








Black Adder 1 *(outro - slightly different timing from intro)*

||: G  | A  | C  |






The sound of hoof beats 'cross the glade. Good folk, lock up your son and
 Black: his gloves of finest mole. Black, his codpiece made of

G  / D  / | G  | A  |






daugh- ter . Be- ware the deadly flashing blade, un-
 met- al. His horse is blacker than a vole. His

C  | G  / D  / | G  |

less you want to end up shor- ter. Black Adder, Black
 pot is blacker than his kett- le. Black Adder, Black

D^m  | A^m  | D  | G  | C  |

Adder, he rides a pitch black steed. Black Adder, Black Adder, he's
 Adder, with many a cunning plan. Black Adder, Black Adder, you

1 | A^m  | D  :|| 2 | A^m  / D  / | G  |

very bad in- deed. horrid little man