

# John Hardy

## Buell Kazee

Well, John Hardy was a vicious little man  
He carried two guns every day  
He shot down a man on the West Virginia line  
I see John Hardy gettin' away, poor boy  
See John Hardy gettin' away Well, John Hardy went up to that free stone bridge  
Where there, he thought he was free  
A dare the man, who called nobody his own  
Said, "Johnny come and go with me", poor boy  
Johnny come and go with me John Hardy had a pretty little wife back home  
The dress that she wore was blue  
She come to the jail house with a loud shout  
Said, "Johnny, I've been true to you", poor boy  
"Johnny, I've been true to you", she said John Hardy sent out to the East Coast  
Sent for his folks to come and go his bail  
But there was no bail allowed for the murderin' man  
They sent John Hardy back to jail, poor boy  
Sent John Hardy back to jail, back now Who's going to shoe your pretty little feet  
Who's gonna glove your hand  
Who's gonna kiss your rosy red cheeks  
It's gonna be that steel drivin' man, poor boy  
"Be that steel drivin' man", she said Now sittin' alone there in his cell  
Now tears are rolling down his eyes  
He's been the death of many, a poor man  
And now, he is ready to die, poor boy  
Now he is ready to die Singin' "I've been to the east, I've been to the west"  
I've seen this whole wide world around  
I've been to the river and I've been baptized  
Take me to my hanging in the ground, poor boy  
"Take me to my hanging in the ground", she said I [Incomprehensible] poor boy, poor boy

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