James was a lad that [G] killed many a [D] man
He robbed the Glendale [A] train
He [D] stole from the rich and he [G] gave to the [D] poor
He'd a hand and a [A] heart and a [D] brain

[D] Well it was Robert Ford
That [G] dirty little [D] coward
I wonder now how he [A] feels
For he [D] ate of Jesse's bread
And he [G] slept in Jesse's [D] bed
And he laid poor [A] Jesse in his [D] grave

**Chorus:**
Well [G] Jesse had a wife to [D] mourn for his life
Three children now they were [A] brave
But that [D] dirty little coward
That [G] shot Mister [D] Howard
He laid poor [A] Jesse in his [D] grave

Repeat **Instrumental**

Well [D] Jesse was a man, a [G] friend to the [D] poor
He'd never rob a mother or a [A] child
There [D] never was a man with the [G] law in his [D] hand
That could take Jesse [A] James when a-[D]-live

[D] 'Twas on a Saturday night
Yeah the [G] moon was shining [D] bright
They robbed the Glendale [A] train
And [D] people they did say, O'er [G] many miles a-[D]-way
It was those outlaws [A] Frank and Jesse [D] James

**Chorus**

{**SOFTLY**} Now the [D] people held their breath
When they [G] heard of Jesse's [D] death
They wondered how he'd ever come to [A] fall
Robert [D] Ford it was a fact he shot [G] Jesse in the [D] back
While Jesse hung a [A] picture on the [D] wall

{**NORMAL**} Now [D] Jesse went to rest
With his [G] hand upon his [D] breast
The devil upon his [A] knee
He was [D] born one day, in the [G] county [D] clay
And he came from a [A] solitary [D] race

**Chorus** ... [A/][D/]