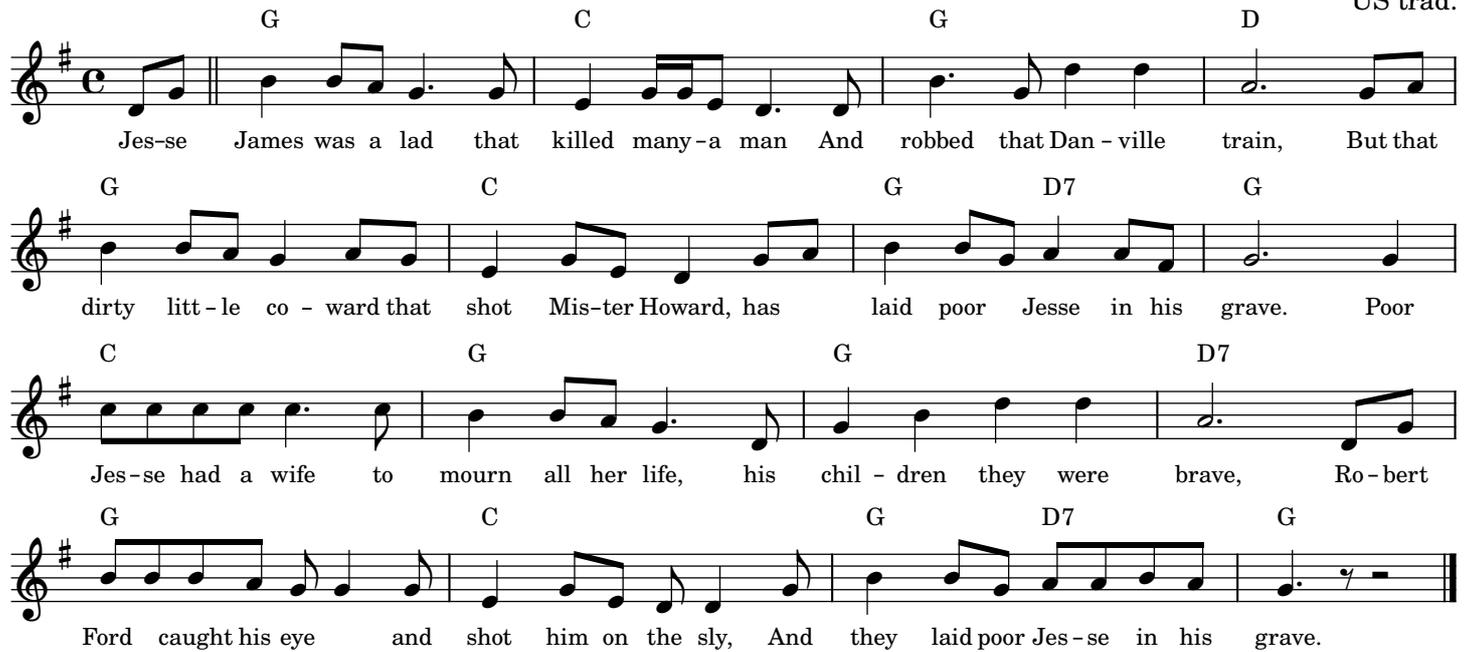


Jesse James

US trad.



Jes-se James was a lad that killed many-a man And robbed that Dan-ville train, But that
dirty litt-le co-ward that shot Mis-ter Howard, has laid poor Jesse in his grave. Poor
Jes-se had a wife to mourn all her life, his chil-dren they were brave, Ro-bert
Ford caught his eye and shot him on the sly, And they laid poor Jes-se in his grave.

1
Jesse James was a lad that killed many a man,
And robbed that Danville train,
But that dirty little coward
that shot Mister Howard,
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.
Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn ail her life,
His children, they were brave,
Robert Ford caught his eye
and shot him on the sly,
And they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

2
It was his brother Frank
stuck up the Pittsfield Bank,
And carried the money from the town,
It was in this very place
that they had a little race,
For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground.
(Chorus)

3
They went to the crossing
not very far front there,
And there they did the same,
With the agent on his knees,
he delivered up the keys,
To the outlaws, Frank and Jesse James.
(Chorus)

4
It was on a Wednesday night,
the moon was shining bright,
They stopped the Glendale train,
He robbed from the rich
and he gave to the poor,
He'd a heart, and a hand and a brain.
(Chorus)

5
It was on a Saturday night
when Jesse was at home,
Talking with his family brave,
Robert Ford's pistol ball
brought him tumbling front the wall
And they laid poor Jesse in his grave.
(Chorus)

6
It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how he does feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread,
and he slept in Jesse's bed,
And then laid poor Jesse in his grave.
(Chorus)

7 This song was made by Billy Gashade
As soon as the news did arrive,
He said there was no man
with the law in his hand,
Could take Jesse James when alive.
(Chorus)