



# WESTERN SONG NIGHT

ROUND-UP STARTS AT THE  
FOOD COURT WED. MAY 29<sup>TH</sup>  
AT 6:00 PM

ALL UKULELE BUCKAROOS WEAR YOUR WESTERN  
ATTIRE AND PLAN ON A NIGHT OF SINGING AROUND  
THE CAMPFIRE. COWBOY TRIVIA AND DOOR PRIZES.



**Back In the Saddle Again**

**The Cowboy Song**

**Ballad of Davy Crockett**

**Long Tall Texan**

**Tumbling Tumbleweeds**

**Yellow Rose of Texas**

**Rawhide**

**Red River Valley**

**Happy Trails**

**The Cattle Call**

**Don't Fence Me In**

**Home On the Range**

**Abilene**

**Shenandoah**

**She 'll Be Coming Round the Mountain**

**Mammas Don't Let Their Babies Grow up to Be Cowboys**

**Ghost Riders in the Sky**

**Pancho & Lefty**

**Streets of Laredo**

**Sweet Baby James**

# BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN

C                    G7    C  
I'm back in the saddle again

F                                    C  
Out where a friend is a friend

                                  F  
Where the longhorn cattle feed

                                  C                    A7  
On the lowly gypsum weed

D7                                    G7  
I'm back in the saddle again

C                    G7            C  
Riding the range once more

F                                    C  
Toting my old .44

                                  F  
Where you sleep out every night

                                  C                    A7  
Where the only law is right

D7                    G7            C  
Back in the saddle again

                                  F  
Whoopi-ty-aye-oh

                                  C  
Rocking to and fro

                                  G7  
Back in the saddle again

C            F                    C  
Whoopi-ty-aye-yay I go my way

D7                    G7            C  
Back in the saddle again

# THE COWBOY SONG

Ee He o he-o (G) Cowboy  
Ee he o he-o (D7) oooo  
Ee he-o cowboy, cowboy, cowboy  
Under the (G) moon

I was ridin' my (G) horse  
By the Rio Grand (D7) ee  
And all o' them coyotes singing  
In a prairie (G) symphony

I was ridin' my (G) horse  
Down by the Rio Grand (D7) ee  
When I seen me a cowboy, cowboy, cowboy  
Ridin' toward (G) me

Ee he o he-o (G) cowboy  
Ee he o he-o (D7) oooo  
Ee he o he-o cowboy, cowboy, cowboy  
Under the (G) moon

He was twirling his (G) guns  
And he had a gui (D7)tar  
And we sang us up a sweet old  
Song about love  
Under the (G) stars

Ee he o he-o (G) cowboy  
Ee he o he-o (D7) oooo  
]Ee he o he-o cowboy, cowboy, cowboy  
Under the (G) moon

(G) Giddyup!





# BALLAD OF DAVY CROCKETT

4/4 1...2...1234

**Intro:** C / F / C / G7 / C /

C F C G7 C

Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild fron-tier!

C F C D7 G7

Born on a mountain top in Tennes-see, greenest state in the land of the free

C C7 F D7 G7 C

Raised in the woods so he knew every tree, kilt him a bar when he was only three

C F C G7 C

Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild fron-tier! (X2)

C F C D7 G7

Off through the woods he's a-marchin' a-long, makin' up yarns an' singin' a song

C C7 F D7 G7 C

Itchin' for a fightin', and a-rightin' a wrong, grizzly as a bear and twice as strong.

C F C G7 C

Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild fron-tier! (X2)

C F C D7 G7

His land is biggest an' his land is best, from grassy plains to the mountain crest

C C7 F D7 G7 C

He's a-head of us all, meetin' the test, followin' his legend into the West

C F C G7 C

Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild fron-tier!

C F C

Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild fron-tier!





# LONG TALL TEXAN

4/4 1...2...1234



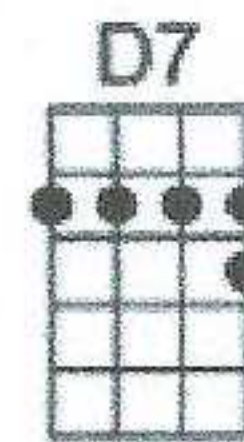
Giddy - Up, Giddy - Up, Giddy - Up



Well, I'm a long tall Texan, I ride a big white horse. (He rides from Texas on a big white horse.)



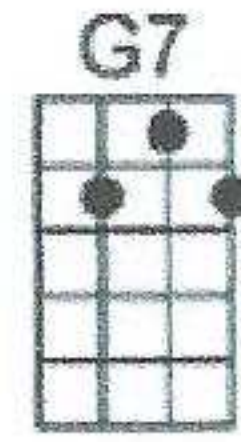
Yes, I'm a long tall Texan, I ride a big white horse. (He rides from Texas on a big white horse.)



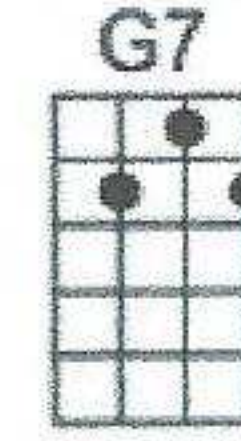
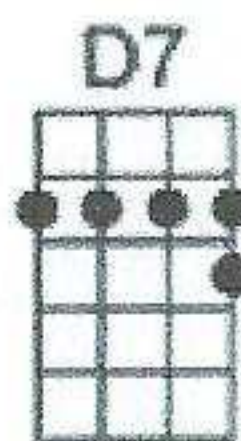
And people look at me and they say, Oh Roy, Oh Roy, is that your horse?



Well, I'm a long tall Texan, I wear a ten-gallon hat. (He rides from Texas with a ten-gallon hat.)



