

## Burl Ives

### "John Hardy"

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Burl Ives - John Hardy

John Hardy was a desperate little man  
He carried two guns every day  
He shot down a man on that West Virginia line  
You ought a seen John Hardy getting away  
You ought to seen John Hardy getting away

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

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  
No, my six-shooters never told a lie

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 God knows  
Johnny, I've been true to you

The next one to Visit John Hardy in his cell  
Was a little girl dressed in red  
She come down to that old jail cell  
She said, Johnny, I had rather see you dead  
Well, Johnny, I had rather see you dead

I've been to the East and I've been to the West  
I've traveled this wide world around  
I've been to that river and I've been baptized  
So take me to my burying ground  
So take me to my burying ground

John Hardy was a desperate little man  
He carried two guns every day  
He shot down a man on the West Virginia line

You ought to seen old John Hardy getting away  
You ought to seen old John Hardy getting away

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