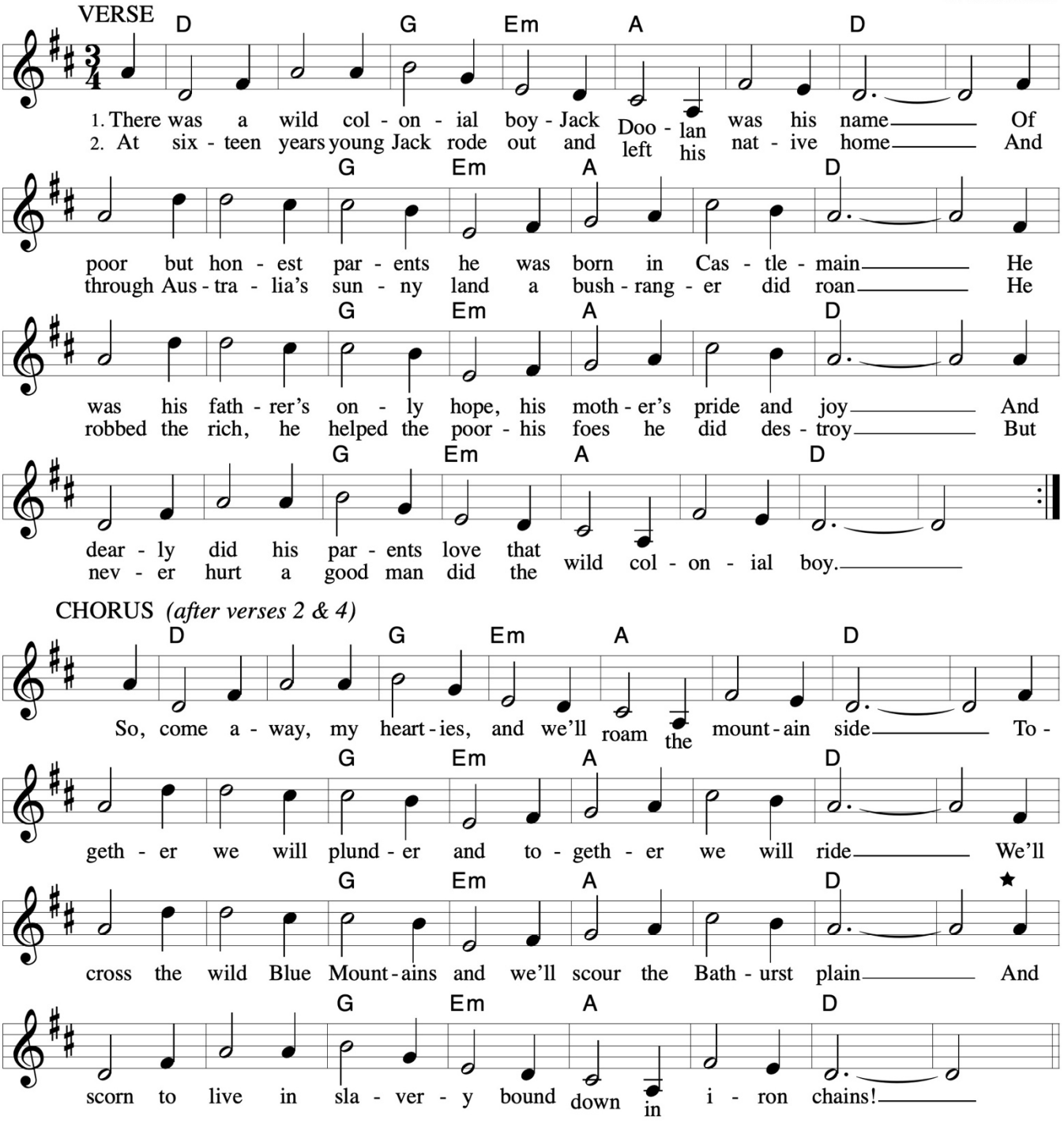The Wild Colonial Boy

Traditional
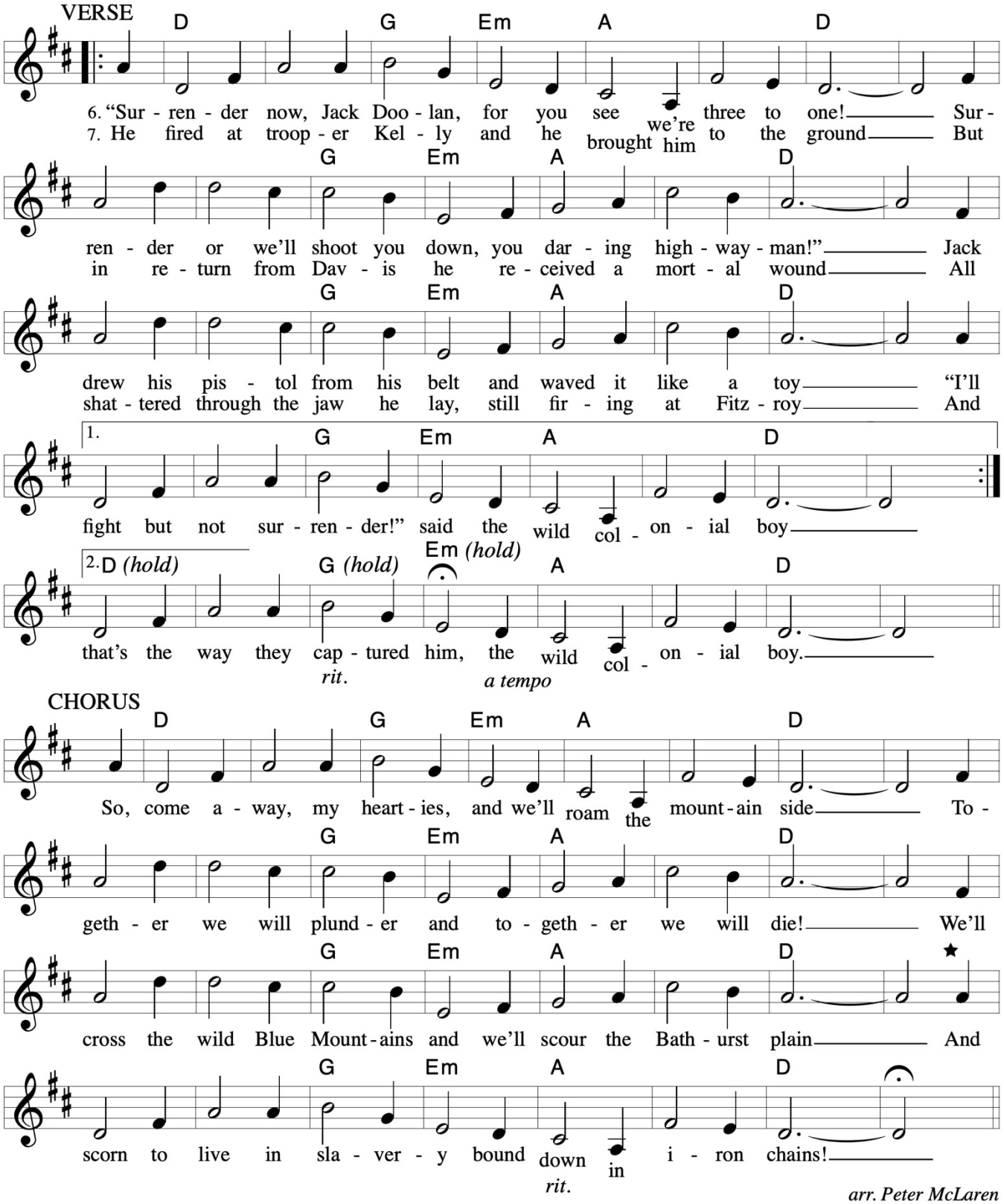


3. In sixty-one Jack Doolan started on his brave career
   He scorned the thought of danger and no trooper did he fear
   He bailed the Beechworth mail-coach up robbed Judge McEvoy
   Who trembling cold gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy

4. Jack told the judge 'Good morning' and in future to beware
   For he'd no respect for judges who for people had no care
   Jack said "Don't rob a mother of her only son and joy
   Or you'll breed a race of outlaws like the wild colonial boy!"

Repeat CHORUS + *tag*

5. One day as he was riding the mountain side along
   A-listening to the kookaburra's happy laughing song
   Up rode three mounted troopers – Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
   With a warrant for the capture of the wild colonial boy



arr. Peter McLaren

The Wild Colonial Boy

Words & music: Traditional

D G Em A D
There was a wild colonial boy – Jack Doolan was his name
G Em A D
Of poor but honest parents he was born in Castlemain
G Em A D
He was his father's only hope, his mother's pride and joy
G Em A D
And dearly did his parents love that wild colonial boy

D G Em A D
At sixteen years young Jack rode out and left his native home
G Em A D
And through Australia's sunny land a bushranger did roam
G Em A D
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor – his foes he did destroy
G Em A D
But never hurt a good man did the wild colonial boy

D G Em A D
CHORUS: So, come away, my hearties, and we'll roam the mountain side
G Em A D
Together we will plunder and together we will ride
G Em A D
We'll cross the wild Blue Mountains and we'll scour the Bathurst plain
G Em A D
And scorn to live in sla - ver - y bound down by iron chains! *(+ tag - optional)*

