Poor Boy

Words & Music:
Traditional American

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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 or 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:
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