

The Ballad of Black Bart

p1

11/21/23
digital version
new outro

4X4 Western Roll

INTRO: Am . . . Am . . . Am . . . Am . . .

Am G Am . . .
Devil moon on a lonely stretch of the Red Bluff Shasta Road
Am G Am . . .
Masked man waitin' at the crest of the hill where the horses pulled up slow
G G D Am
He stepped out of the sha-dows his shotgun plain to see
Am G . . . Am . . .
Said "driver throw that strongbox down\ — if you please"

Am G Am . . .
The ladies cried out Lord have mercy now our time has come
Am G Am . . .
But the Jewels and purses they tossed out he gave back one by one
G D Am
He said "my dears I mean no harm I beg you'll pardon me
Am G Am
My quarrel's with the big boys of the stagecoach company

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^{???}\ Am
There's a riddle inside your out-law he-art – Black Bart . . .

Am G Am . . .
West of the Copperopolis he made his great escape
Am D D . . .
When a rifle bullet grazed his skull and he still walked away
G Am
He dropped his knapsack, grabbed the gold and vanished in a flash
Am G Am
They chased him sixty miles and lost the bandit and his cash

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\ D²³⁴\ 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:

G . Am . . . \ G . Am . . . \ G . Am . . . \
Black Bart Black Bart Black Bart