# Long Black Veil

Danny Dill and Marijohn Wilkin 1959 (as recorded by Lefty Frizzell)

**C:\Ourfiles\Bytown Ukulele Group\Chord Boxes\Hans chord boxes\uke-chords\48x64\C.pngC:\Ourfiles\Bytown Ukulele Group\Chord Boxes\Hans chord boxes\uke-chords\48x64\F.pngC:\Users\msrog\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\G7.png**

**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /**

**[C] / [C] / [C] / [C]**

**[C]** Ten years ago, on a cold dark night

There was **[G7]** someone killed ‘neath the **[F]** town hall **[C]** light

There were **[C]** few at the scene, but they all agreed

That the **[G7]** slayer who ran looked a **[F]** lot like **[C]** me **[C]**

The **[C]** judge said son what is your alibi

If you were **[G7]** somewhere else then **[F]** you won’t have to **[C]** die

I **[C]** spoke not a word though it meant my life

For I had **[G7]** been, in the arms, of my **[F]** best friend’s **[C]** wife **[C]**

She **[F]** walks these **[C]** hills, in a **[F]** long black **[C]** veil

She **[F]** visits my **[C]** grave, when the **[F]** night winds **[C]** wail **[C]**

**[C]** Nobody knows **[F]** nobody **[C]** sees

**[F]** Nobody **[G7]** knows, but **[C]** me **[C]**

The **[C]** scaffold’s high, and eternity near

She **[G7]** stood in the crowd, and **[F]** shed not a **[C]** tear

But **[C]** sometimes at night, when the cold wind moans

In a **[G7]** long black veil, she **[F]** cries o’er my **[C]** bones **[C]**

She **[F]** walks these **[C]** hills, in a **[F]** long black **[C]** veil

She **[F]** visits my **[C]** grave, when the **[F]** night winds **[C]** wail **[C]**

**[C]** Nobody knows **[F]** nobody **[C]** sees

**[F]** Nobody **[G7]** knows, but **[C]** me **[C]**

**[F]** Nobody **[G7]** knows, but **[C]** me **[C]**

**[F]** Nobody **[G7]** knows, but **[C]** me **[C]↓**

[www.bytownukulele.ca](http://www.bytownukulele.ca)