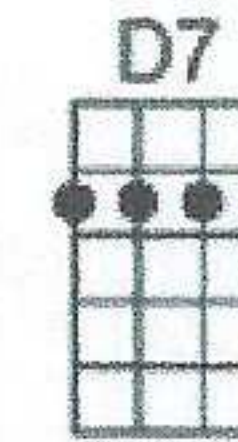
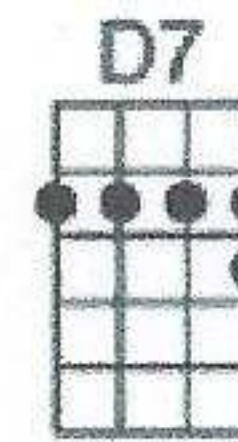
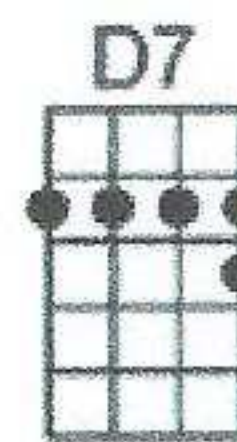
Yes, I'm a long tall Texan, I wear a ten-gallon hat. (He rides from Texas with a ten-gallon hat.)



People look at me and they say, Oh Roy, Oh Roy, is that your hat?



Well, I was walking down the street with my shiny badge, my big spurs jingling at my feet



Well, I saw a man comin', comin' with a gun, 'n well, I just can't be beat.



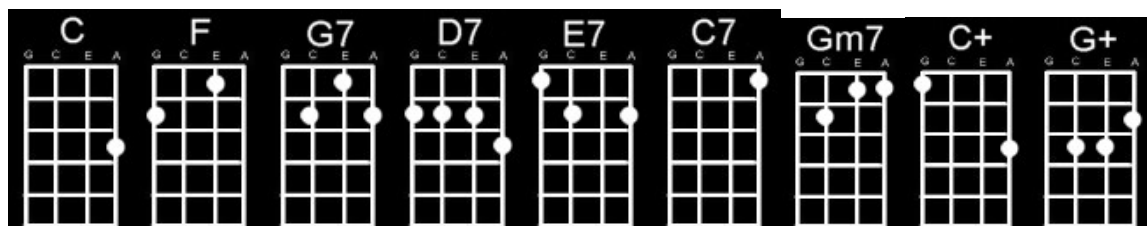
# Tumbling Tumbleweeds

# Sons of the Pioneers

Hear (most of) this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gOsaOsmUqls>

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook [www.scorpex.net/uke.htm](http://www.scorpex.net/uke.htm)

[G7] Drifting along with the tumbling [C] tumbleweeds  
[C] I'm a roving [C7] cowboy [F] riding all day [C] long  
[G7] Tumbleweeds around me  
[C] Sing their lonely [Gm7] song [C7]  
[F] Nights underneath the prairie [C] moon  
[D7] I ride along and sing this [G] tune [G+]  
[F] See them tumbling down  
[E7] Pledging their love to the ground  
[F] Lonely but free I'll be [C] found  
[G7] Drifting along with the tumbling [C] tumbleweeds [C+]  
[F] Cares of the past are behind  
[E7] Nowhere to go but I'll find  
[F] Just where the trail will [C] wind  
[G7] Drifting along with the tumbling [C] tumbleweeds  
I [G7] know when night has [C] gone  
That a [D7] new world's born at [G] dawn [G7]  
[F] I'll keep rolling along [E7] deep in my heart is a song  
[F] Here on the range I be [C] long  
[G7] Drifting along with the tumbling [C] tumbleweeds  
[G7] Drifting along with the tumbling [C] tumbleweeds



# YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

G  
There's a yellow rose of Texas I'm goin' for to see,  
D7  
No other soldier knows her, nobody only me,  
G  
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart,  
D7 G D7 G  
And if I ever find her, we never more will part (Chorus)

G  
Where the Rio Grande is flowing and starry skies are bright,  
D7  
She walks along the river in the quiet summer night,  
G  
She thinks if I remember we parted long ago;  
D7 G D7 G  
I promised to come back again and never let her go (Chorus)

G  
Oh, now I'm goin' to find her, my heart is full of woe;  
D7  
We'll sing the song together we sang so long ago,  
G  
We'll play the banjo gaily and sing the songs of yore,  
D7 G D7 G  
And the yellow rose of Texas will be mine for-ever-more. (Chorus)

## Chorus

G  
She's the sweetest rose of color this soldier ever knew.  
D7  
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew,  
G  
You may talk about your winsome maids and sing of Rosalie,  
D7 G D7 G  
But the yellow rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.



# Rawhide

Intro: Dm Dm7 with riff over

Riff: A|-----0-0-3-0-  
 E|----1-----  
 C|-2-2-2-----  
 G|-----

(Verse 1)

