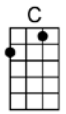
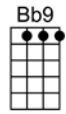
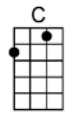
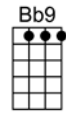
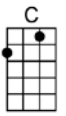
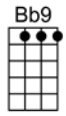
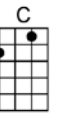
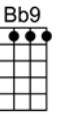
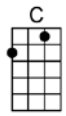
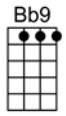
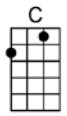
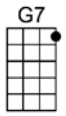


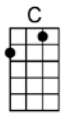
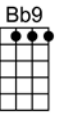
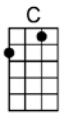
# THE LONG, BLACK RIFLE (BAR)-Coleman/Gimbel

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

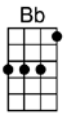
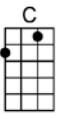
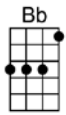
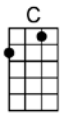
**Intro:** |  |  |  |  |

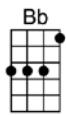
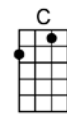
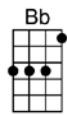
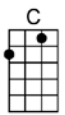
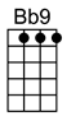
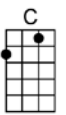
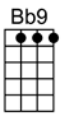
Come closer, my love, and you'll hear my tale. It'll make you cold. It'll turn you pale.

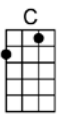
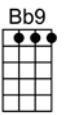
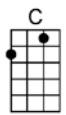
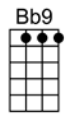
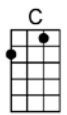
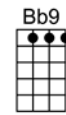
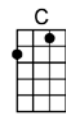
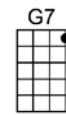
It's a tale of a man's never ending love and a long, black rifle.

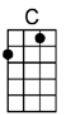
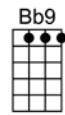
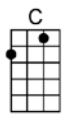
He wed a woman sworn to an-other and, in a rage, the other man

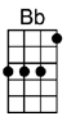
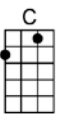
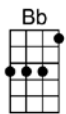
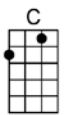
Shot him down with a long, black rifle, shot him down and a-way he ran.

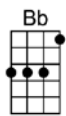
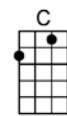
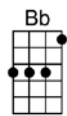
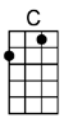
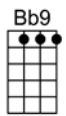
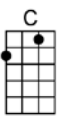
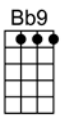
A prairie man loved a city maid. Was the love he took worth the price he paid,

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

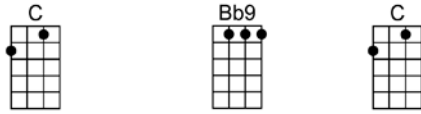
      

Shot him down with a long, black rifle, shot him down and a-way he ran.

p.2. The Long, Black Rifle



His dying words I 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 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.