

John Har-dy was a des-p'rate lit-tle man, he wore two guns ev-'ry day.

He shot down a man on the West Vir-gi-nia line, you ought to see John

Hardy gettin' a-way, poor boy, you ought to see John Har-dy gettin' a - way.

John Hardy was a desp'rate little man,
 He carried two guns ev'ry day.
 He shot down a man
 on that West Virginia line,
 You ought to see John Hardy
 gettin' away, poor boy,
 You ought to see John Hardy gettin' away.

John Hardy stood in his old jail cell,
 The tears running down from his eyes.
 He said, "I've been the death
 of many a poor boy.
 But my six-shooters
 never told a lie, poor boy,
 But my six-shooters never told a lie.

The next one to visit
 John Hardy in his cell,
 Was a little girl dressed in red.
 She came down to that old jail cell,
 She said, "Johnny,
 I had rather see you dead, poor boy,
 She said, Johnny,
 I had rather see you dead."

John Hardy stood in that old barroom,
 So drunk that he could not see.
 And a man walked up
 and took him by the arm,
 He said, "Johnny, come
 and go along with me, poor boy,
 Johnny, come and walk along with me."

The first one to visit
 John Hardy in his cell
 Was a little girl dressed in blue.
 She came down to that old jail cell,
 She said, "Johnny,
 I've been true to you, poor boy,
 God knows, Johnny,
 I've been true to you."

"I've been to the East
 and I've been to the West,
 I've travelled this
 wide world around,
 I've been to that river
 and I've been baptized,
 So take me to my
 burying ground, poor boy,
 So take me to my burying ground."