

Western Songs

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Back In the Saddle Again

by Gene Autry and Ray Whitley
(1939)

C *G7* *C* *C7*

I'm back in the saddle again

F *F* *C* *C*

Out where a friend is a friend

F *Fdim*

Where we sleep out every night

C *A7*

Where the only law is "right"

D7 *D7* *G* *G7*

I'm back in the saddle again

C *G7* *C* *C7*

Riding the range once more

F *Fdim* *C* *C*

Totin' my old ' 44

F *Fdim*

Where the long-horned cattle feed

C *A7*

On the lonely jipson weed

D9 *G7* *C* *C*

I'm back in the saddle again

F *F*

Whoopy-ti-yi-yo

C *C*

Rocking to and fro'

C *C* *D7* *G7*

I'm back in the saddle again

F *Fdim*

Whoopy-ti-yi-ya

C *C*

I'll be on my way

D9 *G7* *C* *C*

I'm back in the saddle again.

Big Iron

by Marty Robbins (1959)

E *E* *C#m* *C#m* *C#m* *C#m*
To the town of Agua Fria rode a stranger one fine day
E *E* *C#m* *C#m* *C#m* *C#m*
Hardly spoke to folks around him didn't have too much to say
A *A* *E* *E*
No one dared to ask his business no one dared to make a slip
E *E* *C#m* *C#m* *A* *E* *E* *E* *E*
for the stranger there amongst them had a big iron on his hip Big iron on his hip

It was early in the morning when he rode into the town
He came riding from the south side slowly lookin' all around
He's an outlaw loose and running came the whisper from each lip
And he's here to do some business with the big iron on his hip. Big iron on his hip

In this town there lived an outlaw by the name of Texas Red
Many men had tried to take him and that many men were dead
He was vicious and a killer though a youth of twenty four
And the notches on his pistol numbered one an nineteen more. One and nineteen more

Now the stranger started talking made it plain to folks around
Was an Arizona ranger wouldn't be too long in town
He came here to take an outlaw back alive or maybe dead
And he said it didn't matter he was after Texas Red. After Texas Red

Wasn't long before the story was relayed to Texas Red
But the outlaw didn't worry men that tried before were dead
Twenty men had tried to take twenty men had made a slip
Twenty-one would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip. Big iron on his hip

The morning passed so quickly it was time for them to meet
It was twenty past eleven when they walked out in the street
Folks were watching from their windows every-body held their breath
They knew this handsome ranger was about to meet his death. About to meet his death

There was forty feet between them when they stopped to make their play
And the swiftness of the ranger is still talked about to-day
Texas Red had not cleared leather when a bullet fairly ripped
And the ranger's aim was deadly with the big iron on his hip. Big iron on his hip

It was over in a moment and the folks had gathered round
There before them lay the body of the outlaw on the ground
Oh he might have gone on living but he made one fatal slip
When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip. Big iron on his hip

C#m *C#m* *C#m* *C#m*
He tried to match
When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip. Big iron on his hip.

Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie traditional

 A A A A
"O bury me not on the lone prairie"
 E E A A
These words came low and mournfully
 A A A A
From the pallid lips of the youth who lay
 E E A A
On his dying bed at the close of day.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wild coyote will howl o'er me
Where the buffalo roams the prairie sea
O bury me not on the lone prairie"

"It makes no difference, so I've been told
Where the body lies when life grows cold
But grant, I pray, one wish to me
O bury me not on the lone prairie"

"I've often wished to be laid when I die
By the little church on the green hillside
By my father's grave, there let mine be
O bury me not on the lone prairie"

The cowboys gathered all around the bed
To hear the last word that their comrade said
O partners all, take a warning from me
Never leave your homes for the lone prairie"

"Don't listen to the enticing words
Of the men who own droves and herds
For if you do, you'll rue the day
That you left your homes for the lone prairie"

"O bury me not," but his voice failed there
But we paid no heed to his dying prayer
In a narrow grave, just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie

We buried him there on the lone prairie
Where the buzzards fly and the wind blows free
Where rattlesnakes rattle, and the tumbleweeds
Blow across his grave on the lone prairie

And the cowboys now as they cross the plains
Have marked the spot where his bones are lain
Fling a handful of roses on his grave
And pray to the Lord that his soul is saved

In a narrow grave, just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie

Cowboy Jack traditional

A D E A
He was just a lonely cowboy with a heart so brave and true,

A D E A
He learned to love a maiden with eyes of heaven's own blue.

They learned to love each other, and named their wedding day,
when a quarrel came between them, and Jack, he rode away.

He joined a band of cowboys, and tried to forget her name,
but out on the lonely prairie she waits for him the same.

One night when work was finished, just at the close of day,
someone said : "Sing a song, Jack, t'will drive those cares away."

As Jack began a singing, his mind it wandered back,
wandered back to the girl in the mountains, who waited that night for Jack.

Next day he left those cowboys, breathing his sweetheart's name,
and he said, "I'll ask forgiveness, for I know I was to blame."

But when he reached the mountains, he found a new made mound,
his friends they sadly told him, they'd laid his loved one down.

They said as she was dying, she breathed her sweetheart's name,
and asked with her last breathing, to tell him when he came.

Your sweetheart waits for you, Jack, your sweetheart waits for you,
out on the lonely prairie where the skies are always blue.

