

## John Hardy

Pete Seeger

John Hardy was a desperate little man  
He carried two guns ev'ry day  
He shot down a man on that West Virginia line  
You oughta seen John Hardy gettin' away  
You oughta seen John Hardy gettin' away  
John Hardy stood in that old baroom  
So drunk that he could not see  
And a man walked up and took him by the arm  
He said, "Johnny, come and go along with me  
Poor boy, Johnny, come and walk along with me."  
John Hardy stood in his old jail cell  
The tears running down from his eyes  
He said, "I've been the death of many a poor boy  
But my six-shooters never told a lie  
No, my six-shooters never told a lie  
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

She said, "Johnny, I've been true to you  
God knows, Johnny, I've been true to you."  
The next one to visit John Hardy in his cell  
Was a little girl dressed in red  
She came down to that old jail cell  
She said, "Johnny, I had rather see you dead  
Well, Johnny, I had rather see you dead."  
"I've been to the East and I've been to the West  
I've traveled this wide world around  
I've been to that river and I've been baptized  
So take me to my burying ground  
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