

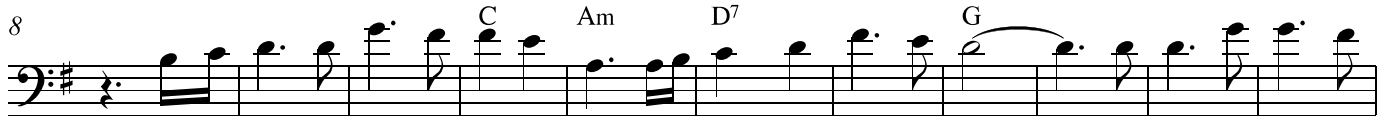
# The Wild Colonial Boy

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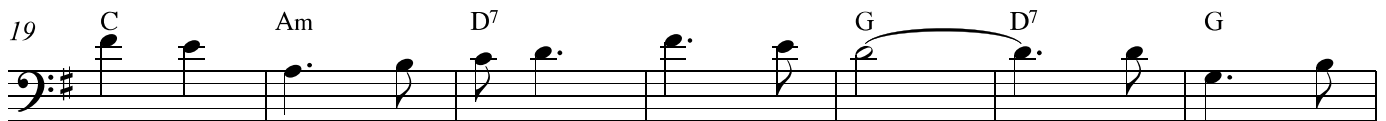
Trad.



There was a wild co - lo - nial boy, Jack Dug-gan was his name



He was born and raised in I - re - land in a place called Cas - tle Maine\_ he was his fa - ther's



on - ly son, his mo - ther's pride and joy\_ and dear - ly



did his pa - rents love the wild co - lo - nial, boy\_

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  
A listening 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