

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY

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was his father's only hope his mother's only joy The pride of both his parents was the Wild Colonial Boy.

1. There was a wild colonial youth, Jack Doolan was his name,
Of poor but honest parents, he was born in Castlemaine,
He was his father's only hope, his mother's only joy,
The pride of both his parents was The Wild Colonial Boy.

CHORUS: *See me* Come, all my hearties, we'll range the mountain side,
Together we will plunder, together we will ride,
We'll scour along the valleys, and gallop o'er the plains,
And scorn to live in slavery, bowed down by iron chains.

2. In sixty-one this daring youth commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear,
He held the Beechworth mail-coach up, and robbed Judge MacEvoy,
Who trembled and gave up his gold to the Wild Colonial Boy.
3. He bade the Judge good morning, and told him to beware,
That he'd never rob a hearty chap who acted on the square;
"And never you rob a mother of her son and only joy
Or else he may turn outlaw like the Wild Colonial Boy."
4. One day, as he was riding the mountain side along,
A-listening to the little birds, their pleasant laughing song,
Three mounted troopers came in view, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy,
And thought that they would capture him, the Wild Colonial Boy.
5. "Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's three to one,
Surrender in the Queen's name, you daring highwayman!"
Jack drew a pistol from his belt and spun it like a toy,
"I'll fight but not surrender," cried the Wild Colonial Boy.
6. He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground,
And in return from Davis received a mortal wound,
All shattered through the jaw he lay, still firing at Fitzroy,
And that's the way they captured him, the Wild Colonial Boy.

As popularised in VFMC by Jim
Mills and Ted Dunn about 1960.

