

The Wild Colonial Boy

A widely sung and collected colonial song. Jack Doolan or Duggan or Doogan were variant names for Jack Donahoe, the bolter bushranger who became an icon of freedom for oppressed convicts. This version as sung by The Reedy River Bushmen.

There was a wild col - on - ial boy, Jack Dool - an was his name; ____

Of poor but hon - est par - ents he was born in Cast - le - maine. ____

He was his fath - er's on - ly hope, his moth - er's pride and joy; ____

And fond - ly did his par - ents love the wild col - on - ial boy.

Chorus

Come, away my hearties! We'll roam the mountain side;
Together we will plunder, together we will ride.
We'll scour along the valleys and scour the Bathurst plains;
And scorn to live in slavery bowed down with iron chains.

He was barely sixteen years of age when he left his father's home,
And through Australia's sunny clime as a bushranger did roam.
He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stocks he did destroy,
A terror to the rich man was the wild colonial boy.

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 Macoboy,
Who trembled and gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy.

He bade the Judge good-morning, and told him to beware
Said he'd never rob a decent man that acted on the square,
But a judge who'd rob a mother of her son and only joy
Was worse than any outlaw like the wild colonial boy.

One day as he was riding the mountain-side along,
A-listening to the kookaburras happy laughing song.
Three mounted troopers came in sight, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy,
With a warrant for the capture of the wild colonial boy.

'Surrender now, Jack Doolan! You see we're three to one.
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman!
Jack drew a pistol from his belt and spun it like a toy:
'I'll fight but never surrender,' said the wild colonial boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground,
And in return from Davis he 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.