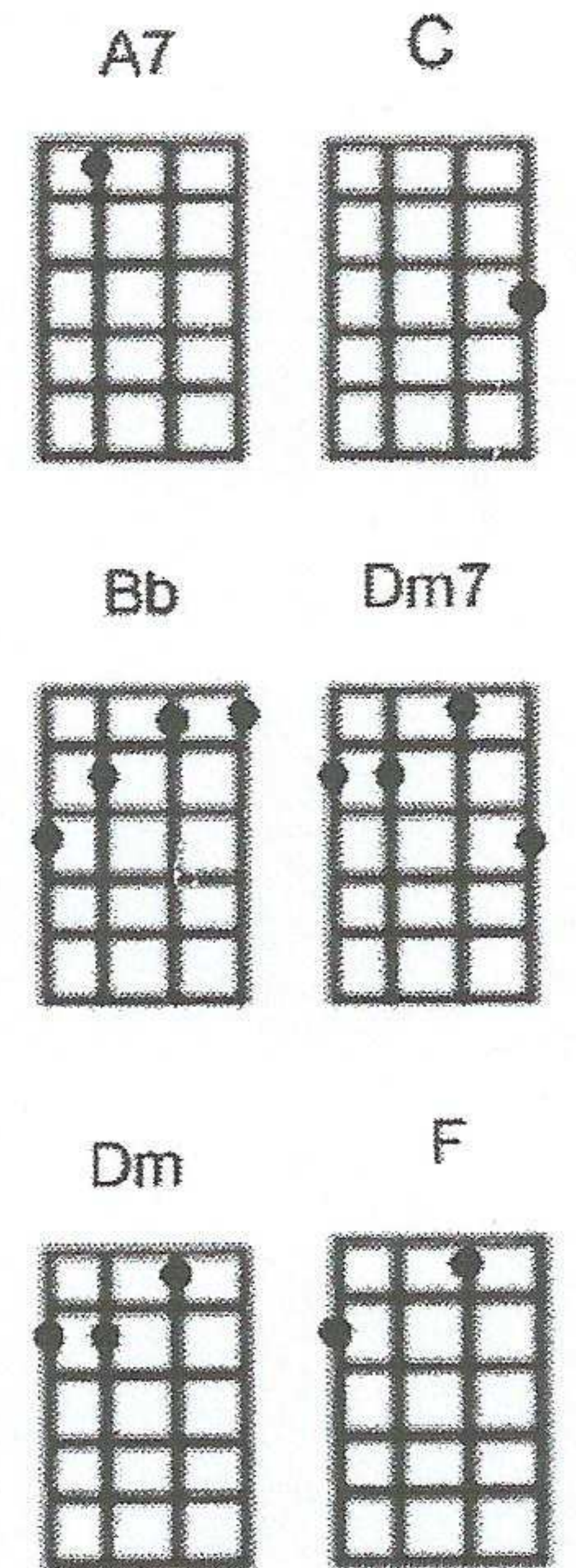
[Dm] Rollin', rollin', rollin'  
 [Dm7] though the streams are swollen  
 [F] Keep them dogies rollin', rawhide  
 [Dm] Rain and wind and weather [C] hell bent for [Dm] leather  
 [C] Wishin' my [Bb] gal was by my [A7] side  
 [Dm] All the things I'm missin'  
 Good [C] victuals, love and [Dm] kissin'  
 Are [C] waiting at the [Dm] end of [C]my [Dm] ride

(Chorus)

[Dm] Move 'em on, head 'em up [A7] Head 'em up, move 'em on  
 [Dm] Move 'em on, head 'em up [A7] Rawhide  
 [Dm] Count 'em out, ride 'em in [A7] Ride 'em in, count 'em out  
 [Dm] Count 'em out, ride 'em [Bb]in, [A7] Raw [Dm] hide  
 Dm Dm7 with riff over

(Verse 2)

[Dm] Keep movin', movin', movin'  
 [Dm7] Though they're disapprovin'  
 [F] Keep them dogies movin', rawhide  
 Don't [Dm] try to understand 'em  
 Just [C] rope, throw and [Dm] brand 'em  
 [C] Soon we'll be [Bb] living high and [A7] wide  
 [Dm] My heart's calculatin'  
 My [C] true love will be [Dm] waitin'  
 Be [C] waitin' at the [Dm] end of [C] my [Dm] ride



Chorus

Solo + chords:

Dm Dm7 F Dm C Dm C Dm C Dm  
 A|-----0-0-0-0-3-0-3-0-3-0-3-0-3-5-5-5-3-0-----  
 E|--1-1-1-1-1-1-----1-4-4-4-3-1-----1-4-4-4-3-1-----  
 C|-2-2-2-----2-----2-2-----2-0-2-----  
 G|-----

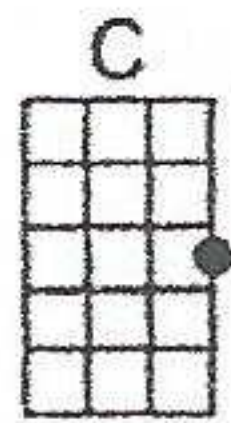
Rollin', rollin', rollin'  
 Rollin', rollin', rollin'  
 Rollin', rollin', rollin'  
 Rollin', rollin', rollin'..... RAWHIDE



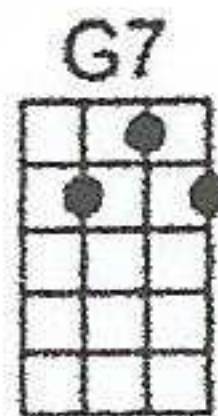


# RED RIVER VALLEY

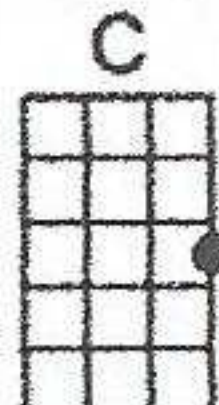
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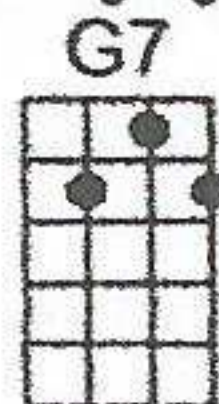
From this valley they say you are going



We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile

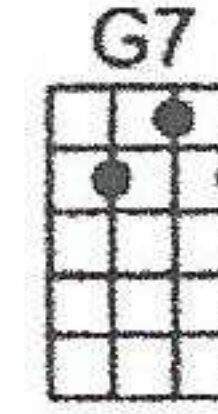
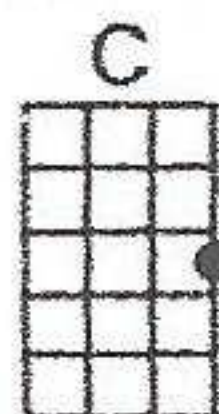


For they say you are taking the sunshine

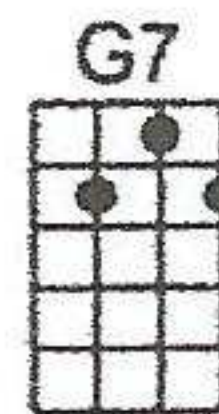
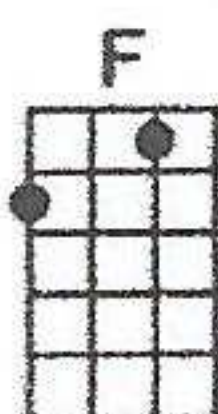
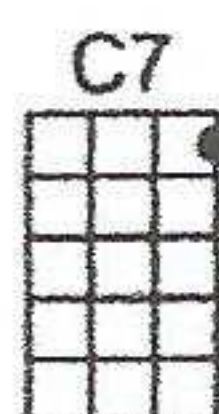


