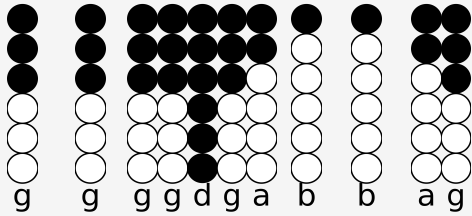


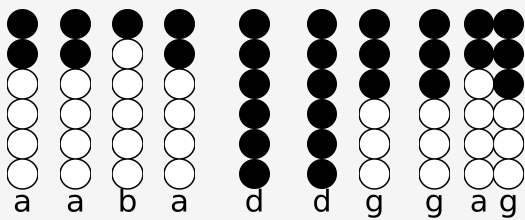
Tin whistle tabs for: Long Black Veil

Categories: Folk

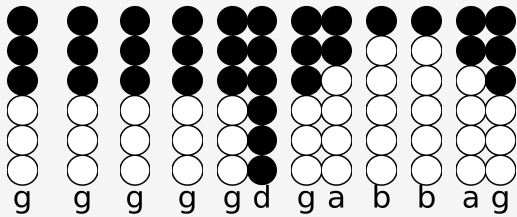
Author/Performer: Johnny Cash, Joan Baez



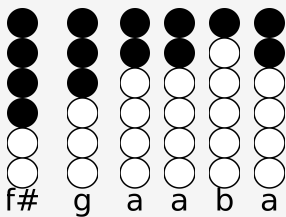
Ten years a-go on a cold dark night,



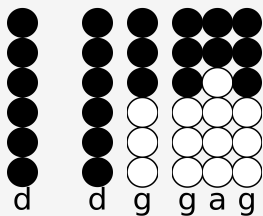
Some one was killed neath the Town Hall light



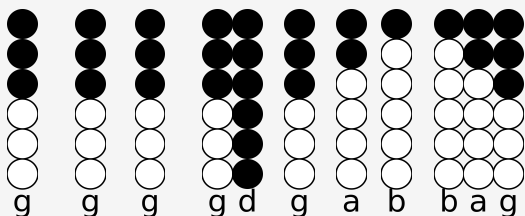
The peo-ple who saw they all a-greed



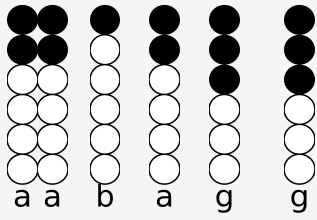
That the slay-er who ran



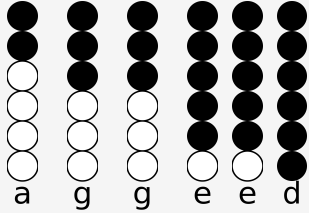
looked a lot like me.



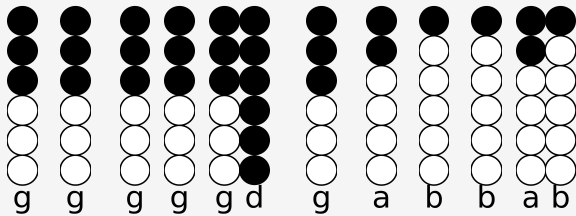
The judge said, son, what is your al-i-bi?



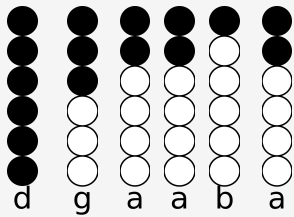
If you were some-where's else,



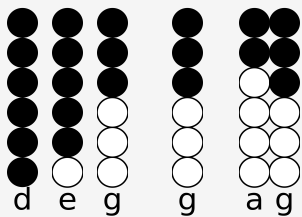
then you won't have to die.



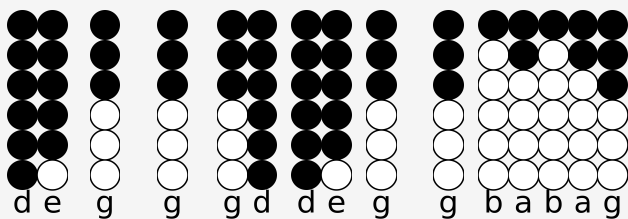
I spoke not a word, though it meant my life,



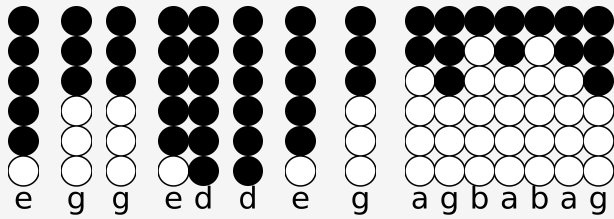
For I'd been in the arms



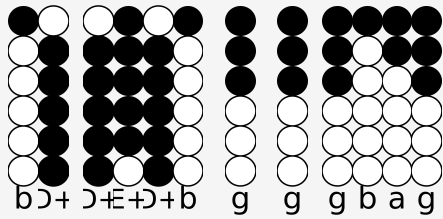
of my best friend's wife.



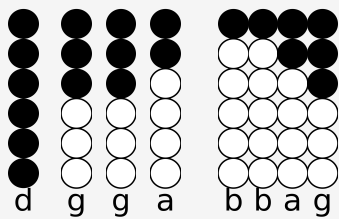
She walks these hills in a long black veil,



Vis-its my grave when the night winds wail,



No-bod-y knows, no-bod-y sees,



No-bod-y knows, but me.

The scaffold is high, eternity near,
 She stands in the crowd, she sheds not a tear,
 But sometimes at night, when the cold winds moan,
 In a long black veil she cries o'er my bones.
 She walks these hills in a long black veil,
 Visits my grave when the night winds wail,
 Nobody knows, nobody sees,
 Nobody knows, but me.