The Boston Burglar

The Boston Burglar

I was born in the town of Boston,
A town you all know well
Raised up by honest parents
The truth to you I'll tell
Raised up by honest parents
Raised up most tenderly
Until I became a sporting man
At the age of twenty-three

My character was taken
And I was sent to Jail
The people tried but all in vain
To keep me out on bail
The jury found me guilty
The clerk he wrote it down
The Judge he passed the sentence
To send me to Charlestown

They put me on the eastbound train
One cold December day
And every station I would pass
This is what they would say
" there goes the Boston Burglar
His arms in chains are bound
'Tis for some crime or other
They have sent him to Charlestown."

There was my aged father
A standing at the bar
Likewise me dear old mother
A tearing down her hair
She was tearing down her old grey locks
And trembling as she said
"My son, my son what have you done
To be taken to Charlestown?"

There lives a girl in Boston
A girl that I love well
If ever I gain my liberty
It's with that girl I'll dwell
If ever I gain my liberty
There are two things I'll shun

That being a night street walker
And drinking of the rum

BF
OCT98

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.