

Dr. Hook "The Wild Colonial Boy"

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(S. Silverstein)

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Doolan was his
name
Of poor but honest parents, he was born near
Castlemaine
He was his father's only son, and his mother's pride
and joy
So dearly did his parents love their wild colonial boy

Barely sixteen years of age, he first began to roam
And found Australia's sunny shores, and called it his
true home
He robbed the wealthy squatters, their assets to
destroy
A terror to the rich ones, was the wild colonial boy

Back in eighteen sixty one, began his wild career
With a head that knew no danger, and a heart that held
no fear
He held the Mudgee mail coach up, and he shot Judge
MacEvoy
A curse to every copper was the wild colonial boy

Later on that very day, as Jack he rode along
Listening to the kookaburras, pleasant laughing song
He spied three mounted troopers, Kelly, Davis and
Fitzroy
With a warrant for the capture of the wild colonial boy

"Surrender now, Jack Doolan, for you see we're three to
one
Surrender now in the Queen's high name, or your living
days are done"
Jack drew two pistols from his belt, and he waved them
proud and high
"I'll fight, but not surrender", cried the wild colonial boy

Jack fired once at Kelly, brought him to the ground
Then turning round from Davis' gun, received his
mortal wound
A bullet pierced his proud young heart, from the pistol

of Fitzroy

And that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial
boy

Yes that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial
boy

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