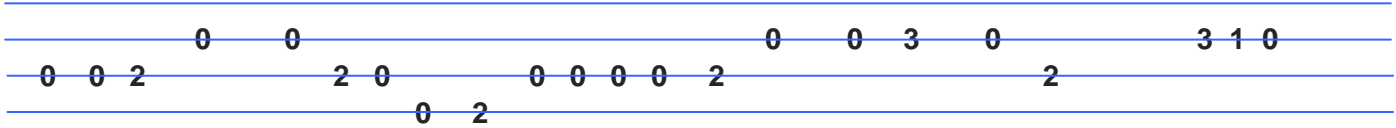
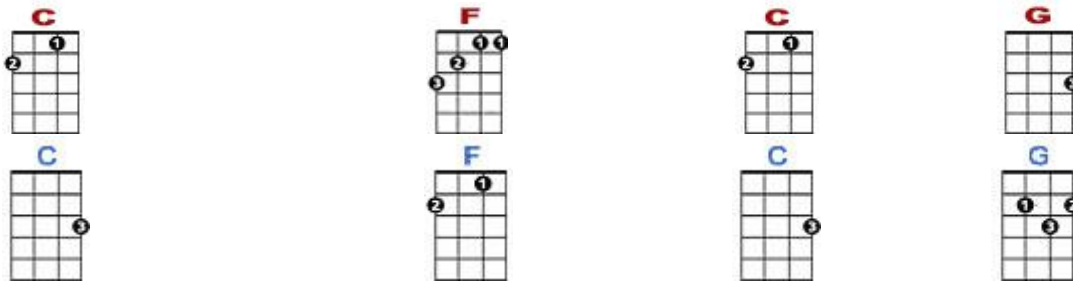
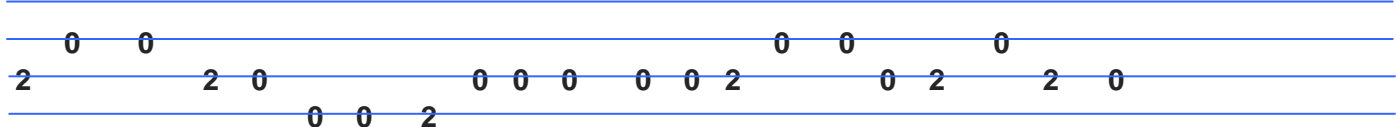
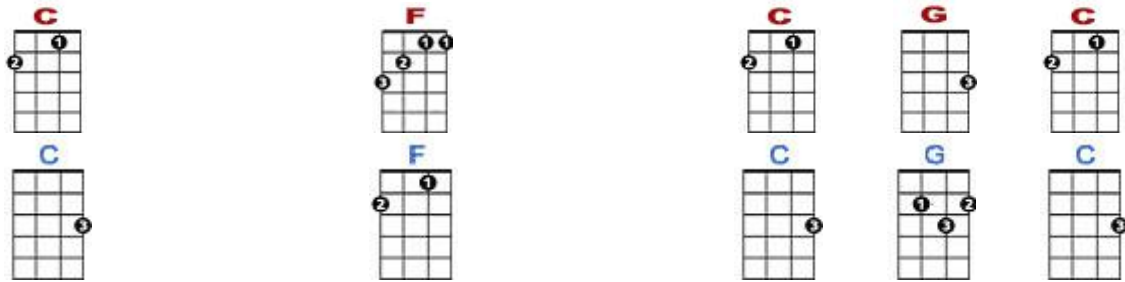


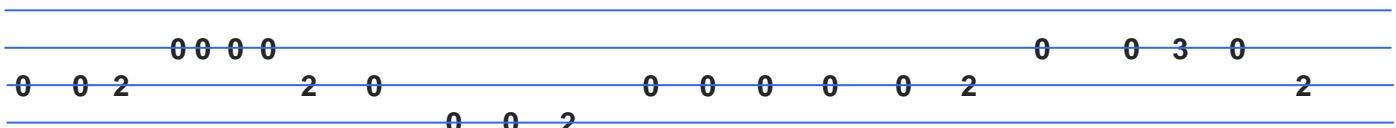
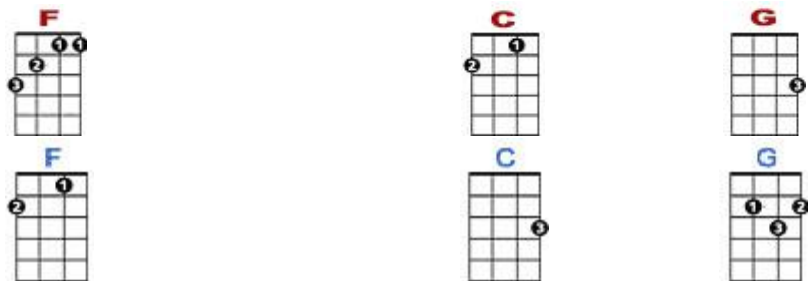
Jessie James, an American Folk Song



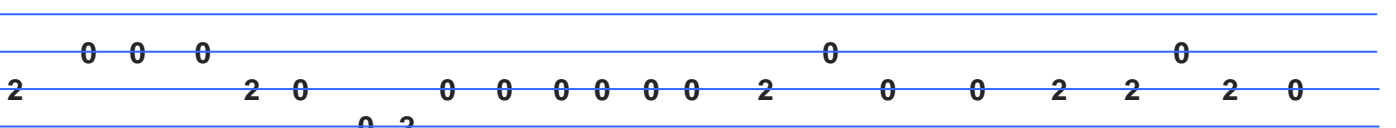
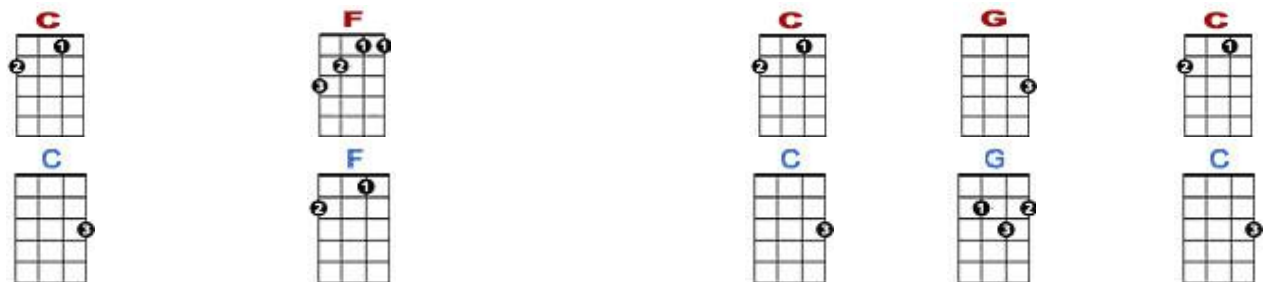
When Jesse James was a lad he killed many a man. He robbed the Glendale train.



He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor. He had a hand and a heart and a brain.

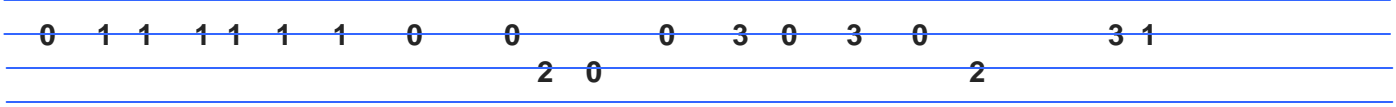
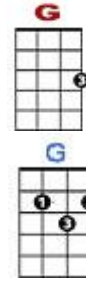
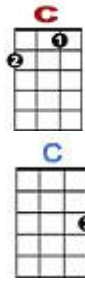
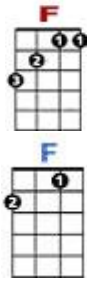


Well it was on a Saturday night when the moon was shining bright, that they robbed the Glendale train,

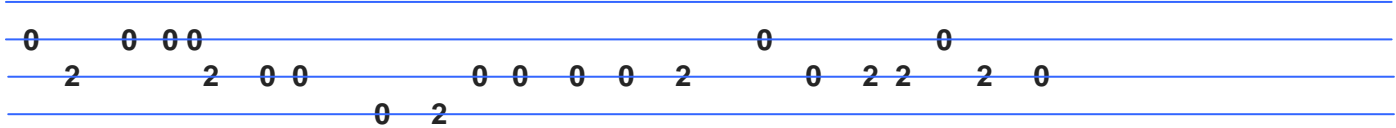
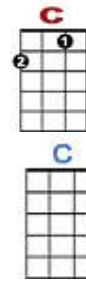
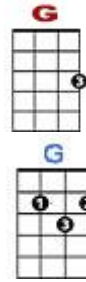
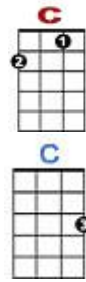
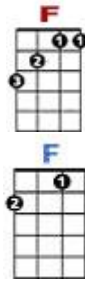
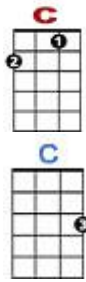


And people they did say o'er many miles away, "It was those outlaws, they're Frank and Jesse James."

CHORUS:



Well Jesse had a wife who mourned for his life, three children, they were brave.



But that dirty little coward that shot Mister Howard has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

2nd VERSE:

Now 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 alive.
 Well it was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward, I wonder 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.

CHORUS

3rd VERSE:

Now the people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death, and wondered how he ever came to fall
 Robert Ford, it was a fact, he shot Jesse in the back while Jesse hung a picture on the wall.
 Now Jesse went to rest with his hand on his breast, and the devil upon his knee.
 He was born one day in the County of Clay, and he came from a solitary race.

CHORUS