

South Coast

by Lillian Bos Ross (1926) (3/4 time)

Am Dm Am Am
My name is Juan Hano de Castro
F F Am Am
My father was a Spanish Grandee
Am Am Dm Dm
But I won my wife in a card game
Dm E7 Am Am
To hell with those lords o'er the sea

In my youth I had a Monterey homestead,
Creeks, valleys and mountains all mine;
Where I built me a snug little shanty
And I roofed it and floored it with pine.

I had a bronco, a buckskin –
Like a bird he flew over the trail;
I rode him out forty miles every Friday
Just to get me some grub and my mail.

Am Dm Am Am
But the South Coast is a wild coast and lonely
F F E E7 F E7
You may win a card game in Jolon
Am Dm Am Am
But the lion still rules the barranca
D F Am Am
And a man there is always alone

I sat in a card game at Jolon
I played there with a half-breed named Juan
And after I'd won his money
He said, "Your homestead 'gainst my daughter Dawn."

I turned up the ace...I had won her
My heart, which was down in my feet,
Jumped up to my throat in a hurry –
Like a young summer's day she was sweet.

He opened the door to the kitchen;
He called the girl out with a curse
"Take her, God damn her, you've won her,
She's yours now for better or worse!"

Her arms had to tighten around me
As we rode up the hills from the south
Not a word did I hear from her that day,
Nor a kiss from her pretty young mouth.

But the South Coast is a wild coast and lonely
You may win a card game in Jolon
But the lion still rules the barranca
And a man there is always alone

We got to the cabin at twilight,
The stars twinkled over the coast.
She soon loved the orchard and the valley,
But I knew that she loved me the most.

That was a gay happy winter;
I carved on a cradle of pine
By the fire in that snug little shanty
And I sang with that gay wife of mine.

But then I got hurt in a landslide,
Crushed hip and twice broken bone;
She saddled up Buck like lightning
And rode out through the night to Jolon.

But the South Coast is a wild coast and lonely
You may win a card game in Jolon
But the lion still rules the barranca
And a man there is always alone

The lion screamed in the barranca;
Buck bolted and he fell on a slide.
My young wife lay dead in the moonlight
My heart died that night with my bride.

They buried her out in the orchard.
They carried me down to Jolon.
I lost mi Chiquita, mi sueño;
I'm an old broken man, all alone.

The cabin still stands on the hillside,
It's doors open to the wind,
But the cradle and my heart are empty –
I can never go there again.

Am Dm Am Am
But the South Coast is a wild coast and lonely
F F E E7 F E7
You may win a card game in Jolon
Am Dm Am Am
But the lion still rules the barranca
D F Am Am
And a man there is always alone

Am C F C Am