Deep in the Heart of Texas

words by June Hershey and
music by Don Swander (1941)

C C C C
 There is a land, a western land, mighty
 F^(1/2) F7^(1/2) Bb^(1/2) Bbm6^(1/2) F F^(1/2) Abdim7^(1/2)
 Wonder ful to see
 C7 C7 C7^(1/2) Bb^(1/2) C
 It is the land, I un der stand, and it's
 F^(1/2) F7^(1/2) Bb^(1/2) G9 C7^(1/2) Eb7^(1/2) C7
 There I long to be

C C C C C C C7 C7
 The stars at night are big and bright CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, deep in the heart of Texas
 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 F F
 The prairie sky is wide and high CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP. deep in the heart of Texas
 F6 F6 F6 F6 F6 F6 C7 C7
 The sage in bloom is like perfume CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, deep in the heart of Texas
 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 F F
 Reminds me of the one I love CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, deep in the heart of Texas

The cowboys cry ki-yip-pie-yi CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, deep in the heart of Texas
 The rabbits rush around the brush CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, , deeepp in the heart of Texas
 The coyotes wail along the trail CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, deep in the heart of Texas
 The doggies bawl and bawl and bawl CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, deep in the heart of Texas

Desperado

by Don Henley and Glenn Frey (1973)

C C9 Desperado, *F* why don't you come to your senses?
C Am D7 G7 You been out ridin' fences for so long now
C C9 Oh, you're a hard one, *F* but I know that you got your reasons,
C(1/2) E7(1/2) Am7 D7(1/2) G7(1/2) C(1/2) G7(1/2) These things that are pleasin' you can hurt you some how

Am Em7 F C(1/2) G(1/2) Don't you draw the queen of diamonds boy, she'll beat you if she's able,
Am7 F C G You know the queen of hearts is always your best bet
Am Em7 F C Now it seems to me some fine things have been laid upon your table
Am7 D7 Dm7 G7 But you only want the ones you can't get Desperado

Desperado, oh you ain't gettin' no younger,
Your pain and your hunger, they're drivin' you home
And freedom, well, that's just some people talkin'
Your prison is walkin' through this world all alone

Don't your feet get cold in the winter time? The sky won't snow and the sun won't shine
It's hard to tell the night time from the day
You're losin' all your highs and lows, ain't it funny how the feelin' goes
Dm Dm G G7
Away Desperado

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses
Come down from your fences, open the gate
It may be rainin', but there's a rainbow above you
C(1/2) E7(1/2) Am7 F(1/2) C(1/2) Dm7 You better let somebody love you, let somebody love you
C(1/2) E7(1/2) Am7 Dm7sus4 C C9 F Fm6 C(hold) You better let somebody love you before it's too late

Don't Fence Me In

by Cole Porter and original lyrics by Robert Fletcher (1934)

D D G A7
 Wild Cat Kelly, looking mighty pale, was
D D#dim Em7 A7
 standing by the sheriff's side.
D D7 G(½) G#dim(½) D/A(½) A7(½)
 And when the sheriff said: "I'm sending you to jail
D6(½) Bm7(½) G(½) A7(½) D6 D6
 Wild Cat raised his head and said.

D D D D D D A7 A7
 Oh give me land, lots of land under starry skies above. Don't fence me in.
A7 A7 A7 A7 A7 A7 D D
 Let me ride through the wide open country that I love. Don't fence me in.
D Dma7 D7 D7
 Let me be by myself in the evening breeze.
G G Gm Gm
 Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees.
D Am/C B7 Gm D A7 D D
 Send me off forever but I ask you please. Don't fence me in.

N.C G G G G D D
 Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle underneath the Western skies.
N.C. G G G G D D
 On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder till I see the mountains rise.
N.C. D Dma7 D7 D7
 I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences,
G G Gm Gm
 Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses,
D Am/C B7 Gm D/A A7 D D
 Can't look at hobbles, and I can't stand fences. Don't fence me in

D G D A7
 Wild Cat Kelly, back again in town,
D D#dim Em7 A7
 was sitting by his sweetheart's side
D D7 G(½) G#dim(½) D/A(½) A7(½)
 An when that sheriff said, "Come on, let's settle down";
D6(½) Bm7(½) G(½) A7(½) D6 D6
 Wild Cat raised his head and cried

El Paso by Marty Robbins (1959)

C C Dm Dm G7 G7 G7 C C
 Out in the West Texas town of El Paso I fell in love with a Mexican girl.
 C C Dm Dm G7 G7 G7 C C
 Nighttime would find me in Rosa's Cantina, Music would play and Felina would whirl.
 C C Dm Dm G7 G7 G7 C C
 Black as the night were the eyes of Felina, wicked and evil while casting a spell.
 C C Dm Dm G7 G7 G7 C C
 My love was strong for this Mexican maiden, I was in love, but in vain I could tell.

F F Bb F F Bb C7 C7 C7 C7
 One night a wild young cowboy came in, wild as the West Texas wind...
 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 F F
 Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing, with wicked Felina, the girl that I love.
 G G7
 So in an ger

I challenged his right for the love of this maiden; Down went his hand for the gun that he wore.
 My challenge was answered, in less than a heartbeat, the handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor.
 Just for a moment I stood there in silence, Shocked by the foul evil deed I had done.
 Many thoughts ran through my mind as I stood there; I had but one chance and that was to run.
 Out through the back door of Rose's I ran, out where the horses were tied...
 I picked a good one; he looked like he could run, Up on his back and away I did ride.
 Just as fast as

Just as fast as I could from the West Texas town of El Paso, Out thru the badlands of New Mexico.
 Back in El Paso my life would be worthless; Everything's gone in life nothing is left.
 But it's been so long since I've seen the young maiden, My love is stronger than my fear of death.
 I saddled up and away I did go, riding alone in the dark...
 Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me, Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my heart.
 And at last, here

And as last here I am on the hill overlooking El Paso, I can see Rose's Cantina below.
 My love is strong and it pushes me onward, down off the hill to Felina I go.
 Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys, Off to my left ride a dozen or more.
 Shouting and shooting; I can't let them catch me, I've got to make it to Rose's back door.
 Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel a deep burning pain in my side...
 It's getting harder to stay in the saddle. I'm getting weary, unable to ride.
 But my love, for

Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen; Though I am weary, I can't stop to rest.
 I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle, I feel the bullet go deep in my chest.
 From out of nowhere, Felina has found me, Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side.
 Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for, One little kiss and Felina goodbye

Git Along Little Dogies traditional

D D G D
As I was walking one morning for pleasure,
D D E7 A7
I spied a cowpuncher a ridin' along.
D D G D
His hat was thrown back and his spurs were a jinglin',
D D A7 D
and as he approached. he was singin' this song:
D(2) G(1) D G D
Whoop-ee ti----yi----yo, git along little dogies, It's
D D D(2) E7(1) A
your misfortune and none of my own.
D(2) G(1) D G D
Whoop-ee ti----yi----yo, git along little dogies,
D D(2) E7(1) A7 D
You know that Wyoming will be your new home

It's early in spring that we round up the dogies,
We mark them and brand them and bob off their tails.
We round up our horses, load up the chuck wagon,
and then throw the dogies out onto the trail.
It's whooping and yelling and drivin' the dogies
And oh how I wish you wuld only go on!
It's whooping and punching, go on, little dogies,
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

Some boys, they go up on the trail just for pleasure,
But that's where they get it most awfully wrong.
You haven't a notion the trouble they give us,
It takes all our time to keep moving along.
Your mother was raised way down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and the sandburs grow.
We'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla,
Then throw you on the trail to Idaho.

A cattle trail drunk and a hard road to travel,
That old Jack O' Diamonds is a hard card to play.
Get along, get along, get along little doggies,
Get along little doggies and be on your way.

Happy Trails

by Dale Evans (1950)

E E Fdim B7
Happy trails to you, until we meet again
B7 B7sus B7(½) B+(½) E
Happy trails to you, keep smiling until then
E7 A
Who cares about the clouds if we're to gether
C#7 F#9(½) B7(½)
Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather
E C#7 F#m(½) B7(½) E
Happy trails to you, 'til we meet again

E C#7 F#m F#m
Some trails are happy others are blue
B7 B7
It's the way you ride the trail that counts
B7 E
Here's a happy one for you

E E Fdim B7
Happy trails to you, until we meet again
B7 B7sus B(½)7 B+(½) E
Happy trails to you, keep smiling until then
E7 A
Who cares about the clouds if we're to gether
C#7 F#9(½) B(½)7
Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather
E C#7 F#m(½) B7(½) E
Happy trails to you, 'til we meet again

Home on the Range

lyrics by Brewster M. Higley and music by Daniel E. Kelley (1883)

G *(D7)* *G7* *C* *Cm*
Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam
G *A7* *Am7* *D7*
Where the deer and the antelope play
G *(D7)* *G7* *C* *Cm*
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
G *D7* *G* *G*
and the skies are not cloudy all day

G *D7* *G* *G*
Home, home on the range
Em7 *A7* *Am7* *D7*
Where the deer and the antelope play
G *(D7)* *G* *C* *Cm*
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
G *D7* *G* *G*
and the skies are not cloudy all day

The Red Man was pressed from this part of the west
It's not likely he'll ever return
to the banks of Red River, where seldom, if ever
his flickering campfires still burn

How often at night when the heavens are bright
with the light from the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed and asked, as I gazed
if their glory exceeds that of ours

Where the air is so pure, and the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That i would not exchange my home on the range,
For all of the cities so bright.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
flows leisurely down the stream
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
like a maid in a heavenly dream

I Guess He'd Rather Be in Colorado

by John Denver (1971)

A *G* *D* *D*
I guess he'd rather be in Colorado
A *G* *D* *A* *Bm* *Bm*
He'd rather spend his time out where the sky looks like a pearl after a rain
D *D* *A* *A*
Once again I see him walking once again I hear him talking
Bm7 *G* *D* *D*
To the stars he makes and asking them for bus fare

A *G* *D* *D*
I guess he'd rather be in Colorado
A *G* *D* *A* *Bm* *Bm*
He'd rather play his banjo in the morning when the moon is scarcely gone
D *D* *A* *A*
In the dawn the subway's coming in the dawn I hear him humming
Bm7 *G* *D* *D*
Some old song he wrote of love in Boulder Canyon

A *G* *D* *D*
I guess he'd rather be in Colorado
A *G* *D* *A* *Bm* *Bm*
I guess he'd rather work out where the only thing you earn is what you spend
D *D* *A* *A*
In the end up in his office in the end a quiet cough is
Bm7 *G* *D* *D*
All he has to show he lives in New York City

I'm An Old Cowhand

by Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren
(1936)

D Bm7 Em7 G/B A7 Edim D G
I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,
D Bm7 Em7 G/B A7 Edim D G D D
But my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tanned;
Bm Bm F#m Bm
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow --
Bm Bm F#m F#m
Never roped a steer, 'cause I don't know how,
Bm Bm F#m Bm
And I sure ain't fixin' to start in now.
D(1/2) Em7(1/2) G/B(1/2) A7+5(1/2) D(1/2) Bm7(1/2) D(1/2) D(1/2)
Yippie yi yo ki yay
D(1/2) Em7(1/2) G/B(1/2) A7+5(1/2) D(1/2) Bm7(1/2) D(1/2) D(1/2)
Yippie yi yo ki yay

D Bm7 Em7 G/B A7 Edim D G
I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,
D Bm7 Em7 G/B A7 Edim D G D D
And I learned to ride 'fore I learned to stand;
Bm Bm F#m F#m
I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date --
Bm Bm F#m F#m
I know every trail in the Lone Star state,
Bm Bm F#m F#m
'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V8.
D(1/2) Em7(1/2) G/B(1/2) A7+5(1/2) D(1/2) Bm7(1/2) D(1/2) D(1/2)
Yippie yi yo ki yay
D(1/2) Em7(1/2) G/B(1/2) A7+5(1/2) D(1/2) Bm7(1/2) D(1/2) D(1/2)
Yippie yi yo ki yay

