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 re-peat 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 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.

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
He wed a woman sworn to another 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
He wed a woman sworn to another 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
He wed a woman sworn to another 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
Shot him down and a-way he ran. Shot him down and a-way he ran.