THE LONG BLACK VEIL
Marijohn Wilkin/Danny Dill

TEN YEARS AGO ON A COLD, DARK NIGHT

THERE WAS SOMEONE KILLED IN THE TOWNHALL LIGHT.

THERE WERE FEW AT THE SCENE BUT THEY ALL AGREED

THAT THE SLAYER WHO RAN LOOKED A LOT LIKE ME.

NOBODY KNOWS. NOBODY SEE S. NOBODY KNOWS BUT ME.

THE JUDGE SAID, "SON, WHAT IS YOUR ALIBI?

IF YOU WERE SOMEWHERE 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.

SHE VISITS MY GRAVE WHEN THE NIGHT WINDS WAIL.

NOBODY KNOWS. NOBODY SEES. NOBODY KNOWS BUT ME.

THE SCAFFOLD WAS HIGH AND ETERNITY NEAR.

SHE STOOD IN THE CROWD AND SHED NOT A TEAR.

BUT SOMETIMES AT NIGHT WHEN THE COLD WIND MOANS

IN A L ONG BLACK VEIL SHE CRIES O'ER MY BONES.

SHE WALKS THESE HILLS IN A LONG BLACK VEIL.

SHE VISITS MY GRAVE WHEN THE NIGHT WINDS WAIL.

NOBODY KNOWS. NOBODY SEES. NOBODY KNOWS BUT ME.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT ME.