

# Jesse James

Jackson C. Frank

Jesse James was a lad  
He killed many a man  
Robbed the Glendale train  
But that dirty little coward  
Who shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave

Well Jesse had a wife  
To mourn for his life  
Three children - they were brave  
But that dirty little coward  
Who shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave

He was standin' on a chair  
Just a-dustin' a picture there  
Thought that he heard a noise  
Well he turned his head around boys  
A bullet smashed him down  
And they laid poor Jesse on the floor

Well Jesse had a wife  
To mourn for his life  
Three children - they were brave  
But that dirty little coward  
Who shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave

Well the people held their breath  
When they heard of Jesse's death  
Wondered how he'd come to die  
Of help for the big reward  
Little Bobby Ford  
Had shot Jesse James on the sly  
Well it's goodbye Jesse, farewell Jesse  
Goodbye Jesse James  
For that dirty little guy  
Who shot you on the sly  
Has laid poor Jesse down to die

Well Jesse went to his rest  
With his hand on his breast  
The devil will be upon his knees  
He was born one day in the County of Clay  
And came from a solitary race

It's goodbye Jesse, farewell Jesse  
Goodbye Jesse James  
For that dirty little guy  
Who nailed you on the sly  
Has laid poor Jesse down to die

This song was made by Billy Guy Shade  
Soon as the news did arrive  
He said there weren't no man  
Who lowering his right hand  
Could take Jesse James while alive

Jesse had a wife  
To mourn for his life  
Three children - they were brave  
But that dirty little coward  
Who shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave