

Jesse James

M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
CD 1-Track 88, medley pt. 2

Garshade, ca. 1882

1 Jess-e James was a lad who killed man-y a man, He robbed the Glen-dale train, He—
2 Jess-e James was a man, a friend to the poor, He'd never see a man suffer pain; And—

T
A
B

0 0 | 0 0 2 0 | 0 0 2 0 | 0 0 2 0 | 0 0 2 0 | 0 0 2 0

took from the rich and he gave it to the poor, He'd a hand and a heart and a brain. Ch: Poor
with his bro-ther Frank, he robbed the Galla-tin bank, And stopped the Glen-dale train.

0 0 2 0 0 0 | 2 0 0 2 0 0 2 0 | 0 0 0 2 0 4 | 0 0 0 0

17 Jess-e had a wife to mourn for his life, Three child-ren they were brave, But the

1 1 1 1 1 1 | 0 0 2 0 0 0 3 0 | 2 0 0 0

25 dir-tly lit-tle co-ward who shot Mis-ter How-ard, Has laid poor Jess-e in his grave.

0 0 0 2 0 0 0 | 2 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 | 2 2 0 4 | 0 0 0 0

G C G
3. It was on a Wednesday night and the moon was shining bright,

D

They robbed the Glendale train,

G

C

G

And the people they did say, for many miles away,

D

G

It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.

(Repeat chorus after each verse)

4. It was with his brother Frank that he robbed the Gallatin bank,
And carried the money from the town;

It was in this very place that they had a little chase,
And they shot Captain Sheets to the ground.

5. They went to the crossing, not very far from 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.

6. It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how he does feel,
He ate Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then he laid poor Jesse in his grave.

7. It was on a Saturday night and Jesse was at home
Talking with his family brave,
Robert Ford came along like a thief in the night,
And laid poor Jesse in his grave.

8. The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
And wondered how he ever came to die.
It was one of the gang, called little Robert Ford,
He shot poor Jesse on the sly.

9. Jesse went to his rest with his hand on his breast,
The devil will be upon his knee,
He was born one day in the county of Clay,
And came from a solitary race.

1-2 chorus

Break

7-8 chorus