



# Cowboy Campfire Songbook

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# Back Home Again (key of C)      John Denver

**C**                      **C7**                      **F**                      -  
 V1: There's a storm across the valley, clouds are rollin' in  
**G7**                      -                      **C**                      -  
 The afternoon is heavy on your shoulders  
**C**                      **C7**                      **F**                      -  
 There's a truck out on the four lane, a mile or more away  
**G7**                      -                      **C**                      -  
 The whinin' of his wheels just makes it colder  
 V2: He's an hour away from ridin' on your prayers up in the sky  
 And ten days on the road are barely gone  
 There's a fire softly burning; supper's on the stove  
 But it's the light in your eyes that makes him warm.  
**F**                      **G7**                      **C**                      **C7**  
 Ch: Hey, it's good to be back home again  
**F**                      **G7**                      **C**                      **F**  
 Sometimes this old farm feels like a long lost friend  
**G7**                      -                      **C**  
 Yes, 'n, hey it's good to be back home again  
 V3: There's all the news to tell him, how'd you spend your time?  
 And what's the latest thing the neighbors say  
 And your mother called last Friday, sunshine made her cry  
 And you felt the baby move just yesterday  
 <chorus>  
**C7**                      **F**                      **G7**                      **C**                      **F**  
 Bridge: And oh, the time that I can lay this tired old body down  
**Dm**                      **G7**                      **C**                      **C7**  
 And feel your fingers feather soft upon me  
**F**                      **G7**                      **C**                      **F**  
 The kisses that I live for, the love that lights my way  
**Dm**                      **F**                      **G7**  
 The happiness that livin' with you brings me  
 V4: It's the sweetest thing I know of, just spending time with you  
 It's the little things that make a house a home  
 Like a fire softly burning and supper on the stove  
 The light in your eyes that makes me warm  
 <chorus>      <chorus>      <tag>

# Back Home Again (key of D) John Denver

V1: There's a storm across the valley; the clouds are rolling in  
 The afternoon is heavy on your shoulders  
 There's a truck out on the four lane, a mile or more away  
 The whinin' of his wheels just makes it colder

V2: He's an hour away from ridin' on your prayers up in the sky  
 Ten days on the road are barely gone  
 There's a fire softly burning, supper's on the stove  
 It's the light in your eyes that makes him warm

Chorus: Hey, it's good to be back home again  
 Sometimes this old farm feels like a long lost friend  
 Yes, and hey, it's good to be back home again

V3: There's all the news to tell him, how'd you spend your time?  
 What's the latest thing the neighbors say  
 And your mother called last Friday, sunshine made her cry  
 You felt the baby move just yesterday

<repeat chorus>

Bridge: Oh, the time that I can lay this tired old body down  
 And feel your fingers feather soft upon me  
 The kisses that I live for, the love that lights my way  
 The happiness that livin' with you brings me

V4: It's the sweetest thing I know of, just spending time with you  
 It's the little things that make a house a home  
 Like a fire softly burning and supper on the stove  
 The light in your eyes that makes me warm

<repeat chorus x2>

Tag: I said, hey, it's good to be back home again

# Back In The Saddle Again      Ray Whitley

*(Written in 1938, signature song for Gene Autry, recorded in 1939)*

**C**                    **G7**            **C**        **C7**  
 I'm back in the saddle again  
**F**                    **Fm**            **C**        **C7**                    **Fm=x-x-3-1-1-1**  
 Out where a friend is a friend  
                   **F**                    **Fm**                    **C**                    **A7**  
 Where the longhorn cattle feed / On the lowly gypsum weed  
**D7**                                    **G7**  
 Back in the saddle again

**C**                    **G7**            **C**        **C7**  
 Ridin' the range once more  
**F**                    **Fm**    **C**        **C7**  
 Totin' my old .442  
                   **F**                                    **C**                    **A7**  
 Where you sleep out every night / And the only law is right  
**D7**                    **G7**            **C**  
 Back in the saddle again

