1. Jesse James was a lad that 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.

   **chorus:** Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,
   Three children now they were brave,
   Well that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard,
   Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

2. 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.

3. It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
   I wonder now how he feels,
   For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,
   And he laid poor Jesse in his grave.

4. Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
   He'd never rob a mother or a child,
   There never was a man with the law in his hand,
   That could take Jesse James when alive.

5. It was on a Saturday night, the moon was shinin' bright,
   They robbed the Glendale train,
   And the people they did say o'er many miles away,
   It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.

6. The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
   They wondered how he'd ever come to fall,
   Robert Ford, it was a fact, he shot Jesse in the back,
   While Jesse hung a picture on a wall.

7. Jesse went to rest with his hand on his breast,
   The devil upon his knee,
   He was born one day in the County Clay,
   And he came from a solitary race.