THE LONG, BLACK RIFLE—Coleman/Gimbel

3/4  123  12 (without intro)
(If you prefer, change Bb9's to Bb)

Intro: |   |

Come closer, my love, and you'll hear my tale. It'll make you cold. It'll turn you pale.

It's a tale of a man's never ending love and a long, black rifle.

He wed a woman sworn to an-other and, in a rage, the other man

Shot him down with a long, black rifle, shot him down and a-way he ran.

A prairie man loved a city maid. Was the love he took worth the price he paid,

When the man ends up at the smoky end of a long, black rifle?

He wed a woman sworn to an-other and, in a rage, the other man

Shot him down with a long, black rifle, shot him down and a-way he ran.
p.2. The Long, Black Rifle

His dying words I repeat to you. "You can never kill love when love is true."

It lives when only the rust is left of a long, black rifle."

He wed a woman sworn to another and, in a rage, the other man

Shot him down with a long, black rifle, shot him down and a-way he ran.

Shot him down and a-way he ran. Shot him down and a-way he ran.
THE LONG, BLACK RIFLE—Coleman/Gimbel

3/4 123 12 (without intro)
(If you prefer, change Bb9's to Bb)

Intro: | C | Bb9 | C | Bb9 |

C             Bb9                      C          Bb9            C            Bb9            C           G7

Come closer, my love, and you'll hear my tale. It'll make you cold. It'll turn you pale.

C               Bb9                      C

It's a tale of a man's never ending love and a long, black rifle.

Bb                C                                       Bb      C

He wed a woman sworn to an-other and, in a rage, the other man

Bb               C                                          Bb        C     C  Bb9  C  Bb9

Shot him down with a long, black rifle, shot him down and a-way he ran.

C        Bb9                C    Bb9                    C        Bb9                     C          G7

A prairie man loved a city maid. Was the love he took worth the price he paid,

C                     Bb9              C

When the man ends up at the smoky end of a long, black rifle?

Bb                C                                       Bb      C

He wed a woman sworn to an-other and, in a rage, the other man

Bb               C                                          Bb        C    C  Bb9  C  Bb9

Shot him down with a long, black rifle, shot him down and a-way he ran.

C       Bb9            C       Bb9                      C           Bb9              C       G7

His dying words I re-peat to you. "You can never kill love when love is true.

C                     Bb9              C

It lives when only the rust is left of a long, black rifle.

Bb                C                                       Bb      C

He wed a woman sworn to an-other and, in a rage, the other man

Bb               C                                          Bb        C

Shot him down with a long, black rifle, shot him down and a-way he ran.

Bb         C                                          Bb        C

Shot him down and a-way he ran. Shot him down and a-way he ran.