

Wild Colonial Boy,,,Version,given me,by an Austrailiam boy,
in PHILLY/68



'Tis of a wild Colonial boy,Jack Dolan was his name,of poor but honest par



ents,he was born in Castlemain,he was his father's only hope,his mother's



only joy,And dearly did his parents love,The wild colonial boy,,,CHORAS,,,



Come all my hearties,we'll rove the mountains high,together we will plunde



together we will dis,We'll wander over valleys,and gallop over plains,



And we'll scorn to live in slavery,or be bound in fellons chains,,

He was scarcely sixteen years of age,when he left his father's home,

And thru Austrailias,sunny clime,a bushranger did roam,
He robbed those wealthy Squires,and their stock he did destroy,

And a terror to Austrailia,was this wild colonial boy,, CHORAS,,

In sixty-one this daring youth,commenced his wild career,

With a heart that knew no danger,no foeman did he fear,
He stuck up,Beechwood mail coach,and robbed Judge Macavoy,
Who trembled and gave up his gold,to the wild colonial boy,,

He bade the Judge good morning,and told him,to beware,
That he'd never rob a hearty chap,that acted on the square,
And never rob a mother,of her son,and only joy,
Or else,he might turn outlaw,like the wild colonial boy..

One day as he was riding,the mountain side alone,
A-list'ning to the little birds,their laughing ~~songs~~ pleasant songs,,
Three mounted trooper's came along,Kelly,Davis,and Fitzroy,
They thought that they would capture,him,this wild colonial boy,,

Surrender now,Jack Dolan,you see there's three to one.
Surrender now Jack Dolan,you daring highway man,
Jack drew a pistol from from his belt,and shook the liyttle toy,
I'll fight,but not surrender,said,the wild colonial boy,,