That has brightened our pathways awhile

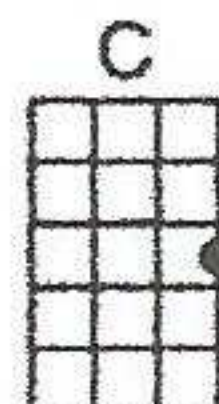
## CHORUS:



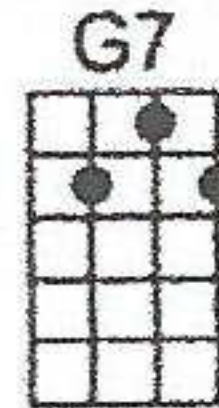
Come and sit by my side, if you love me. Do not hasten to bid me adieu



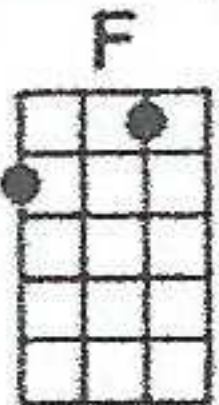
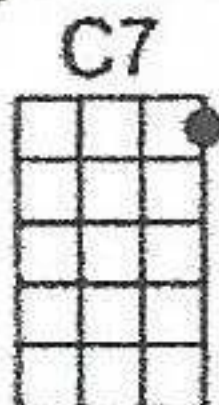
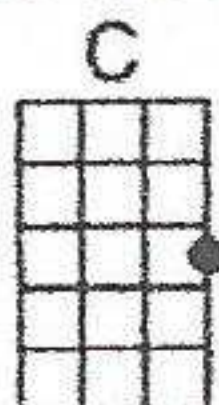
Just remember the Red River Valley and the cowboy who loved you so true.



I've been thinking a long time, my darling



Of the sweet words you never would say



Now, alas, must my fond hopes all vanish



For they say you are going away.

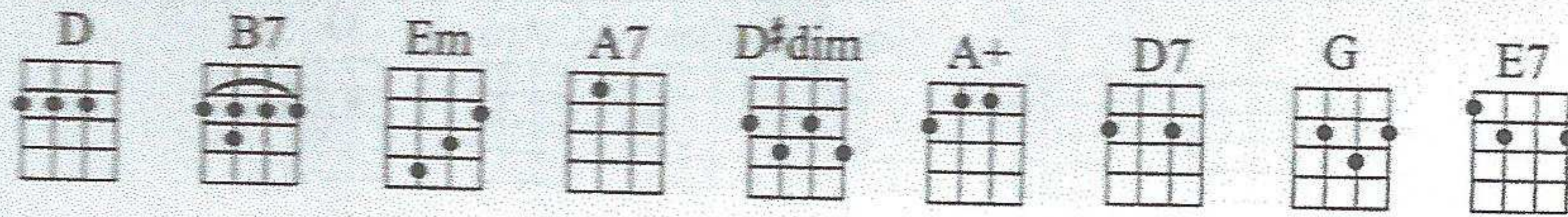
## CHORUS



# Happy Trails

Words and Music by  
DALE EVANS

FIRST NOTE

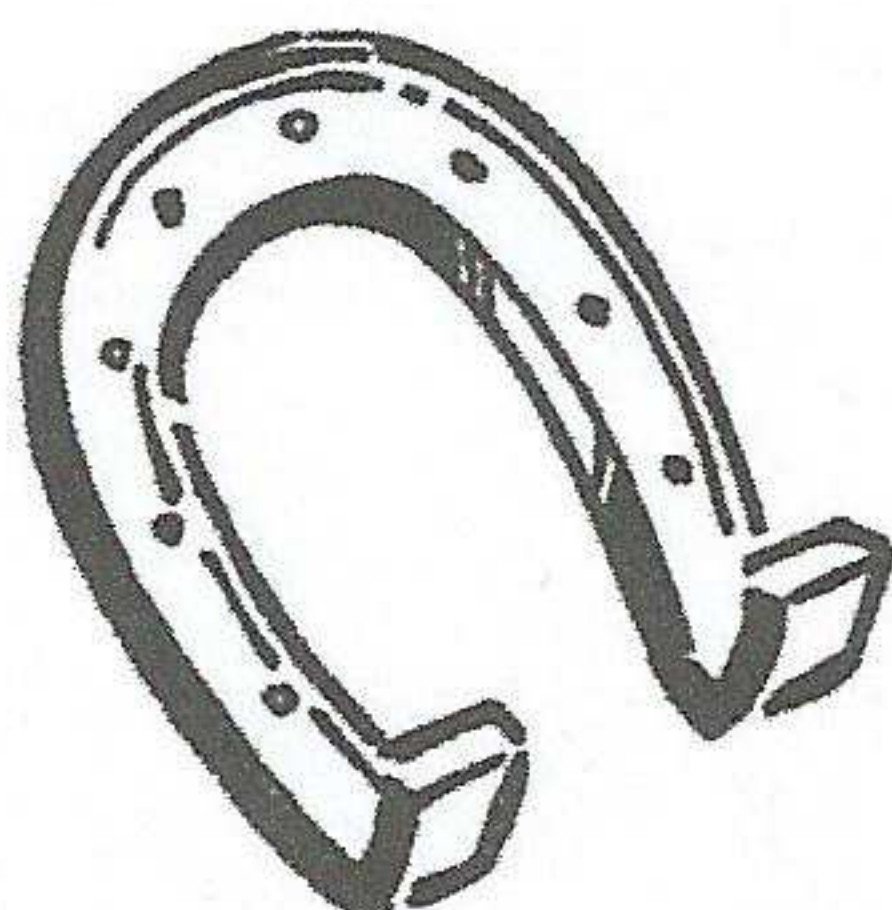


Loping feel

Some trails are hap - py ones, — oth - ers are blue. It's the  
 way you ride the trail that counts; — here's a hap - py one for you. Hap - py  
 trails to you, un - til we meet a - gain. Hap - py  
 trails to you, keep smil - in' un - til then. Who  
 cares a - bout the clouds when we're to - geth - er? Just sing a song and bring the sun - ny  
 weath - er. Hap - py trails to you, 'til we meet a - gain.

