The Wild Colonial Boy (Traditional)

G7 **G7** Surrender now, Jack Dug-gan, There was a wild colonial boy, For you see we're three to one. Jack Duggan was his name He was born and raised in Ireland, Surrender in the Queen's high name, **G7** In a place called Castlemaine You are a plundering son He was his father's only son, Jack drew two pistols from his belt, He proudly waved them high. His mother's pride and joy And dearly did his parents love "I'll fight, but not surrender," The wild colonial boy Said the wild colonial boy **G7** C G7 At the early age of sixteen years, He fired a shot at Kel-ly, He left his native home Which brought him to the ground And turning round to Da - vis, And to Australia's sunny shore, He was inclined to roam He received a fatal wound He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, A bullet pierced his proud young heart, He shot James MacEvov From the pistol of Fitzroy A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy And that was how they captured him, **G7** The wild colonial boy One morning on the pra - irie, As Jack he rode along A-listening to the mocking bird, **G7** A-singing a cheerful song Up stepped a band of troopers: **BARITONE** G7 Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy They all set out to capture him, The wild colonial boy