

# Wild Colonial Boy

Traditional, 1800's



There [F] was a wild col [Bb] onial boy, Jack [C7] Duggan was his [F] name  
He was born and raised in [C] Ire[C7] land, in a place called Castle [F] maine  
He was his father's [C] only [C7] son, his mother's pride and [F] joy  
And dearly did his [Bb] parents love the [C] wild co [C7] lonial [F] boy

At the [F] early age of [Bb] sixteen years he [C7] left his native [F] home  
And to Australia's [C] sunny [C7] shore, he was inclined to [F] roam  
He robbed the rich, he [C] helped the [C7] poor, he shot James Mac [F] Evoy  
A terror to Aus [Bb] tralia was the [C] wild co [C7] lonial [F] boy

One [F] morning on the [Bb] prairie, as [C7] Jack he rode al [F] ong  
A-listening to the [C] mocking [C7] bird, a-singing a cheerful [F] song  
Up stepped a band of [C] troopers: [C7] Kelly, Davis and Fitz [F] roy  
They all set out to [Bb] capture him, the [C] wild co [C7] lonial [F] boy

Su [F] rrender now, Jack [Bb] Duggan, for you [C7] see we're three to Cone  
Surrender in the [C] King's high [C7] name, you are a plundering [F] son  
Jack drew two pistols [C] from his [C7] belt, he proudly waved them [F] high  
I'll fight, but not [Bb] surrender, said the [C] wild co [C7] lonial [F] boy

He [F] fired a shot at [Bb] Kelly, which [C7] brought him to the [F] ground  
And turning round to [C] Davis, [C7] he received a fatal [F] wound  
A bullet pierced his [C] proud young [C7] heart, from the pistol of Fit [F] zroy  
And that was how they [Bb] captured him, the [C] wild co [C7] lonial [F] boy