D Bm7 Em7 G/B A7 Edim D G
I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,
D Bm7 Em7 G/B A7 Edim D G D D
And I came to town just to hear the band;
Bm Bm F#m F#m
I know all the songs that the cowboys know
Bm Bm F#m F#m
'Bout the big corral where the dogies go,
Bm Bm F#m Bm
'Cause I learned them all on the rad-ee-o
D(1/2) Em7(1/2) G/B(1/2) A7+5(1/2) D(1/2) Bm7(1/2) D(1/2) D(1/2)
Yippie yi yo ki yay
D(1/2) Em7(1/2) G/B(1/2) A7+5(1/2) D(1/2) Bm7(1/2) D(1/2) D(1/2)
Yippie yi yo ki yay

I Ride an Old Paint traditional

G *G* *G* *G*
I ride an old paint, I lead an old dan
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
I'm goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
They feed in the coulees, they water in the draw
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw

D7 *D7* *G* *G*
Ride around little dogies, ride around them slow
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
For Fiery and Snuffy are rarin' to go

Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son
One went to college, the other went wrong
His wife, she got killed in a poolroom fight
But still he's a-singin' from mornin' till night

When I die, take my saddle from the wall
Place it on my old pony, lead him out of his stall
Tie my bones to my saddle and turn our faces to the West
And we'll ride the prairie we love the best

I ride an old paint, I lead an old dan
I'm goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan
They feed in the coulees, they water in the draw
Their tails are all matted, and their backs are all raw

I Want to Be a Cowboy's Sweetheart

by Patsy Montana (1935)

C C#dim7 G E7 A7 D7 G G

I want to be a cowboy's sweetheart. I want to learn to rope and to ride.
I want to ride o'er the plains and the deserts out West of the Great Divide.
I want to hear the coyotes howlin' as the sun sets in the West.
I want to be a cowboy's sweet heart, that's the life that I love the best.

Yodel1: G C D G G C D G

I want to ride old paint, get him on a run. I want to feel the wind in my face,
A thousand miles from all the city lights, goin' at a cowhand's pace.
I want to pillow my head near the sleeping herd while the moon shines down from
above.
I want to strum my guitar and a-yodel a dee hee, oh that's the life I love.

Yodel2: G C D G G C D G

I want to be a cowboy's sweetheart. I want to learn to rope and to ride.
I want to ride o'er the plains and the deserts out West of the Great Divide.
I want to hear the coyotes howlin' as the sun sets in the West.
I want to be a cowboy's sweet heart, that's the life that I love the best.

Yodel3: G C D G G C D G

Knock'in on Heaven's Door

by Bob Dylan (1973)

G D C C

G D Am7 Am7

Mama, take this badge off of me

G D C C

I can't use it anymore

G D Am7 Am7

It's gettin' dark, too dark for me to see

G D C C^(3/4) D^(1/4)

I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door

G D Am7 Am7

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

G D C C^(3/4) D^(1/4)

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

G D Am7 Am7

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

G D C C^(3/4) D^(1/4)

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Mama, put my guns in the ground
I can't shoot them anymore
That long black cloud is comin' down
I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door

Baby stay right here with me...
'Cause I can't see you anymore...
This ain't the way it's supposed to be...
I feel I'm knocking on heaven's door...

Son won't you remember me?
I can't be with you anymore...
A lawman's life is never free...
I feel I'm knocking on heaven's door...

“Just like so many times before”

Last Cowboy Song

by Ed Bruce (1980)

D *D* *D* *D*
This is the last cowboy song
D *D* *G* *G*
the end of a hundred year waltz.
A *A* *A* *A*
The voices sound sad as they're singing along, another
A *A* *D* *D*
piece of America's lost

D *D* *D* *D*
He rides a feed lot and clerks in a market
D *D* *D* *A* *A*
on weekends selling tobacco and beer.
A *A* *A* *A*
His dreams of tomorrow surrounded by fences
A *A* *A7* *D* *D*
But he'll dream tonight of when fences weren't here.
He blazed the trail with Lewis and Clark
And eyeball to eyeball Ol' Wyatt backed down
He stood shoulder to shoulder with Travis in Texas
And rode with the Seventh when Custer went down

Remington showed us how he looked on canvas
And Louie L'Amore has told us his tale
And Willie and Waylon and me sing about him
And wish to God we could have ridden his trail
The Old Chisholm Trail is covered in concrete now
And they truck 'em to market in fifty foot rigs
They blow by his market never slowing to reason
Like living and dying was all he did

My Adobe Hacienda

by Louise Massey and Lee Penny (1941)

$C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Cdim7_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $G7_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $G+_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $G7$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $B7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$
In my a do be ha ci enda
 $G7$ $G7$ $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C\#dim_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G9_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $G7\#5_{(\frac{1}{4})}$
there's a touch of Mexico
 $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Cdim7_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $G7_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $G+_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $G7$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $B7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $G7$
Cac tus love li er than orchids
 $G7$ $G7$ C $Cdim_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
blooming in the patio

$C7$ $Gm_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $C+_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ F $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $Ebma7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$
Soft desert stars the strum of guitars
 $D7$ $D7$ $G7_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $B7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $G7$
Make every evening seem so sweet
 $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Cdim7_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $G7_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $G+_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $G7$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $B7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$
In my a do be ha ci enda
 $G7$ $G7$ $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Cdim_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ddim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
Life and love are more complete

In my adobe hacienda,
nested in the western hills
Evening breezes softly murmur,
harmonize with whippoorwills

When setting sun, says the long day is done
Sweet music starts to fill the air $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $Fm_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ C
In my adobe hacienda ,
harmony is everywhere

Night Rider's Lament

by Michael Burton (1975)

D A D A D A D A

D D G G
While I was out ridin'

D D A A
The graveyard shift, midnight 'til dawn

G A D Bm
The moon was bright as a readin' light

A G D D
For a letter from an old friend back home

G A D D
And he asked me Why do you ride for your money?

