

The Long Black Rifle

The Kingston Trio

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 the 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 away he ran.

A prairie man loved a city maid.
Was the love he took worth the price he paid,
When a man ends up at the smoky end
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 away he ran.

His dyin' words I repeat to you.
"You can never kill love when love is true.
It lives when only the rust is left
Of the 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 away he ran.

Shot him down and away he ran.