

The Boston Burglar

The Wolfe Tones

I was born and raised in Boston, a place you all know
well,
Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell,
Brought up by honest parents, and raised most tenderly,
Till I became a sporting lad at the age of twenty three,
My character was taken and I was sent to jail,
My friends they came and tried in vain to get me out on
bail,
The jury found me guilty, and the clerk he wrote it down,
The judge he passed the sentence, I was bound for
Charlestown.
They placed me on an east bound train on a cold
December's day,
And every station we passed by you could hear the people
saw,
There goes the Boston burguler, in cold chains he is
bound,
For one crime or another he is bound for Charlestown.
All you who have your freedom, take warning if you can,
And don't go round the streets at night, breaking laws of
God or man,
For if you do you'll surely loose and find yourself like
me,
Serving up full twenty years in a penitentiary