

Wild Colonial Boy – Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem

There [C] was a wild [F] colonial boy, Jack [G7] Duggan was his [C] name
He was born and raised in [G] Ire[G7]land, in a place called Castle[C]maine
He was his father's [G] only [G7] son, his mother's pride and [C] joy
And dearly did his [F] parents love the [G] wild [G7] colonial [C] boy

At the [C] early age of [F] sixteen years he [G7] left his native [C] home
And to Australia's [G] sunny [G7] shore, he was inclined to [C] roam
He robbed the rich, he [G] helped the [G7] poor, he shot James Mac[C]Evoy
A terror to Aust[F]ralia was the [G] wild [G7] colonial [C] boy

One [C] morning on the [F] prairie, as [G7] Jack he rode [C] along
A-listening to the [G] mocking [G7] bird, a-singing a cheerful [C] song
Up stepped a band of [G] troopers: [G7] Kelly, Davis and [C] Fitzroy
They all set out to [F] capture him, the [G] wild [G7] colonial [C] boy

[C] Surrender now, Jack [F] Duggan, for you [G7] see we're three to [C] one
Surrender in the [G] King's high [G7] name, you are a plundering [C] son
Jack drew two pistols [G] from his [G7] belt, he proudly waved them [C] high
I'll fight, but not [F] surrender, said the [G] wild [G7] colonial [C] boy

He [C] fired a shot at [F] Kelly, which [G7] brought him to the [C] ground
And turning round to [G] Davis, [G7] he received a fatal [C] wound
A bullet pierced his [G] proud young [G7] heart, from the pistol of [C] Fitzroy
And that was how they [F] captured him, the [G] wild [G7] colonial [C] boy