

Irish Rovers - The Wild Colonial Boy

Tom: G

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name
 He was born and raised in Ireland, in a place called Castlemaine
 He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy
 And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy
 At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home
 And to Australia's sunny shore, he was inclined to roam
 He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James MacEvoy
 A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy
 One morning on the prairie, as Jack he rode along
 A-listening to the mocking bird, a-singing a cheerful song

Up stepped a band of troopers: Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
 They all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy
 Surrender now, Jack Duggan, for you see we're three to one
 Surrender in the King's high name, you are a plundering son
 Jack drew two pistols from his belt, he proudly waved them high
 I'll fight, but not surrender, said the wild colonial boy
 He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground
 And turning round to Davis, he received a fatal wound
 A bullet pierced his proud young heart, from the pistol of Fitzroy
 And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy

Acordes

