**Wild Colonial Boy**

**Australian Folk Song**

**There was a wild colonial boy,**

**Jack Doolan was his name.**

**Of poor, but honest, parents,**

**He was born in Castlemain.**

**He was his father’s only hope,**

**His mother’s pride and joy.**

**And dearly did his parents love**

**Their wild colonial boy.**

**He was scarcely sixteen years of age when he**

**Left his father’s home.**

**And thru Australia’s sunny clime,**

**A bushranger did roam.**

**He robbed the wealthy squatters**

**And their stock he would destroy.**

**A terror to the rich man was**

**The wild colonial boy.**

**In ‘sixty-one, this daring youth**

**Commenced his wild career. With a**

**Heart that knew no da---nger,**

**No stranger did he fear.**

**He bailed the beech-worth mail-coach up**

**And robbed Judge Mac-E-voy,**

**Who trembling cold, gave up his gold to the**

**Wild colonial boy.**

**One day as he was ri---ding**

**The mountainside along,**

**A-listening to the kook-a-bur-ra’s**

**Happy, laughing song,**

**He spied three mounted troopers,**

**Kelly, Davis, and Fitzroy,**

**A-riding up to capture him,**

**The wild colonial boy.**

**“Surrender now, Jack Doo---lan,**

**You see we’re three to one.**

**Surrender in the queen’s high name,**

**You daring highwayman.” But he**

**Threw his stuff upon the ground,**

**And shouted loud with joy,**

**“I’ll fight, but not surrender!” cried**

**The wild colonial boy.**

**The moral of this story shows**

**Without the need for more.**

**The troopers came up on him fast,**

**And of their wrath he bore.**

**Still struggling as they bound him up,**

**Still kicking at Fitzroy,**

**And that’s the way they captured him,**

**The wild colonial boy.**

**And that’s the way they captured him,**

**The wild colonial boy.**