

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Wild Boy

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My parents reared me tenderly
They had no child but me
But I was bent on rambling
With them I couldn't agree

I started up the cow trail
To see some Western land.
I met up with a wild bunch.
And likewise killed a man.

I stole a many a fat horse,
Stole him from the poor,
And over the Rocky Mountains
I made his iron hoofs roar.

One morning, one morning,
I think it was in May,
The sheriff rode up to me,
Says, "I'm a-looking for you today."

He took me down to the new jail,
And there I walked in.
My parents all deserted me,
As likewise did my kin.

Except one old rich uncle,
Far out in the West;
A-hearing of my trouble,
They say he could not rest.

He went my bail at the Ute jail,
He paid my debts by scores.
It's once I've been a wild boy,
I won't be any more.

There's Agnes and there's Mabel,
There's Mary likewise;
My deeds and desperation
Brought tears into their eyes.

I've stolen many a fat horse,
Stolen him from the poor.

It's once I've been a wild boy,
I won't be any more.

DT #842

Laws B20

From Texas and Southwestern Lore, 1927

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