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# The Cattle Call - (NWFL)

Music & Lyrics by Doie "Tex" Owens, 1934

## Refrain (All Yodel)

F  
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de  
C  
Woo - hoo - ooo - oop - i - de - de  
F  
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de  
C F  
Yod-el - od-el- lo - ti - de. (Yodel Solo)

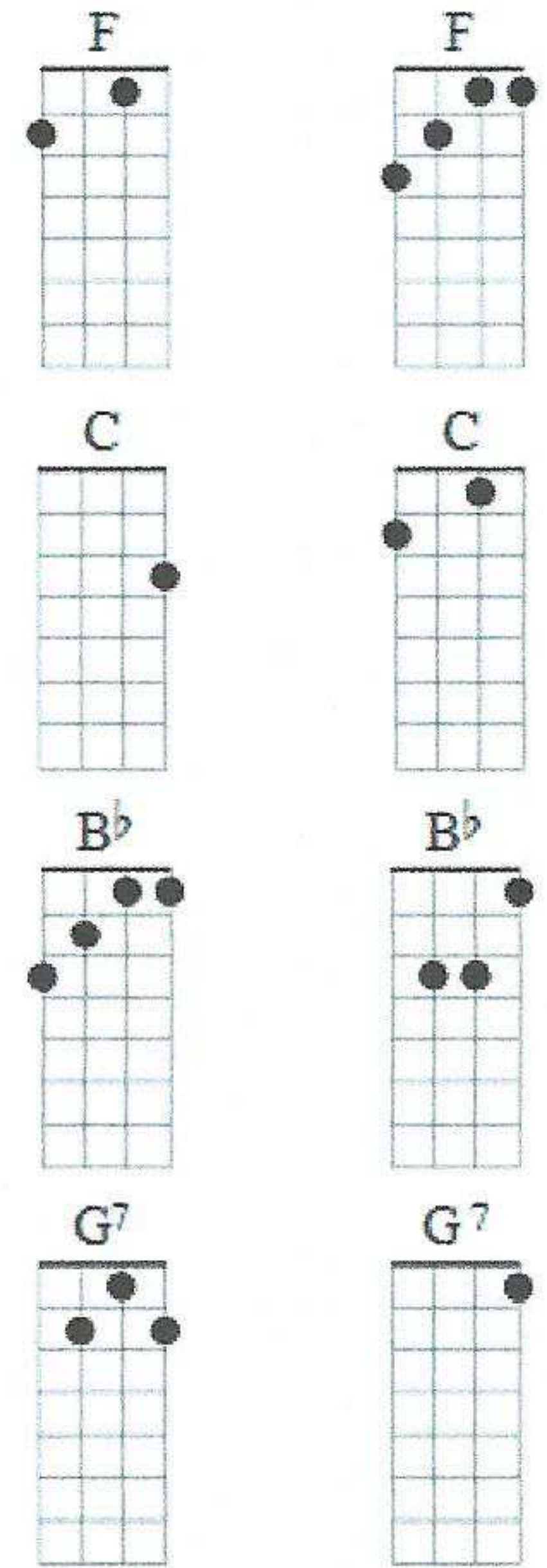
F Bb  
The cattle are prowlin' the coyotes are howlin'  
C F  
Way out where the dogies bawl  
Bb  
Where spurs are a-jinglin', a cowboy is singin'  
C F  
This lonesome cattle call.

Bb F  
He rides in the sun 'til his day's work is done  
G7 C  
And he rounds up the cattle each fall  
F  
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de  
C F  
Singin' his cattle call. (Refrain)

F Bb  
For hours he will ride on the range far and wide  
C F  
When the night winds blow up a squall  
Bb  
His heart is a feather in all kinds of weather  
C F  
He sings his cattle call.

Bb F  
He's brown as a berry from ridin' the prairie  
G7 C  
And he sings with an ol' western drawl  
F  
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de  
C F  
Singin' his cattle call. (Refrain)

Soprano Baritone



Intro: F strum  
(3/4 waltz)

