

Tom: G

Irish Rovers - The Wild Colonial Boy

C F G7 C
There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name
G G7

He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy ${\sf F} {\sf G} {\sf G7} {\sf C}$ And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy

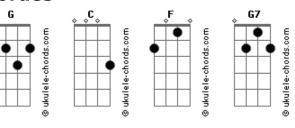
C F G7 C At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home G G7 C And to Australia's sunny shore, he was inclined to roam G G7 C He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James MacEvoy F G G7 C

A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy

One morning on the prairie, as Jack he rode along

G G7 C
A-listening to the mocking bird, a-singing a cheerful song

Acordes



Up stepped a band of troopers: Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
F
G
G
They all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy

C
F
Surrender now, Jack Duggan, for you see we're three to one
G
G
Surrender in the King's high name, you are a plundering son
G
G
Jack drew two pistols from his belt, he proudly waved them high
F
G
I'll fight, but not surrender, said the wild colonial boy

C
F
G
He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground
G
G
And turning round to Davis, he received a fatal wound
G
C
A bullet pierced his proud young heart, from the pistol of Fitzroy
F
G
And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy