

Irish Rovers - The Wild Colonial Boy

Tom: G

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name

He was born and raised in Ireland, in a place called Castlemaine

He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy

And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial 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 MacEvoy

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

Up stepped a band of troopers: Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
They 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 King's high name, you are a plundering son

Jack drew two pistols from his belt, he proudly waved them high

I'll fight, but not surrender, said the wild colonial boy

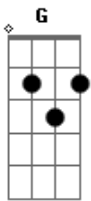
He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground

And turning round to Davis, he received a fatal wound

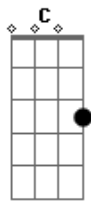
A bullet pierced his proud young heart, from the pistol of Fitzroy

And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy

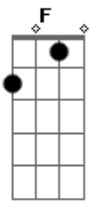
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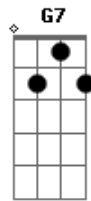
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