The Wild Colonial Boy

There was a wild colonial boy: Jack Duggan was his name.
He was born and raised in Ireland, in a place called Castlemaine.
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy,
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy.

At the early age of 16 years, he left his native home,
And to Australia's sunny shores he was inclined to roam.
He robbed the rich to help the poor; he shot Judge MacAvoy -
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy!

One morning on the prairie, as Jack, he rode along
A' listening to the butcher bird a' singing a cheerful song,
Up stepped a band of troopers: Kelly, Davis, and Fitzroy -
They'd all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Duggan, for you see we're three to one -
Surrender in the Queen's high name, for you are a plundering son!"
Jack drew two pistols from his belt and proudly waved them high:
"I'll fight but not surrender!" said the wild colonial boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly, and it brought him to the ground,
And turning round to Davis he received a fatal round:
A bullet pierced his proud young heart, from the pistol of Fitzroy,
And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy.