

John Hardy

M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
CD 1-Track 90

Traditional

1. John Har - dy was a des - perate lit - tle man, He car - ried two guns eve - ry day, He
2. Well I been to the east and I been — to the west, I been all a - round this — world, I

T
A
B

5 killed a man on the West Vir - gin - ia line, You ought to see John Har - dy get - ting a -
been to the river and I been — bap - tised, Now I'm stand - ing on this hang - ing —

8 way, poor boy, You ought to see John Har - dy get - ting a - way.
ground, Lord, Lord, — Stand - ing on this hang - ing — ground.

C G
3. Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
C G
Just a little while,

C G
I thought I heard my father's voice,
D
He travelled ten thousand long miles, Lord, Lord,
G
Travelled ten thousand long miles.

4. Did you bring me any silver or gold,
Or money to pay my fee?
Or did you come to see me hung,
Upon this hanging tree, Lord, Lord,
Upon this hanging tree?

5. No, I didn't bring no silver nor gold,
Nor money to pay your fee,
But I did come to see you hung,
Upon that hanging tree, Lord, Lord,
Upon that hanging tree.

6. Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
Just a little while,
I thought I heard my sweetheart's voice,
She travelled ten thousand long miles, Lord, Lord,
Travelled ten thousand long miles.

7. Oh yes, I brought that silver and gold,
And money to pay your fee,
I have come for to take you home,
And keep you there with me, Lord, Lord,
And keep you there with me.

8. Well, John Hardy run for that old state line,
It was there he thought he'd go free,
But a man walked up and took him by the arm,
Saying "Johnny walk along with me, Lord, Lord,
Johnny walk along with me."

9. Well the first one to visit John Hardy in his cell,
Was a little girl dressed in blue,
She came down to that old jail cell,
Singing "Johnny, I've been true to you, Lord knows,
Johnny I've been true to you."

10. Then the next one to visit John Hardy in his cell,
A little girl dressed in red,
She came down to that old jail cell,
Singing "Johnny, I'd rather see you dead, Lord, Lord,
God knows, Johnny I'd rather see you dead."

11. John Hardy stood in his old jail cell,
The tears running down from his eyes,
He said "I've been the death of many poor boy,
But my six-shooter never told a lie, Lord, Lord,
No my six-shooter never told a lie."