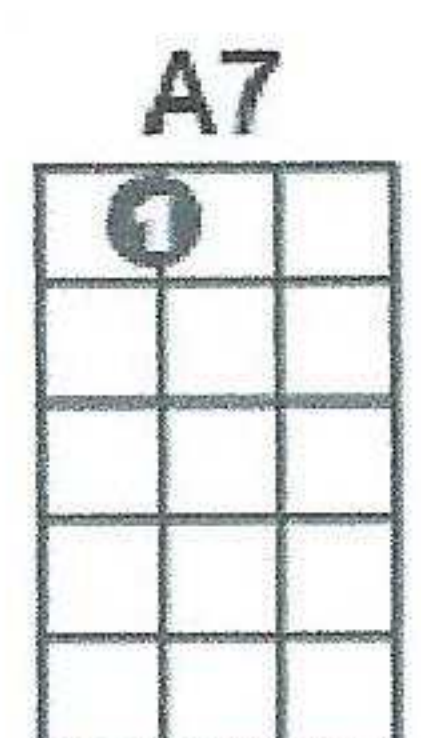
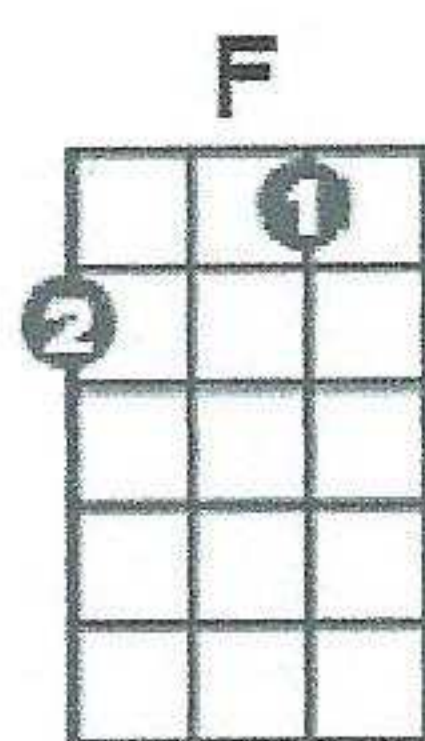
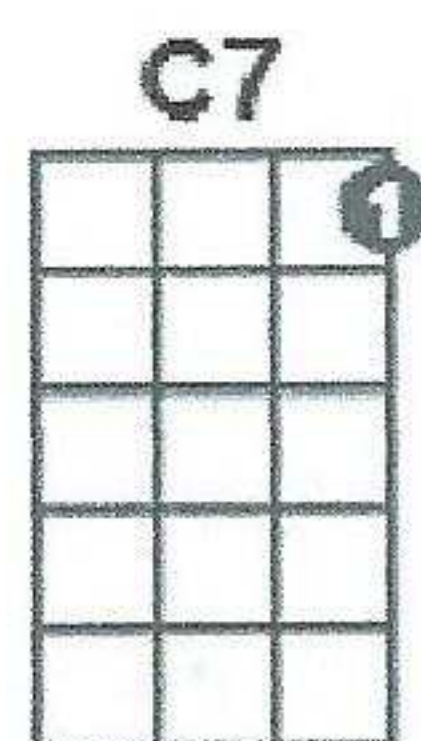
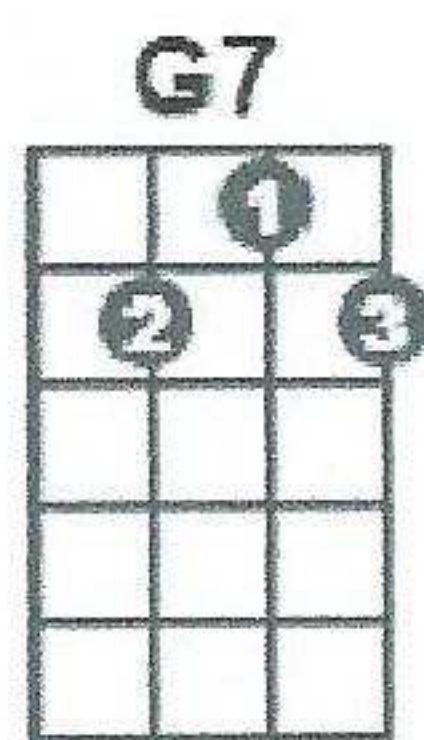
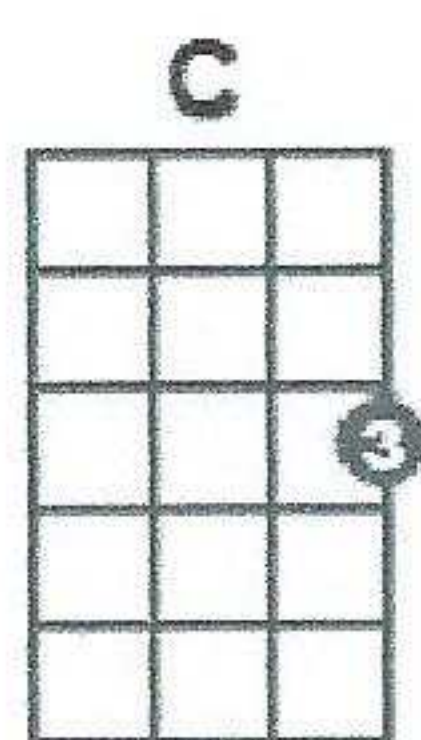
Ending: Retard  
during last line of  
refrain, F-Bb-F

Strumming only  
(no singing) while  
others pick tab



# Don't Fence Me In

music by Cole Porter and lyrics by Robert Fletcher and Cole Porter



Intro: [C] [G7] [C]

Oh give me [C] land, Lots of land, Under starry skies above, Don't fence me [G7] in!

Let me ride through the wide open country that I love, Don't fence me [C] in!

Let me be by myself in the evening breeze, [C7] Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees, [F]

[C] Send me off forever, but I [A7] ask you please... Don't [C] fence me [G7] in! [C]

Just turn me [F] loose, let me straddle my old saddle underneath the western [C] skies.

On my [F] cayeuse, let me wander over yonder 'til I see the mountains [C] rise.

I want to ride to the ridge where the [C7] West commences,

[F] Gaze at the moon until I lose my senses,

[C] can't look at hobbles and I [A7] can't stand fences, Don't [C] fence me [G7] in! [C]

Just turn me [F] loose, let me straddle my old saddle underneath the western [C] skies.

On my [F] cayeuse, let me wander over yonder 'til I see the mountains [C] rise.

I want to ride to the ridge where the [C7] West commences,

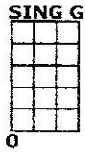
[F] Gaze at the moon until I lose my senses,

[C] can't look at hobbles and I [A7] can't stand fences, Don't [C] fence me [G7] in! [C]

[C] Don't [G7] fence me [C] in!

Note: Standard GCEA Soprano Ukulele Tuning. | Powered by [UkeGeeks' Scriptasaurus](http://ukegeeks.com) • ukegeeks.com



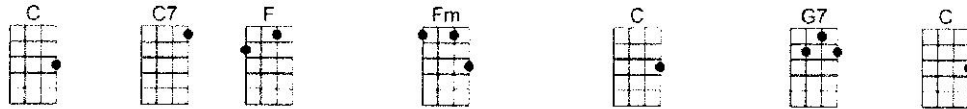


# HOME ON THE RANGE

3/4 123 12



Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam, where the deer and the antelope play

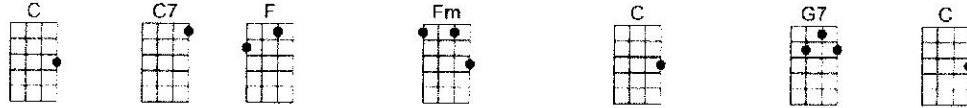


Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day.