G A D D
Tell me why do you rope for short pay?

G A D Bm A G G
You ain't gettin' nowhere and you're losin' your share

A G D D
Boy, you must have gone crazy out there

D D G G
He said last night I run onto Jenny

D D A A
She's married and she has a good life

G A D Bm
Boy, you sure missed the track when you never came back

A G D D
She's the perfect professional's wife

G A D D
She asked me Why does he ride for his money?

G A D D
Tell me why does he rope for short pay?

G A D Bm A G G
He ain't gettin' nowhere and he's losin' his share

A G D D
Boy, he must've gone crazy out there

G A D Bm
Ah, but they've never seen the Northern Lights,

G A D D
they've never seen a hawk on the wing

G A D Bm A G G
They never spent spring on the Great Divide,

A G D D
And they've never heard ole' camp cookie sing

D *D* *G* *G*
 Well, I read up the last of my letter,
D *D* *A* *A*
 And I tore off the stamp for black Jim
 G *A* *D* *Bm*
 And when Billy rode up to relieve me,
 A *G* *D* *D*
 He just looked at my letter and grinned

G *A* *D* *D*
 He said now why do they ride for their money?
 G *A* *D* *D*
 Tell me why do they rope for short pay?
 G *A* *D* *Bm* *A* *G* *G*
 They ain't gettin' nowhere and they're losin' their share
 A *G* *D* *D*
 Boy, they all must be crazy out there

G *A* *D* *Bm*
 Ah, but they've never seen the Northern Lights,
 G *A* *D* *D*
 they've never seen a hawk on the wing
 G *A* *D* *Bm* *A* *G* *G*
 They never spent spring on the Great Divide,
 A *G* *D* *D*
 And they've never heard ole' camp cookie sing

Yodel

G G D D A A D D G G D D A A D D

G *A* *D* *Bm*
 Ah, but they've never seen the Northern Lights,
 G *A* *D* *D*
 they've never seen a hawk on the wing
 G *A* *D* *Bm* *A* *G* *G*
 They never spent spring on the Great Divide,
 A *G* *D* *D*
 And they've never heard ole' camp cookie sing
 A *G* *D* *D*
 And they've never heard ole' camp cookie sing

Old Chisholm Trail traditional

D *A7* *D* *A7*
Well, come along boys and listen to my tale
D *A7* *D* *A7*
I'll tell you all my troubles on the ol' Chisholm Trail
 D *A7* *D* *A7*
Come a-ti yi youpy, youpy yea, youpy yea
 D *A7* *D* *D*
Come a-ti yi youpy, youpy yea.

I started up the trail October twenty-third
Started up the trail with the U-2 herd
 On a ten dollar horse and a forty dollar saddle
 Started out punchin' them long horn cattle

I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm trail,
Rope in my hand and cow by the tail.
 Stray in the herd and the boss said to kill it,
 So I shot him in the rump with the handle of the skillet.

My hoss threwed me off at the creek called Mud,
My hoss threwed me off round the 2-U herd.
 Last tome I saw him he was going 'cross the level,
 A-kicking up his heels and a-running like the devil.

With my seat in the saddle and my hand on the horn
I'm the best dang cowboy that was ever born
 It's cloudy in the west and lookin' like rain
 And my danged old slicker's in the wagon again

The wind began to blow and the rain began to fall
And it looked like we were gonna lose 'em all
 I jumped in the saddle, grabbed holt of the horn,
 Best damned cowpuncher ever was born.

Feet in the stirrups and seat in the saddle,
I hung and rattled with them goddamn cattle.
I don't give a damn if they never do stop,
I'll ride as long as an eight-day clock.

No chaps, no slickers and it's pouring rain
I swear I'll never night herd again
I cripple on my horse and I don't know how
Roping these long horn U-2 cows

Well, I went to the boss to draw my roll
And the boss had me fugured nine dollars in the hole
Well, me and the boss we had a little spat
So I hit him in the face with my ten gallon hat

The boss said to me, "Well, I'll fire you
Not only you but the whole darn crew."
I'll sell my horse, I'll sell my saddle
And you can drive all your long horn cattle

With my hand on the horn and my seat in the sky,
I'll quit herding cows in the sweet by-and-by.
Come a-ti yi youpy, youpy yea, youpy yea
Come a-ti yi youpy, youpy yea...

Paladin

(Ballad of Paladin) written by Johnny Western, Richard Boone and Sam Rolfe (1957)

C F^(1/2) C C
 Paladin, Paladin, where do you roam
 C F C C
 Paladin, Paladin, far, far from home

C G^(1/2) C C
 "Have gun will travel", reads the card of a man
 C G^(1/2) C C
 A knight without armor in a savage land
 Am F^(1/2) C C
 His fast gun for hire, heeds the calling wind
 F F F C C
 A soldier of fortune, is a man called -- Pal-a-din

C F^(1/2) C C
 Paladin, Paladin, where do you roam
 C F C C
 Paladin, Paladin, far, far from home

C G^(1/2) C C
 He travels on to where-ever he must
 C G^(1/2) C C
 A chess knight of silver is his badge of trust
 Am F^(1/2) C C
 There are campfire legends that the plainsmen sing
 F F F C C
 Of the man with the gun, of the man called --- Pal-a- din.

C F^(1/2) C C
 Paladin, Paladin, where do you roam
 C F C C^(1/2)
 Paladin, Paladin, far, far from home

F^(1/2) C C^(1/2) F^(1/2) C
 Far from home, far from home.

