

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Dolan was his name,
Of poor and honest parents, he was born in Castlemaine.
He was his father's only son, his mother's only joy,
And dearly did his parents love the wild Colonial Boy.

When scarcely eighteen years of age, transported from his home,
And through Australia's sunny shores a bushranger did roam.
He'd rob those wealthy squatters, their stock he did destroy,
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

 Come along you rebels, we'll roam the mountains high,
 Together we may plunder, together we may ride.
 We'll scar over valleys, and gallop 'or the plains,
 And scorn to live in slavery, bound down by iron chains.

In the year eighteen and twenty eight commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger, no foreman did he fear.
He bailed up the Beechwood roll mail-coach, and robbed Judge MacEvoy,
Who trembled and gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy

He bade the judge "Good morning," and told him to beware,
He'd never rob a poor man who languished on the square,
Up came three mounted troopers, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy,
Who swore that they would capture him, the wild Colonial Boy.

Chorus

"Surrender now, Jack Dolan, you're outnumbered three to one.
Surrender now, Jack Dolan, or your life will not be long."
Jack drew a pistol from his vest, and waved it like a toy,
"I'll fight, and not surrender," cried the wild Colonial Boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly, and brought him to the ground,
And in return from Davis, he received a mortal wound.
All shattered through the jaws he lay, still firing at Fitzroy,
And that's the way it ended for the wild Colonial Boy.

Chorus