D G Em A D
In sixty-one Jack Doolan started on his brave career
G Em A D
He scorned the thought of danger and no trooper did he fear
G Em A D
He bailed the Beechworth mail-coach up and robbed Judge McEvoy
G Em A D
Who trembling cold gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy

D G Em A D
Jack told the judge 'Good morning' and in future to beware
G Em A D
For he'd no respect for judges who for people had no care
G Em A D
Jack said "Don't rob a mother of her only son and joy
G Em A D
Or you'll breed a race of outlaws like the wild colonial boy!" **CHORUS**

D G Em A D
One day as he was rid - ing the mountain side along
G Em A D
A-listening to the kookaburra's happy laughing song
G Em A D
Up rode three mounted troopers – Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
G Em A D
With a warrant for the capture of the wild colonial boy

D G Em A D
"Surrender now, Jack Doolan, for you see we're three to one!
G Em A D
Surrender or we'll shoot you down, you daring highwayman!"
G Em A D
Jack drew his pistol from his belt and waved it like a toy
G Em A D
"I'll fight but not surrender!" said that wild colonial boy

[Instrumental interlude (optional)]

D G Em A D
He fired at trooper Kelly and he brought him to the ground
G Em A D
But in return from Davis he received a mortal wound
G Em A D
All shattered through the jaw he lay, still firing at Fitzroy
/ *(hold)* **G** *(hold)* **Em** *(hold & pause)* **A D**
And that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial boy

D G Em A D
CHORUS: So, come away, my hearties, and we'll roam the mountain side
G Em A D
Together we will plunder and together we will die!* *[* N.B.]*
G Em A D
We'll cross the wild Blue Mountains and we'll scour the Bathurst plain
G Em A D
And scorn to live in slav - er - y bound down by iron chains!