

Bold Jack Donahue

The only bushranger ballad found by Ron Edwards in his extensive research on English broadsides.
This text is largely as it appears in Paterson's Old Bush Songs.

In Dub - lin Town I was brought up in that cit - y of great fame.
My de - cent friends _ and par - ents will tell to you the same.
It was for the sake of five hun - dred pounds I was sent a - cross the main, _
For sev - en long years in New South Wales to wear the con - vict's chain.

I'd scarcely been twelve months or more upon the Australian shore
When I took to the highway as I'd oft-times done before
There was me and Jackie Underwood and Weber and Walmsley too
They were the true associates of Bold Jack Donahue.

Now Donahue was taken all for a notorious crime
And sentenced to be hanged upon the gallows tree so high.
But when they came to Bathurst Gaol he left them in a stew
For when they came to call the roll, they'd lost Jack Donahue.

As Donahue made his escape to the bush he went straight 'way
The squatters they were all afraid to travel by night or day
And every week in the newspapers there was published something new
Concerning of the valiant deeds of Bold Jack Donahue.

As Donahue was cruising one sunny afternoon
Little was his notion that his death would be so soon.
When a sergeant of the horse police discharged his carabine
And called aloud on Donahue "To fight or to resign."

"Resign to you, you cowardly dogs, is a thing I never would do.
I'll fight this night with all my might" cried bold Jack Donahue.
"I'd rather roam these hills around like a wolf or kangaroo
Than work one hour for the government" cried bold Jack Donahue.

He fought six rounds with the horse police until that fateful ball
Which pierced his heart and cruel smart caused Donahue to fall.
And as he closed his mournful eyes and bid this world adieu
He cried "Convicts all both great and small, remember Donahue"