

Traditional Irish Music

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The Wild Colonial Boy

D G D
Tis of a wild colonial boy, Jack Dulan was his name,
A7
Born of honest parents in the town of Castle-maine,
D G
He was his father's only hope, his mother's pride and joy,
A7 D
And dearly did his parents love their wild colonial boy.

He was just sixteen years of age when he
left his fathers home,
And through Australia's sunny clime,
a bushranger did roam,
He robbed the wealthy squatters, their stock he did destroy,
And a terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

Chorus:

G D
So come all my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,
G D A7
Together we will plunder, together we will die,
D G
We'll wander through the valleys and gallop

o'er the plains,

A7 D
And scorn to live in slavery, bound with iron chains.

In '61 this daring youth commenced his wild career;
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear.
He stuck up the Beechworth mailcoach and robbed
Judge McEvoy,
Who trembling cold gave up his gold
to the wild colonial boy.

He bade the judge good morning and told him to beware;
He'd never rob a hearty chap that acted on the square,
But a man who'd rob a mother of her son and only joy,
He could expect no mercy from the wild colonial boy.

One day as he was riding the mountainside along,
Listening to the kookaburra's pleasant laughing song,
Three mounted troopers rode along, Kelly,
Davis, and Fitzroy,
With a warrant for the capture of the wild colonial boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Dulan, you see it's three to one;
Surrender now, Jack Dulan, you daring highwayman!"
He drew a pistol from his belt and he fired the wicked toy,
"I'll fight but I won't surrender!"

said the wild colonial boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground,
And in return from Davis, received his mortal wound;
All shattered through the jaws he lay, still firing at Fitzroy,
And that's the way they captured him,
the wild colonial boy.