Pancho and Lefty

by Townes Van Zandt (1972)

C *C* *G* *G*
Living on the road my friend is gonna keep you free and clean
F *F* *C* *G*
Now you wear your skin like iron your breath as hard as kerosene
F *F* *C* *F*
Weren't your mama's only boy but her favorite one it seems
C *F*($\frac{1}{2}$) *C*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G* *G* *F* *Am* *Am*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G*($\frac{1}{4}$) *F*($\frac{1}{4}$)
She began to cry when you said good bye and sank into your dreams

C *C* *G* *G*
Pancho was a bandit boys his horse was fast as polished steel
F *F* *C* *G*
He wore his gun outside his pants for all the honest world to feel
F *F* *C* *F*
Pancho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico
C *F*($\frac{1}{2}$) *C*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G* *G* *F* *Am* *Am*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G*($\frac{1}{4}$) *F*($\frac{1}{4}$)
Nobody heard his dy ing words ah but that's the way it goes

F *F* *C* *F*
All the Federales say they could have had him any day
C *F*($\frac{1}{2}$) *C*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G* *G* *F* *Am* *Am*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G*($\frac{1}{4}$) *F*($\frac{1}{4}$)
They only let him slip a way out of kindness I suppose

C *C* *G* *G*
Lefty he can't sing the blues all night long like he used to
F *F* *C* *G*
The dust that Pancho bit down south ended up in Lefty's mouth
F *F* *C* *F*
The day they laid poor Pancho low Lefty split for Ohio
C *F*($\frac{1}{2}$) *C*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G* *G* *F* *Am* *Am*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G*($\frac{1}{4}$) *F*($\frac{1}{4}$)
Where he got the bread to go there ain't nobody knows

F *F* *C* *F*
All the Federales say they could have had him any day
C *F*($\frac{1}{2}$) *C*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G* *G* *F* *Am* *Am*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G*($\frac{1}{4}$) *F*($\frac{1}{4}$)
They only let him slip a way out of kindness I suppose

C *C* *G* *G*
Poets tell how Pancho fell and Lefty's living in a cheap hotel
F *F* *C* *G*
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold, And so the story ends we're told
F *F* *C* *F*
Pancho needs your prayers it's true but save a few for Lefty too
C *F*($\frac{1}{2}$) *C*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G* *G* *F* *Am* *Am*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G*($\frac{1}{4}$) *F*($\frac{1}{4}$)
He only did what he had to do and now he's growing old

F *F* *C* *F*
A few gray Federales say could have had him any day
C *F*($\frac{1}{2}$) *C*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G* *G* *F* *Am* *Am*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G*($\frac{1}{4}$) *F*($\frac{1}{4}$)
We only let him go so wrong out of kindness I suppose.

Ragtime Cowboy Joe

by Lewis F. Mujir, Grant Clarke, and
Majurice Abrahams (1912)

*C*_(½) *Cdim*_(½) *Gm7*_(½) *B7*_(½)
 Out in Arizona where the bad men are, and the
*C*_(¼) *Gm6*_(¼) *A7*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G7*_(½)
 only thing to guide you is an Eve'ning star
 *C*_(½) *B7dim*_(½) *C*_(¼) *E7b5*_(¼) *Am*_(½)
 The roughest, toughest man by far is
*D7*_(½) *G7*_(½) *C*_(½) *C*_(½)
 Ragtime Cowboy Joe
*G*_(½) *F#7*_(½) *G*_(½) *Edim7*_(½)
 Got his name from singin' to the cows and sheep
*G*_(¼) *Dm6*_(¼) *E7*_(½) *A9*_(¼) *D7*_(¼) *D7*_(½)
 Ev'ry night they say he sings the herd to sleep
*C*_(½) *B7*_(½) *C7*_(½) *Am*_(½) *B7*_(½) *B7*_(½) *E*_(¼) *B7*_(¼) *G7*_(½)
 In a basso rich and deep croonin' soft and low.

C *C*_(¾) *Am7*_(¼)
 He always sings raggy music to the cattle, as he
D7 *D7*
 swings back and forward in the saddle on a
G7 *G7*
 horse that is syncopated, gaited, and there's
*C*_(¼) *Caug5*_(¼) *Am7*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G7*_(½)
 such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater. How they
C *C*_(¾) *Am7*_(¼)
 run when hear that fellow's gun because the
D7 *D7*
 Western folks all know he's a
*Am*_(¼) *Dm*_(¼) *Cdim7*_(¼) *Ddm*_(¼) *Am*_(¼) *Dm*_(¼) *Am*_(¼) *D7b5*_(¼)
 high-faluting, scooting, shooting son-of-a-gun from Ari zona
*C*_(¼) *A7*_(¼) *D9*_(¼) *G7* *C*
 Rag time Cowboy Joe.

He dressed up ev'ry Sunday in his Sunday clothes
 He beats it for the village where he always goes
 And ev'ry girl in town is Joe's 'cause he's a ragtime bear.
 When he starts aspieling on the dance hall floor
 No one but a lunatic would start a war
 Wise men know his forty four makes men dance for fair.

Rawhide

lyrics by Ned Washington and music by Dimitri Tiomkin (1958)

Am

Rollin' Rollin' Rollin'(4x) Rawhide

Am *C*
Rollin' Rollin' Rollin', though the streams are swollen
C *C*
keep them doggies rollin', Rawhide!
Am *G*_(½) *Am*_(½)
Rain and wind and weather, hell bent for leather,
*G*_(½) *F*_(½) *E*
wishin' my gal was by my side.
Am *G*_(½) *Am*_(½)
All the things I'm missin', good viddies, love and kissin',
*G*_(½) *Am*_(½) *G*_(½) *Am*_(½)
are waitin' at the end of my ride.

Am | | |
Move 'em on, head 'em up, head 'em up, move 'em on,
*Am*_(½) | *E*_(½)
move 'em on, head 'em up, Rawhide!
Am | | |
Cut 'em out, ride 'em in, ride 'em in, cut 'em out,
*Am*_(½) *F*_(¼) *E*_(¼) *Am*
cut 'em out, ride 'em in, Raw hide!

