'Tis of a wild Colonial boy, 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,
And dearly did his parents love the wild Colonial boy.

Chorus

Come, all my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder, together we will die.
We'll wander over valleys, and gallop over plains,
And we'll scorn to live in slavery, bound down with iron chains.

He was scarcely sixteen years of age when he left his father's home,
And through Australia's sunny clime a bushranger did roam.
He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stock he did destroy,
And a terror to Australia was the wild Colonial boy.

Chorus: Come, all my hearties, &c.

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 the Beechworth mail coach, and robbed Judge MacEvoy,
Who trembled, and gave up his gold to the wild Colonial boy.

Chorus: Come, all my hearties, &c.

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 to rob a mother of her son and only joy,
Or else you may turn outlaw, like the wild Colonial boy.

Chorus: Come, all my hearties, &c.

One day as he was riding the mountain side along,
A-listening to the little birds, their pleasant laughing song,
Three mounted troopers rode along-Kelly, Davis, and FitzRoy.
They thought that they would capture him—the wild Colonial boy.

Chorus: Come, all my hearties, &c.

"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 shook the little toy.
"I'll fight, but not surrender," said the wild Colonial boy.

Chorus: Come, all my hearties, &c.

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.

Chorus: Come, all my hearties, &c.

It will be noticed that the same chorus is sung to both
"The Wild Colonial Boy" and "Bold Jack Donahoo."
Several versions of both songs were sent in, but the same
chorus was always made to do duty for both songs.

(The end)
Banjo Paterson's poem: Wild Colonial Boy

By Banjo Paterson