

Jesse James

Jesse James was a lad
that killed many a man
He robbed the Glendale train
He stole from the rich
and he gave to the poor
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain

Well it was Robert Ford
That dirty little coward
I wonder now how he feels
For he ate of Jesse's bread
and he slept in Jesse's bed
and he laid poor Jesse in his grave

Well Jesse had a wife
to mourn for his life
three children
now they were brave
well that dirty lille coward
that shot mr. Howard
He laid poor Jesse in his grave

Well Jesse was a man
a friend to the poor
he'd never rob a mother or a child
there never was a a man with
the law in his hand
that could take Jesse James when alive

It was on a Saturday night
well the moon was shining bright
they robbed the Glendale train
and people they did say
o'er many miles away
it was those outlaws Frank and Jesse James

Well Jesse had a wife
to mourn for his life
three children
now they were brave
well that dirty lille coward
that shot mr. Howard
He laid poor Jesse in his grave

Now the people held their breath
when they heard of Jesse's death
They wondered how he'd ever come to fall
Robert Ford it was a fact
he shot Jesse in the back
while Jesse hung a picture on the wall

Jesse went to rest
with his head on his breast
the devil upon his knee
he was born one day in the County Clay
and he came from a solitary race

Well Jesse had a wife
to mourn for his life
three children
now they were brave
well that dirty lille coward
that shot mr. Howard
He laid poor Jesse in his grave

