



The Wells and Fargo Line

Come and listen to my story,
I'll not detain you long,
A-singing and a-humming
this simple and silly song.
'Tis of the old ex-convicts,
the men who served their time
For robbing mountain stages
on the Wells and Fargo line.

Oh, there was Major Thompson
turned up the other day,
He said that he would hold them up
or the devil would be to pay.
For he could hold a rifle
and draw a bead so fine
Upon those shotgun messengers
of the Wells and Fargo line.

And there was Jimmy Miner
who thought he was a thief,
But he surely did prove himself
to be a dirty sneak;
And now behind San Quentin's walls
he's serving out his time,
For giving tips to old Jim Hughes
on the Wells and Fargo Line.

And there's still another
 who well did play his part,
He's known among the mountains
 as the highwayman, Black Bart..
He'd ride those mountain jerkies,
 to him it was but pleasure;
He'd ride the trail both night and day
 for the Wells and Fargo treasure.

And now my story's ended,
 I've not detained you long,
A-singing and a-humming
 this simple and silly song.
And though the nights are long, boys,
 and weary grows the time,
But when we are out we'll ride again
 the Wells and Fargo line.



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