

The Wild Colonial Boy

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

— He was born and raised in Ire - land in a place called Cast - le - main, —

— He was his fath - er's on - ly son, his moth - er's pride and joy, —

— And dear - ly did his pa - rents love the Wild Co - lo - nial Boy. —

At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home
 And through Australia's sunny clime he was inclined to roam.
 He robbed the lordly squatters, their flocks he would destroy
 A terror to Australia was the Wild Colonial Boy.

For two long years this daring youth ran on his wild career,
 With a heart that knew no danger, their justice did not fear.
 He stuck the Beechworth coach up and he robbed judge McEvoy,
 Who, trembling, gave his gold up to the Wild Colonial Boy.

He bade the judge 'Good morning' and he told him to beware
 For he never robbed an honest judge what acted "on the square"
 'Yet you would rob a mother of her son and only joy,
 And breed a race of outlaws like the Wild Colonial Boy.'

One morning on the prairie wild Jack Duggan rode along,
 While listening to the mocking birds singing a cheerful song.
 Out jumped three troopers fierce and grim, Kelly, Davis and FitzRoy,
 They all set out to capture him, the Wild Colonial Boy.

'Surrender now, Jack Duggan, you can see there's three to one,
 Surrender in the Queen's name, sir, you are a plundering son.'
 Jack drew two pistols from his side and glared upon FitzRoy,
 'I'll fight, but not surrender' cried the Wild Colonial Boy.

He fired point blank at Kelly and brought him to the ground,
 He fired a shot at Davis too, who fell dead at the sound,
 But a bullet pierced his brave young heart from the pistol of FitzRoy,
 And that was how they captured him - the Wild Colonial Boy.