Am *C*
keep movin' movin' movin', though they are disapprovin'
C *C*
keep them doggies movin', Rawhide!
Am *G*_(½) *Am*_(½)
Don't try to understand them, just rope, throw and brand 'em,
G *F* *E*
soon we'll be livin' high and wide.
Am *G*_(½) *Am*_(½)
My heart's calculatin', my true love will be waitin',
*G*_(½) *Am*_(½) *G*_(½) *Am*_(½)
be waitin' at the end of my ride.

Am

Rollin' Rollin' Rollin' (4x) Rawhide

Red River Valley traditional

G *Cma7* *G* *G*
From this valley they say you are going
G *G* *D* *D7*
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
G *G7* *C* *Cm*
For they say you are taking the sunshine
G *D7* *G* *G*
That has brightened our pathways a while

G *Cma7* *G* *G*
Come and sit by my side if you love me
G *G* *D* *D7*
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
G *G7* *C* *Cm*
But remember the Red River Valley
G *D7* *G* *G*
And the cowboy who loved you so true

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving
Oh how lonely, how sad it will be?
Oh think of the fond heart you're breaking
And the grief you are causing to me

As you go to your home by the ocean
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged mid the flowers

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

From this valley they say you are going,
When you go, may your darling go too?
Would you leave her behind unprotected
When she loves no other but you?

I have promised you, darling, that never
Will a word from my lips cause you pain.
And my life, it will be yours forever
If you only will love me again.

They will bury me where you have wandered
Near the hills where the daffodils grow
When you're gone from the Red River Valley
For I can't live without you, this I know

Riders in the Sky

by Stan Jones(1948)

Em *Em* *G* *G* *G* *G*
An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day
Em *Em* *G* *G* *G* *G*
Upon a ridge he rested as he went upon his way
Em *C/E* *Em6* *Em7*
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw
C *C* *Am7* *Am7* *N.C.* *Em* *Em* *Em*
Plough'in through the ragged sky, and up a cloudy draw.

Em *G* *G* *G* *G* *Em* *Em* *Em*
Yippe-ai-ay, yippee-ai-oh the
C *C* *Am7* *Am7* *Em* *Em* *Em* *Em*
Ghost herd in the sky.
riders in the sky.

Their brands were still on fire and their hot breath he could feel
Their horns were black and shiny and their hooves were made of steel
A bolt of fear went through him as they rumbled through the sky
Then he saw the riders coming hard, and he heard their mournful cry

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred and shirts all soaked with sweat;
They're ridin' hard to catch the herd, but they ain't caught them yet,
Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky
On horses snortin' fire; as they ride on, hear their cry.

As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name
If you want to save your soul from hell, a riding on this range
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride
Trying to catch the devil's herd, across these endless skies

Rio Grande

traditional (6/8 time)



Oh say were you e- ver in Ri- o Grande? Way, you Ri- o! Oh say were you e- ver in



Ri- o Grande, and we're bound for the Ri- o Grande. Then a- way, haul a way. Way! you



Ri- o! So fare- thee- well, my pret- ty young gals and we're bound for the Ri- o Grande.

D *A7(1/2)* *D(1/2)* *D(1/2)* *Dma7(1/2)* *F#m*
Oh say were you ever in Rio Grande, way down Rio?

G(1/2) *D(1/2)* *A7(1/2)* *Bm(1/2)* *D(1/2)* *A7(1/2)* *D*
Oh say were you ever on that strand? For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

D(1/2) *A7(1/2)* *D* *D(1/2)* *Dma7(1/2)* *F#m*
And away love, away, way down Rio.

G(1/2) *D(1/2)* *A7(1/2)* *Bm(1/2)* *D(1/2)* *A7(1/2)* *D*
Sing "Fare thee well, my pretty young girl, for we're bound for the Rio Grande."
D(1/2) *A(1/2)* *D* *D*

Oh, Liverpool city is no place for me,
I'll pack up my bag and go out to sea (*chorus*)

So it's pack up your sea chest an' get underway,
The girls we are leavin' can have our half-pay. (*chorus*)

Sing good bye to Nellie and good bye to Sue.
And you who are listening, good bye to you. (*chorus*)

So man the good capstan and run it around.
We'll heave up the anchor to this jolly sound.. (*chorus*)

We're a Liverpool ship and a Liverpool crew,
You can stick to the coast but I'm damned if we do! (*chorus*)

Our ship went sailin' over the bar,
We've pointed her bow to the southern stars. (*chorus*)

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
I sing you a song of the fish of the sea. (*chorus*)

Seven Spanish Angels

by Eddie Setser and Troy Seals
(1984)

F
 He looked down into her brown eyes, and said "say a prayer for me."
C7sus2
 She threw her arms around him, whispered "God will keep us
F F F7(½) Bb(½)
 free." They could hear the riders comin', he said "this is my last fight, if they
Bb(½) F(½) C7(½) F
 take me back to Texas, they won't take me back alive." There were

F F(½) C7 C7
 seven Spanish angels, at the altar of the sun. They were prayin' for the lovers, in the
C7(½) F F
 valley of the gun. When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared, there was
F7(½) Bb Bb(½) F(½) C7(½) F F
 thunder from the throne, and seven Spanish angels took another angel home.
modulate after second time through on chorus F(½) C#7(½)

F F(½) C7(½)
 She reached down and picked the gun up, that lay smok in' in his hand.
C7 C7(½) F
 She said, "Father, please for give me I can't make it without my man." And she
F F7(½) Bb(½)
 knew the gun was empty, and she knew she couldn't win, but her
Bb(½) F(½) C7(½) F
 final prayer was answered when the rifles fired again. There were

F# F#7(½) C#7 C#7
 seven Spanish angels, at the altar of the sun. They were prayin' for the lovers in the
C#7(½) F# F#
 valley of the gun. When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared, there was
F#7(½) B B(½) F#(½) C#7(½) F#
 thunder from the throne, and seven Spanish angels took another angel home.
F#

