

John Wesley Harding
Bob Dylan

C

John Wesley Harding

F G C

Was a friend to the poor,

C Dm F G

He traveled with a gun in every hand.

C

All along this countryside,

F G C

He opened many a door,

C

But he was never known

F G C

To hurt an honest man.

Twass down in Chaynee County,

A time they talk about,

With his lady by his side

He took a stand.

And soon the situation there

Was all but straightened out,

For he was always known

To lend a helping hand.

All across the telegraph

His name it did resound,

But no charge held against him

Could they prove.

And there was no man around

Who could track or chain him down,

He was never known

To make a foolish move.