



**CHORUS:**

Am\ G\ Am\ G\ G Am  
 Black Bart, Black Bart, a frontier legend from the start  
 D Am  
 A highwayman with a taste for art  
 Am D Am  
 A crime and a rhyme to make your mark  
 D Am\ D<sup>234</sup>\ Am  
 There's a riddle inside your out-law he-art – Black Bart . . .

Am . G . Am . . . Am . G Am . . .  
 La-ter th-ey would find - - - - the po-ets tell tale sign  
 Am . G Am . . .

For the Wells- and-Fargo line:

Am G D Am  
 Oh I've labored long and hard for bread, for honor and for riches  
 Am G Am . . .  
 But on my corn too long you've trod your mothers were all "Witches"

Am G Am . . .  
 Twenty-eight times he robbed a stage and never fired a shot  
 Am G Am . . .  
 And despite the grudge he bore, a killer he was not

G D D  
 It was 1883 in the City by the Bay

Am G Am  
 When a laundry mark on a handkerchief gave ol' Charlie Boles away **CHORUS**

**OUTRO:**

D Am D . . . \ Am . . . .  
 There's a riddle inside your out-law he-art – **Black Bart . . . . . X3**

D Am D . . . \ G . Am . . . \  
 There's a riddle inside your out-law he-art Black Bart  
 G . Am . . . \ G . Am . . . \ G . Am . . . \  
 Black Bart Black Bart Black Bart