

Wild Colonial Boy

Australian - Irish Folk

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

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born and raised in I - re - land, in a place called Cas - tle - maine. He was his

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fath - er's on - ly son, his moth - er's pride and joy; How dear - ly did both

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par - ents love their wild co - lo - nial boy.

*At the early age of sixteen years, he left his native home;
And to Australia's sunny shore he was inclined to roam.
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James McAvoy
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.*

*One morning on the prairie as Jack he rode along,
A-listening to the mocking bird, a-singing a cheerful song;
Out stepped a band of troopers, Kelly, Davis, and Fitzroy;
They'd all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy.*

*"Surrender now Jack Duggan, for you see we're three to one.
Surrender in the Queen's high name, you are a blundering son."
Jack drew two pistols from his belt and glared upon Fitzroy;
"I'll fight, but not surrender!" cried the wild colonial boy.*

*He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground,
He fired a shot at Davis, who fell dead at the sound,
But a bullet pierced his proud young heart, from the pistol of Fitzroy,
And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy.*