When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared, there was
F#7(½) B B(½) F#(½) C#7(½) B F#
 thunder from the throne, and seven Spanish angels took another angel home

"Now the people in the valley swear/ That when the moon's just right/ They see the Texan and his woman/ Ride across the clouds at night",

Spanish Is a Loving Tongue traditional

A Ama7 D D A Ama7 Bm E
Spanish is a loving tongue, soft as music light as spray
A Ama7 D D A A E A
Was a girl he learned it from, living down Sonora way

F#m E D A A Ama7 Bm E
He don't look much like a lover, but he says her love words over
A Ama7 D D A A E A
Mostly when he's all alone, mi amor mi corazón

Nights when she knew where I'd ride
She would listen for my spurs,
Fling the big door open wide,
Raise them laughin' eyes of hers;

But one time I had to fly
For a foolish gamblin' fight,
And we said a swift goodbye
In that black unlucky night.

And my heart would nigh stop beating
When I heard her tender greeting,
Whispered soft for me alone --
"Mi amor, mi corazón."

When I'd loosed her arms from clingin'
With her words the hoofs kept ringin'
As I galloped north alone --
"Adios, mi corazón!"

Moonlight in the patio,
Old Senora nodding near,
Me and Juana talking low
So the Madre couldn't hear;

Never seen her since that night --
I can't cross the Line, you know.
She was "Mex" and I was white;
Like as not it's better so.

How those hours would go a-flyin'!
And too soon I'd hear her sighin'
In her little sorry tone --
"Adios, mi corazón!"

Yet I've always sort of missed her
Since that last wild night I kissed her;
Left her heart and lost my own --
"Adios, mi corazón!"

Streets of Laredo traditional

F *C7* *F* *C7*
As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
F *C7* *F* *C7*
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
F *C7* *F* *C7*
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen,
Dm *C7* *F*^(1/2) *C7*^(1/2) *F*
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay.

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

"'Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Was once in the saddle I used to go gay,
First led to drinkin', and then to card playin',
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today."

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the dead march as you carry me along.
Take me to the green valley and lay the earth o'er me,
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin,
Get six pretty gals come to carry my pall.
Throw bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

"Then swing your rope slowly and rattle your spurs lowly,
And give a wild whoop as you carry me along;
And in the grave throw me and roll the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

"Go bring me a cup, a cup of cold water,
To cool my parched lips," the cowboy then said.
Before I returned, his soul had departed
And gone to the roundup—the cowboy was dead.
comrade although he'd done wrong.

They Call the Wind Maria

words by Alan Jay Lerner and
music by Frederick Loewe , from " *Paint Your Wagon* " (1951)

*C*_(½) *Am*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½)
 Away out west, they have a name, for rain and wind and fire,
*C*_(½) *Am*_(½) *C* *Am*_(½) *Dm7*_(¼) *G7*_(¼) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½)
 The rain is Tess, the fire's Joe, and they call the wind Ma ria.
*C*_(½) *Am*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½) *C*
 Maria blows the stars around and sets the clouds a-flying;
Am *Em* *Fma7*_(½) *G7*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½)
 Maria makes the mountains sound like folks up there were dyin'.

Am Am Em Em
 Ma ria Ma ria
*Am*_(½) *Em*_(½) *Fma7*_(½) *G7*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½)
 They call the wind Ma ria

Before I knew Maria's name or heard her wail and whinin',
 I had a gal and she had me, and the sun was always shinin'.
 And then one day I left that gal, I left her far behind me;
 And now I'm lost, I'm gone and lost, not even God can find me.

Maria Maria
 They call the wind Maria

Out here, they've got a name, for rain, for wind and fire only,
 And when you're lost and all alone, there ain't no word for lonely.
 Well I'm a lost and lonely man, without a star to guide me,
 Maria blow my love to me, I need my gal beside me

Am Am Em Em
 Maria Maria
*Am*_(½) *Em*_(½) *Fma7*_(½) *G7*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½)
 They call the wind Ma ria
Am Am Em Em
 Maria Maria
*Am*_(½) *Em*_(½) *Fma7*_(½) *G7*_(½) *C*_(½) *Am*_(½) *C*_(hold)
 Blow my love to me

Vaya Con Dios

by Larry Russell, Inez James, and Buddy Pepper
(1953)

C - C - G - G - D7 - D7 - G - G

G
G
D7
D7
 Now the hacienda's dark the town is sleeping
Am7
Am7
F#7(1)
G(2)
G
 Now the time has come to part the time for weep ing
C
C
G
G
 Vaya con Dios, my darling
D7
D7
G
G
 Vaya con Dios, my love

G
G
D7
D7
 Now the lonely mission bells are softly ringing
Am7
Am7
F#7(1)
G(2)
G
 If you listen with your heart you'll hear them sing ing
C
C
G
G
 Vaya con Dios, my darling
D7
D7
G
G
 Vaya con Dios, my love

Dm
G7
Csus4(1)
C(2)
C
 Where-ever you may be I'll be beside you
Dm
G7
B(1)C(2)
C(1)B(1)Bb(1)
(walkdown)
 Although you're many million dreams away
A
A7
Dsus4(1)
D(2)
D
 Each night I'll say a prayer -- a prayer to guide you
A
A7
D(2)
Dma7
D7
 To hasten every lonely hour of every lonely day

G
G
D7
D7
 Now the dawn is breaking through a grey tomorrow
Am7
Am7
F#7(1)
G(2)
G
 But the memories we share are there to bor row
C
C
G
G
 Vaya con Dios, my darling
D7
D7
G
G
 Vaya con Dios, my love

C
C
G
G
 Vaya con Dios, my darling
D7
D7
G
G
 Vaya con Dios, my love

