

# 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