

## The Wild Colonial Boy (Traditional)

**C**                    **F**   **G7**  
There was a wild colonial boy,  
                                         **C**

Jack Duggan was his name  
                                         **G**

He was born and raised in Ireland,

**G7**                    **C**  
In a place called Castlemaine  
                                         **F**

He was his father's only son,

**G7**                    **C**  
His mother's pride and joy

**F**                    **G**  
And dearly did his parents love  
**G7**   **C**

The wild colonial boy

**C**                    **F**   **G7**  
At the early age of sixteen years,  
                                         **C**

He left his native home

**G**  
And to Australia's sunny shore,  
**G7**                    **C**

He was inclined to roam

**F**  
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor,  
**G7**                    **C**

He shot James MacEvoy

**F**                    **G**                    **G7**   **C**  
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy

**C**                    **F**   **G7**  
One morning on the pra - irie,  
                                         **C**

As Jack he rode along

**G**  
A-listening to the mocking bird,  
**G7**                    **C**

A-singing a cheerful song

**F**  
Up stepped a band of troopers:

**G7**                    **C**  
Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy

**F**                    **G**  
They all set out to capture him,

**G7**   **C**  
The wild colonial boy

**C**                    **F**   **G7**  
Surrender now, Jack Dug-gan,  
                                         **C**

For you see we're three to one.

**G**  
Surrender in the Queen's high name,

**G7**                    **C**  
You are a plundering son  
                                         **F**

Jack drew two pistols from his belt,

**G7**                    **C**  
He proudly waved them high.

**F**                    **G**  
"I'll fight, but not surrender,"  
**G7**   **C**

Said the wild colonial boy

**C**                    **F**   **G7**  
He fired a shot at Kel-ly,  
                                         **C**

Which brought him to the ground

**G**  
And turning round to Da - vis,  
**G7**                    **C**

He received a fatal wound

**F**  
A bullet pierced his proud young heart,

**G7**                    **C**  
From the pistol of Fitzroy

**F**                    **G**  
And that was how they captured him,  
**G7**   **C**

The wild colonial boy

