

Poor Boy

Poor Boy
Traditional American

G D7 G G7 C G
As I went down to the river, poor boy, to see the ships go by;
G D7 G
My sweetheart stood on the deck of one, and she waved to me goodbye.

CHORUS:

G D7 G G7 C G
Bow down your head and cry, poor boy, bow down your head and cry;
G D7 G
Stop thinking about that woman you love, bow down your head and cry.

CHORUS:

I followed her for months and months, she offered me her hand,
We were about to be married, when she ran off with a gamblin' man.

CHORUS:

He came at me with a big jack-knife, I went for him with lead,
And when the fight was over, poor boy, he lay on the ground cold and dead.

CHORUS:

They took me to the big jailhouse, the months and months rolled by;
The jury found me guilty, poor boy, and the judge said, "You must die."

CHORUS:

"Oh do you bring me silver, poor boy, or do you bring me gold ?"
"I bring you neither," said the man, "I bring you a hangman's fold."

CHORUS:

"Oh, do you bring me pardon, poor boy, to turn me a-loose?"
"I bring you nothing," said the man, "Except a hangman's noose."

CHORUS:

And yet they call this justice, poor boy, then justice let it be!
I only killed a man who was a-fixing to kill me.

CHORUS: