JESSE JAMES (di Billy Cashade)

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.

Well 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

Well Jesse had a wife
To mourn for his life
Three children
Now they were brave
Well that dirty little coward
That shot Mr. Howard
He laid poor Jesse in his grave

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

It was on a Saturday night
Well the moon was shining bright
They robbed the Glendale train
And people they did say
o'er many miles away
It was those outlaws Frank and Jesse James

Well Jesse had a wife
To mourn for his life
Three children
Now they were brave
But that dirty little coward
That shot Mr. Howard
He laid poor Jesse in his grave

Now 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 the wall

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

Well Jesse had a wife
To mourn for his life
Three children
Now they were brave
Well that dirty little coward
That shot Mr. Howard
He laid poor Jesse in his grave

JESSE JAMES

Jesse James era un ragazzo
Che uccise molti uomini,
Derubò il treno per Glenville
Rubò dai ricchi
E diede ai poveri
Aveva una mano ed un cuore ed un cervello

E' stato Robert Ford
Quel piccolo sporco codardo
Mi chiedo come si senta ora
Poiché mangiò il pane di Jesse
E dormì nel letto di Jesse
Poi ha messo il povero Jesse nella tomba.

Jesse aveva una moglie
A piangere per la sua morte
Tre bambini
Erano coraggiosi
Ma quel piccolo sporco codardo
Che sparò Mr. Howard
Ha messo Jesse James nella tomba

Jesse era un uomo
Amico dei poveri
Non avrebbe mai derubato una madre o un bambino
Non c'era nessun uomo con
la legge in mano
Che avrebbe potuto prendere Jesse James da vivo

Era un sabato sera
E la luna risplendeva forte
Derubarono il treno per Glendale
E la gente lontana
molte miglia raccontava
Che erano stati quei fuorilegge Frank e Jesse James.

Jesse aveva una moglie
A piangere per la sua morte
Tre bambini
Erano coraggiosi
Ma quel piccolo sporco codardo
Che sparò Mr. Howard
Ha messo Jesse James nella tomba

La gente trattenne il respiro
Quando sentì della morte di Jesse,
Si chiese come fosse potuto morire.
Robert Ford, e questo è noto,
Sparò Jesse alla schiena
Mentre Jesse appendeva un quadro al muro

Jesse morì con la mano sul petto
Il diavolo sarà alle sue ginocchia
Era nato un giorno nella contea di Clay
E proveniva da una razza solitaria

Jesse aveva una moglie
A piangere per la sua morte
Tre bambini
Erano coraggiosi
Ma quel piccolo sporco codardo
Che sparò Mr. Howard
Ha messo Jesse James nella tomba