## CHORUS:



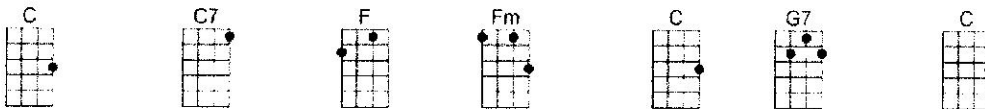
Home, home on the range, where the deer and the antelope play



Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day.



How often at night when the heavens are bright with the light of the glittering stars



Have I stood there a-mazed and asked as I gazed if their glory ex-cceeds that of ours.

## CHORUS

HARMONICA VERSE (PLAY CHORDS OF FIRST VERSE)

## CHORUS



# Abilene

C      E-7      F                      C  
Abilene, Abilene, prettiest town I've ever seen,  
D-7                      G-7                      C      F      C  
Women there don't treat you mean in Abilene, my Abilene

E-7  
I sat alone, most every night  
F                      C  
Watch the trains pull out of sight  
D-7                      G-7  
Don't I wish they were carrying me back  
C      F      C  
To Abilene, my Abilene

C      E-7      F                      C  
Abilene, Abilene, prettiest town I've ever seen  
D-7                      G-7                      C      F      C  
Women there don't treat you mean in Abilene, my Abilene

E-7  
Crowded city, there ain't nothing free  
F                      C  
Nothing in this town for me  
D-7                      G-7  
Wish to the Lord that I could be back  
C      F      C  
In Abilene, sweet Abilene

C      E-7      F                      C  
Abilene, Abilene, prettiest town I've ever seen  
D-7                      G-7                      C      F      C  
Women there don't treat you mean in Abilene, my Abilene  
D-7                      G-7                      C      F      C  
Women there don't treat you mean in Abilene, my Abilene



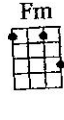
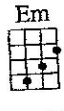
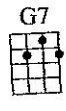
# Shenandoah

American Folksong

FIRST NOTE



Slowly



Chord progression: C F G7 Em Am Fm

Chord progression: C F C F G7

1. Oh, Shen - an - doah, I long to hear you, a - way, you roll - ing

Chord progression: C F Em Am Fm

riv - er! Oh, Shen - an - doah, I long to hear you, a -

Chord progression: C F Em Am F G7 C

way, I'm bound a - way, 'cross the wide Mis - sou - ri!

### Additional Lyrics

2. Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,  
away, you rolling river!  
For her, I'd cross the rolling water,  
away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.
3. Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,  
away, you rolling river!  
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,  
away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

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# She'll Be Comin' 'Round The Mountain

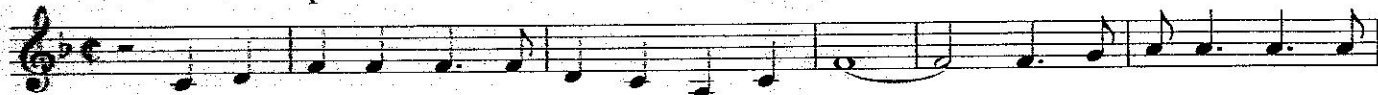
Traditional

First Note



Fast, with Feeling

F



1. She'll be com-in' 'round the moun-tain when she comes, she'll be com-in' 'round the
2. She'll be driv-ing six white hors-es when she comes, she'll be driv-ing six white
3. Oh, we'll all go down to meet her when she comes, oh, we'll all go down to

C7

F

F7



~~moun~~-tain when she comes. She'll be com-in' 'round the moun-tain, she'll be  
~~hors~~-es when she comes. She'll be driv-ing six white hors-es, she'll be  
~~meet~~ her when she comes. Oh, we'll all go down to meet her, oh, we'll

Bb

F

G7

C7

F



~~com~~-in' 'round the moun-tain, she'll be com-in' 'round the moun-tain when she comes.  
~~driv~~-ing six white hors-es, she'll be driv-ing six white hors-es when she comes.  
~~all~~ go down to meet her, oh, we'll all go down to meet her when she comes.



# Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys

recorded by Willie Nelson

written by Ed and Patsy Bruce

C F  
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
G7  
Don't let them pick guitars and drive in old trucks

C  
Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such  
F  
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys

G7  
They'll never stay home and they're always alone  
C  
Even with someone they love

F  
Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold  
G7 C  
And they'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold

Lone Star belt buckles and old faded Levis  
F  
And each night begins a new day  
G7  
And if you don't understand him and he don't die young  
C  
He'll probably just ride away

Repeat #1

F  
A cowboy loves smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings  
G7 C  
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night

Them that don't know him won't like him  
F  
And them that do sometimes won't know how to take him  
G7  
He's not wrong he's just different and his pride won't let him  
C  
Do things to make you think he's right

Repeat #1



## GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

Stan Jones, 1948

[Am][Am][Am]

[Am] Yi\_pi\_yi\_[C] ay, Yi\_pi\_yi\_[Am] o

[Am] An old cowpoke went riding out one [C] dark and windy day

[Am] Upon a ridge he rested as he [C] went along his [E7] way [E7]

When [Am] all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw

A'[F]plowin' through the ragged skies [Dm]...and [Am] up a cloudy draw [Am]

[Am] Yi\_pi\_yi\_[C] ay, Yi\_pi\_yi\_[Am] o

[F] Ghost riders [Dm] in the [Am] sky

[Am] Their brands were still on fire and their [C] hooves were made of steel

[Am] Their horns were black and shiny and their [C] hot breath he could [E7] feel [E7]

A [Am] bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky

For he [F] saw the riders comin' hard [Dm]...and he [Am] heard their mournful cry [Am]

[Am] Yi\_pi\_yi\_[C] ay, Yi\_pi\_yi\_[Am] o

[F] Ghost riders [Dm] in the [Am] sky

[Am] Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, and [C] shirts all soaked with sweat

[Am] They're ridin' hard to catch that herd but [C] they ain't caught them [E7] yet [E7]

They've [Am] got to ride forever in that range up in the sky

On [F] horses snortin' fire, [Dm].....as they [Am] ride on, hear their cry [Am]

