The Loyal Boston Man - song lyrics

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THE LOYAL BOSTON MAN.
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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Louis Weiler.

There was a man from Boston, Bostonian through and through,
Who just believed in Boston as Boston people do:
And he so much loved Boston, his heart was filled full of pain
When sent from dear old Boston down to the State of Maine.
He landed far from Boston, and then he looked all around;
How different from Boston, this rough and rocky ground.
It was so unlike Boston, he couldn't call up a smile,
Away from Boston Common at least a hundred mile.

Chorus.
Yes, 'tis Boston, 'tis Boston, 'round which the world revolves;
Yes, 'tis Boston, 'tis Boston, where pork and beans are grub;
Yes, 'tis Boston, 'tis Boston, that one to leave resolves,
But no, he cannot do it, he will not quit the hub.

Refrain.
Because, when far away from Boston, no Boston joys I see;
Because the Boston music, Boston sights And Boston ways suit me;
Because the Boston culture, cranks, east winds, to me they all are prime;
Because 'tis Boston, Boston first and last, And Boston all the time.

He struck the supper-table, 'twas not at all Boston style;
He'd not be false to Boston and taste such cooking vile.
For pork and beans called loudly, Bostonian bill-of-fare,
But as it was not Boston, no Boston beans were there.
No restaurants like Boston's, no music-hall, beer and "pops,"
No musty ale And lobster, no Parkses' mutton-chops;
No chance to sit when drinking, they had only open bars;
No Boston German bands and no Boston open-cars.-Chords & Refrain.

He thought of Boston science, aesthetical Boston things;
The Boston angel-maid, who can paint, and writes and sings.
Oh, anything from Boston to pass such a night away,
Till nature's sun greets Boston in Boston's beauty bay.
No Boston nap could get, for the silence was thick And dense,
And so this Boston man went to roost upon a fence.
Not e'en a Boston newsboy to cheer him the livelong night,
With Erral, Globe and Rekkid, to yell till morning light.-Cho. & Refrain.

Next morning went to walk, with a hope that he'd something meet;
There was no Boston sidewalk, no kind of Boston street.
he wished to climb a mountain, but how to he did not know;
No Boston elevator and so he did not go.
No kind of Boston meeting, no Socialist with complaints,
To advocate that tramps and the scamps should share with saints.
He found no Boston pictures to cheer up his Boston heart,
Though nature pleases some, he was sound on Boston art.-Cho. & Refrain.

No Boston man could stand it, with Boston so far away;
When Boston folks love Boston, in Boston they should stay.
He asked the road to Boston, the Boston road they did show,
And murm'ring, "Boston, Boston," to Boston he did go.
Oh, Boston, Boston, Boston, thy children all love thee so;
They would not go to heaven, such earthly joys they know,
But if they go, they'll take Beacon Street and the Suite-house dome,
To make celestial Boston like Boston left at home.-Chorus & Refrain.