John Hardy

Silver Apples

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' awayWell, 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 meJohn 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 saidJohn 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 nowWho'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 saidNow 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 dieSingin' "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 saidI [Incomprehensible] poor boy, poor boy

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