[Am] Yi\_pi\_yi\_[C] ay, Yi\_pi\_yi\_[Am] o

[F] Ghost riders [Dm] in the [Am] sky

[Am] As the riders loped on by him, he [C] heard one call his name

[Am] "If you want to save your soul from hell a'[C]ridin' on our [E7] range [E7]

Then [Am] cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride,

A-[F]tryin' to catch the Devil's herd [Dm].....a-[Am]cross these endless skies." [Am]

[Am] Yi\_pi\_yi\_[C] ay, Yi\_pi\_yi\_[Am] o

[F] Ghost riders [Dm] in the [Am] sky



# Pancho And Lefty – Willie Nelson

C G  
Livin' on the road my friend is gonna keep you free and clean  
F C G  
Now you wear your skin like iron, your breath's hard as kerosene  
F C F  
You weren't your mamma's only boy, but her favorite one it seems  
C D F A  
She began to cry when you said, "good-bye", and sank into your dreams.

C G  
Pancho was a bandit boy, his horse was fast as polished steel  
F C G  
He wore his gun outside his pants For all the honest world to feel  
F C F  
Pancho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico  
C D F A  
Nobody heard his dyin words, ah but that's the way it goes

F C F  
All the Federales say, they could'a had him any day  
C D F A  
They only let him go so long, out of kindness I suppose.

Lefty he can't sing the blues all night long like he used to  
The dust that Pancho bit down south ended up in Lefty's mouth  
The day they laid poor Pancho low, Lefty split for Ohio  
Where he got the bread to go, there ain't nobody knows

F C F  
All the Federales say, they could'a had him any day  
C D F A  
They only let him slip away, out of kindness I suppose.

The boys tell how old Pancho fell, and Lefty's livin in cheap hotels  
The desert's quiet, Cleveland's cold And so the story ends we're told  
Pancho needs your prayers it's true, but save a few for Lefty too  
He only did what he had to do, and now he's growing old

F C F  
All the Federales say, they could'a had him any day  
C D F A  
They only let him go so long, out of kindness I suppose.

F C F  
All few gray Federales say, they could'a had him any day  
C D F A  
They only let him go so long, out of kindness I suppose.



**The Streets of Laredo** - Frank H. Maynard 1924  
Famous American Cowboy Ballad

(Verse 1)

[C] As I walked [G7] out in the [C] streets of La- [G7] redo,  
As [C] I walked [G7] out in La- [C] redo one [G7] day,  
I [C] spied a young [G7] cowboy all [C] wrapped in white [G7] linen,  
All [C] wrapped in white [G7] linen as cold as the [C] clay.

(Verse 2)

[C] I see by your [G7] outfit that [C] you are a [G7] cowboy,  
These [C] words he did [G7] say as I [C] stepped proudly [G] by,  
Come [C] sit here [G7] beside me and [C] hear my sad [G7] story,  
I'm [C] shot in the [G7] breast and I know I must [C] die.

(Verse 3)

[C] T'was once in the [G7] saddle, I [C] used to go [G7] dashing,  
T'was [C] once in the saddle I [G7] used to go [C] gay.  
T'was [G7] first to the drinking and [C] then the card [G7] playing,  
Got [C] shot in the [G7] breast and I'm dying to- [C] day.

(Verse 4)

[C] Let six jolly [G7] cowboys come [C] carry my [G7] coffin,  
Let [C] six pretty [G7] girls come and [C] carry my [G7] pole.  
Throw [C] bunches of [G7] roses all [C] over my [G7] coffin,  
Throw [C] roses to [G7] deaden the clouds as they [C] fall.

(Verse 5)

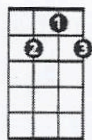
[C] Oh, beat the drum [G7] slowly and [C] play the pipe [G7] lowly,  
And [C] play the dead [G7] march as you [C] carry me a [G7] long.  
Take [C] me to the green [G7] valley and [C] lay the earth [G7] o're me,  
For [C] I'm a poor [G7] cowboy and I know I've done [C] wrong.

(Verse 6)

[C] Oh, we beat the drum [G7] slowly and [C] played the pipe [G7] lowly,  
And [C] bitterly [G7] wept as we [C] carried him a [G7] long.  
For we [C] all loved our [G7] comrade so [C] brave, young and [G7] handsome.  
[C] We all loved our [G7] comrade although he'd done [CStop] wrong.



[C]



[G7]

"The Streets Of Laredo" song lyrics are the property of the respective artist, authors and labels, they are intended solely for educational purposes and private study only. The chords provided are my interpretation and their accuracy is not guaranteed.



# Sweet Baby James – James Taylor.

G D C Bm  
There is a young cow boy he lives on the range.  
Em C G Bm  
His horse and his cattle are his only companion.  
Em C G Bm  
He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyon.  
C G D Am D  
Waiting for summer, his pastures to change.

C D G  
And as the moon rises he sits by his fire.  
Em C G D  
Thinkin' about women and glasses of beer.  
C D G  
Closing his eyes as the doggies retire  
Em C G  
He sings out a song which is soft but it's clear  
Am A7 D  
As if maybe someone could hear.

## CHORUS:

G C D G  
Goodnight you moonlight ladies.  
Em C G  
Rock-a-bye sweet baby James.  
Em C G  
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose.  
Am A7 D D7  
Won't you let me go down in my dreams .  
C D G  
And rock-a-bye sweet baby James.

G D C Bm  
Now the first of December was covered with snow  
Em C G Bm  
And so was the turnpike from Stockridge to Boston.  
Em C G Bm  
Lord the Berkshires seemed dreamlike on a account of that frosting.  
C G D Am D  
With ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go.



C D G  
There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway.

Em C G D  
A song that they sing when they take to the sea.

C D G  
A song that they sing of they're home in the sky.

Em C G  
Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep.

Am A7 D D7  
But singing works just fine for me.

CHORUS:

G C D G  
Goodnight you moonlight ladies.

Em C G  
Rock-a-bye sweet baby James.

Em C G  
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose.

Am A7 D D7  
Won't you let me go down in my dreams.

C D G  
And rock-a-bye sweet baby James.