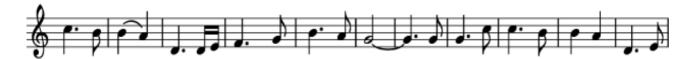


There was a wild co- lon- ial boy. Jack Dug- gan was his name. He was born and



raised in Ire- land, in a place called Cas-tle- maine. He was his fa-ther's on-ly son, his



mo- ther's pride and joy. And dear- ly did his par- ents love the wild co- lon- ial boy.

There was a wild colonial youth, Jack Doolan was his name Of poor but honest parents, he was born in Castlemaine He was his father's only hope, his mother's only joy The pride of both his parents was the wild colonial boy

Come all my hearties, we'll range the mountainside Together we will plunder, together we will ride We'll scour along the valleys and gallop o'er the plains We'll scorn to live in slavery, bowed down in iron chains

In sixty-one this daring youth commenced his wild career With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear He held up the Beechworth mailcoach and he robbed Judge MacEvoy Who trembled and gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy

One day as he was riding the mountainside along Alistening to the little birds their pleasant laughing song Three mounted troopers came in view - Kelly, Davis, and Fitzroy And thought that they would capture him, the wild colonial boy

"Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's three to one Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman" He drew a pistol from his belt and spun it like a toy "I'll fight, but I won't surrender," said the wild colonial boy

He fired at trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground And in return from Davis received a mortal wound All shattered through the jaws, he lay still firing at Fitzroy And that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial boy