

As I Read The Paper Through - song lyrics

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As I Read the Paper Through.

[This Song was written by Richard W. Sanders,
a convict, sentenced, for Burglary, to
ten years in Trenton, N. J., State Prison,
on the 27th day of September, 1893.]
Tune-"Poor Old Dad."

One night as I sat leisurely
In my sad and dreary cell,
I picked up a newspaper,
And sad things it had to tell.
I noticed where the very hard times
Had brought misery and despair
To many a poor unfortunate man,
But his misery he had to bear.
Now I was one of the unfortunate kind
And my downfall could not conceal;
I was pushed right to the wall,
And was driven for to steal.
Now there is many a starving family
Who would be glad for work to do,
So I said, God help the poor man,
As I read that paper through.

Then I next read of two New York burglars,
Captured in New York city one day,
They went to Newark, New Jersey,
And had things quite all their own way.
Their burglaries were not very scarce,
For very common they got to be.
But the police very soon they captured them,
And then no longer those men were free.
They were taken to the city court-
"We are guilty" was their plea:
"Ten years in State Prison," said the judge,
On September 27th, '93.
Now "the Court says you deserve this sentence,
And the people say so too,"
But I felt for them when I saw this piece,
As I read that paper through.

I next read of our champion,
James Corbett is his name,
For whipping John L. Sullivan,
That is how he gained his fame.
But he will have to look very sharp.
And train as hard as he can;
He will find a bean or two to pluck,
In this little Englishman.
For Mitchell he will fight very hard,
Giving Corbett the battle of his life;
So Corbett will have to be very careful,
Or make a widow of his wife.
But our champion thinks to come out on top,
And 'we also hope so too,
So I hailed three cheers to our champion,
As I read that paper through.