

Ballad of 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
With a hand and a heart and a brain.

Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life
Three children they were brave
But that dirty little coward that shot Mister Howard
He laid poor Jesse in his grave

They say his brother Frank had robbed the Gallatin bank
And taken the money from the town
It was at that very place they had a little race
Where they shot Captain Sheets to the ground

It was Robert Ford, that lone little coward
I wonder what he does feel
Though he'd eat of Jesse's bread and he'd sleep in Jesse's bed
Still he laid poor Jesse in his grave

It was on a summer's night when Jesse stayed at home
With his loving wife so brave
Robert Ford came in like a thief in the night
And laid poor Jesse in his grave.