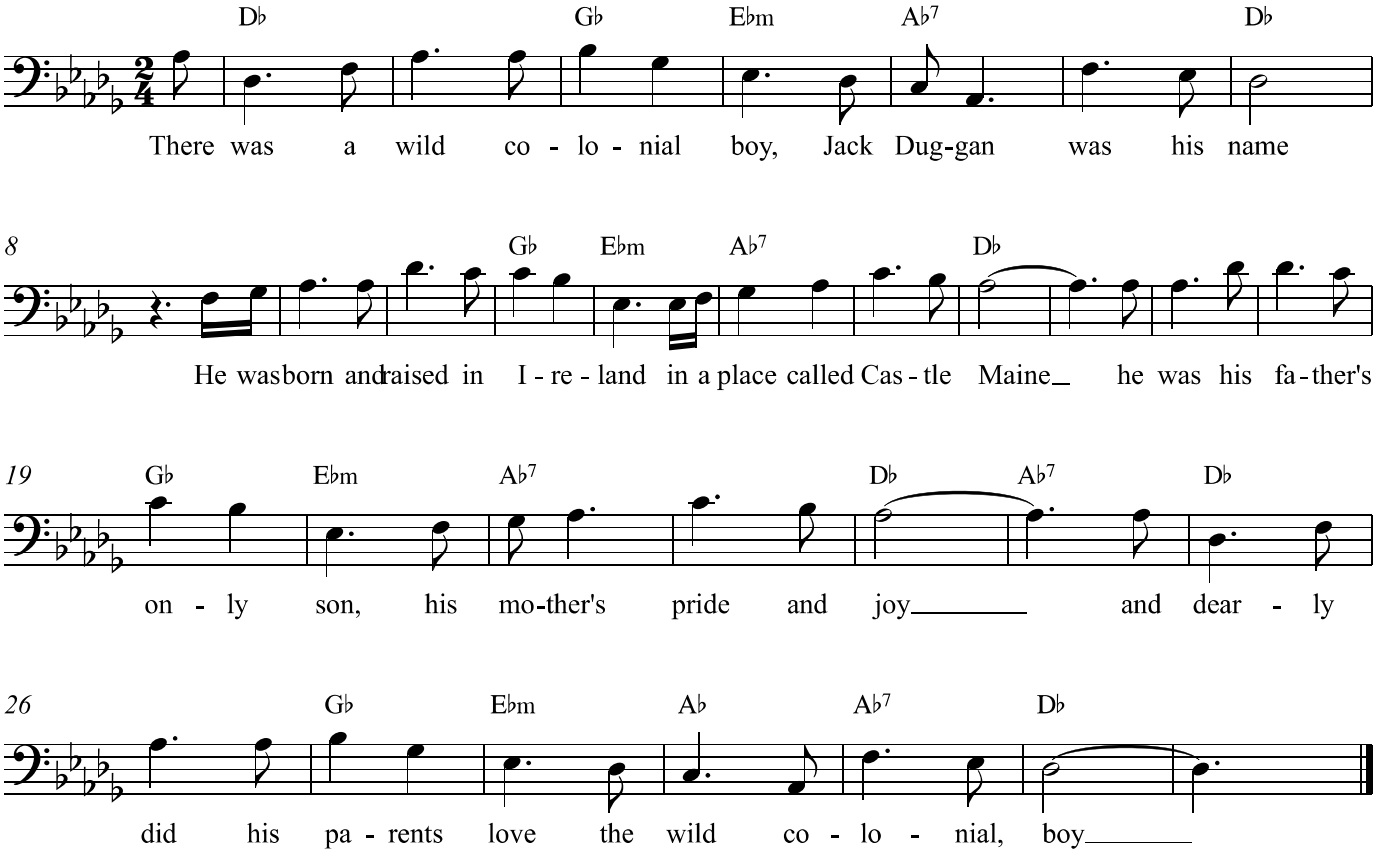
Trad.




Come all my hearties, we'll range the mountainside
Together we will plunder, together we will ride
We'll scour along the valleys and gallop o'er the plains
We'll scorn to live in slavery, bowed down in iron chains

In sixty-one this daring youth commenced his wild career
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear
He held up the Beechworth mailcoach and he robbed Judge MacEvoy
Who trembled and gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy

One day as he was riding the mountainside along
Alistening to the little birds their pleasant laughing song
Three mounted troopers came in view - Kelly, Davis, and Fitzroy
And thought that they would capture him, the wild colonial boy

"Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's three to one
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman"
He drew a pistol from his belt and spun it like a toy
"I'll fight, but I won't surrender," said the wild colonial boy

He fired at trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground
And in return from Davis received a mortal wound
All shattered through the jaws, he lay still firing at Fitzroy
And that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial boy