

The Boston Burglar

C **Gm** **C**
Oh I was born in Boston, a city you all know well,
Gm **C**
Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell.
Gm **C**
Brought up by honest parents, and raised most tenderly,
F **G7** **C**
'Till I became a sportin' man at the age of twenty-three.

My character was taken, and I was sent to jail,
My friends found out it was in vain, to try and set my bail:
The jury found me guilty, the clerk he wrote it down,
The judge then passed the sentence,
I was sentenced to Charlestown.

See my aged father, standing at the bar,
Likewise my poor old mother, tearing out her hair,
Yes tearing out those old grey locks,
while tears come pouring down,
Crying Son, oh son, what have you done,
to be sentenced to Charlestown?"

I was put on board an eastern train,
one cold December day
And every station that we passed,
I could hear the people say,
'There goes the Boston burglar,
in strong chains he is bound,
For some crime or another, he is going to Charlestown."

Now there's a girl in Boston, a girl that I love well,
And when I gain my freedom, along with her I will dwell,
Yes when I gain my freedom, bad company I will shun,
Likewise night-walking, rambling, and also drinking rum.

All you that have your freedom, pray keep it if you can,
And don't go 'round the streets at night
breaking laws of God and man,
For if you do, you'll surely rue,
and find yourself like me,
Serving up full twenty years in the penitentiary.