

The Ballad of Jesse James

American Folk



C F C

Jes-se James was a lad, who killed_ ma-ny a man, He robbed the Glen-dale_

G C F C

train, He_ stole from the rich, he gave_ to the poor, He'd a hand and a

G C F C

heart, and a brain. Poor Jes-se had a wife to mourn for his life, Three

G C F

child-ren, they were_ brave, But that dir-ty lit-tle cow'rd that shot Mis-ter

C G C

How'rd, has laid Jes-se James in his grave.

*Jesse James was a man, a friend to the poor,
He'd never see a man suffer pain,
And with his brother Frank, he robbed the Chicago bank,
And he stopped that Glendale train.*

*It was on a Wednesday night, and the moon was shining bright,
He robbed the Glendale train,
And the people did say for many miles away,
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.*

*Oh, the people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
They wondered how he'd ever come to die,
It was one of the gang, called little Robert Ford,
Who shot poor Jesse on the sly.*