

# Jesse James DGD



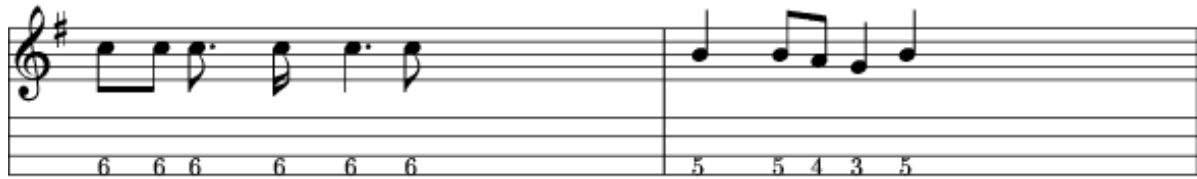
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shot Mis- ter How- ard, has laid poor Jes- se in his grave.

## Jesse James

Jesse James was a boy who killed many a man  
He robbed the Glendale train;  
He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor  
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

cho: Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,  
Three children, they were brave;  
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

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

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

It was his brother Frank that robbed the Gallatin bank,  
And carried the money from the town;  
It was in this very place that they had a little race,  
For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground.

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.

It was on Saturday night, 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.

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.

This song was made by Billy Gashade,  
As soon as the news did arrive;  
He said there was no man with the law in his hand  
Who could take Jesse James when alive.