**F**                                    **C**  
 Whoopi-ty-aye-oh / Rockin' to and fro  
     **G7**  
 Back in the saddle again  
                   **F**                                    **C**  
 Whoopi-ty-aye-yay / I go my way  
**C**                    **G7**            **C**  
 Back in the saddle again

<Repeat all>

Blue Montana Skies

"Ranger" Doug Green

Intro: D A D Bm E (Intro can be yodeled or fiddled)

A D A Bbdim=x-1-2-0-2-x

Riding alone under blue Montana skies

E A (possible walkup Bbdim B7 E)

Not caring where my pony carries me

A D A

Feelin' at home under blue Montana skies

E A

Where nature sings her song in harmony

<bridge:>

E B7 E B7

The law of the land is to mortgage on your soul

C G C E

But the code of the west is to be free

A D A

Don't know where I'll roam under blue Montana skies

E A

I'll be ridin' 'till I meet my destiny

D A D Bm E

(.....oohs.....)

A D A

Free as the eagle flies in blue Montana skies

E E7 A

With him my spirit soars and will be free

<breaks> (yodel/instr. over verse chords, then DDAADBmE)

A D A

Free as the eagle flies in blue Montana skies

E F A

With him my spirit soars and will be free (last time)

## Buffalo Gals

John Hodges

**D** **G** **D**  
*v1:* As I was walking down the street

**A7** **G** **D**  
 Down the street, down the street

**D** **G** **D**  
 A pretty girl I chanced to meet

**A7** **D**  
 And we danced by the light of the moon

*Ch:* Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight  
 Come out tonight come out tonight  
 Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight  
 And dance by the light of the moon

I asked her if she'd stop and talk  
 stop and talk stop and talk  
 Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk,  
 she was fair to view

<chorus>

I asked here if she'd be my wife  
 Be my wife be my wife  
 Then I'd be happy all my life if  
she would marry me

<chorus>

*Alt:* I danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking  
 Her knees was a-knockin' and her shoes was a'rockin'  
 I danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking  
 And we danced by the light of the moon



## Bury Me Not On Lone Prairie *traditional*

'Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie  
 These words came low and mournfully  
 From the pallid lips of a youth who lay  
 On his dying bed at the close of day

Well he'd wasted and pined 'til upon his brow  
 Death's shades were slowly gathering now  
 As he thought of home and his loved ones nigh  
 All the cowboys gathered to watch him die

"O bury me not on the lone prairie  
 Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free  
 In a narrow grave just six by three—  
 O bury me not on the lone prairie"  
 <break>

"I've often wished to be laid when I died  
 In a little churchyard on the green hillside  
 By my father's grave, there let me be  
 O bury me not on the lone prairie."

"Oh let me lie where a mother's tear  
 And a sister's prayer can linger there  
 O take me home for they'll want to see  
 Their boy who died on the lone prairie."  
 <break>

"O bury me not" and his words fell bare  
 But we gave no heed to his dying prayer.  
 In a narrow grave just six by three  
 O we buried our boy on the lone prairie  
 O we buried our boy on the lone prairie

## Cattle Call

Tex Owens

*Refrain:*

D - - - A - - -  
 Woo-hoo-woo-ooo-ti-dee / Woo-hoo-ooo-oop-i-dee-dee

D - - - A D  
 Woo-hoo-woo-ooo-ti-dee / Yodel-odel-lo-ti-dee

D G  
 The cattle are prowlin' / The coyotes are howlin'

A D  
 Way out where the doggies ball.

D G  
 Where spurs are a jinglin' / A cowboy is singin'

A D  
 This lonesome cattle call.

&lt;refrain&gt;

G D  
 He rides in the sun, / 'Til his days work is done.

E A  
 And rounds up the cattle each fall.

D  
 Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - dee

A D  
 Singin' his cattle call.

For hours he would ride. / On the range far and wide.  
 When the night wind blows up a squall.

His heart is a feather. / In all kinds of weather.  
 He sings his cattle call.

&lt;refrain&gt;

He's brown as a berry / From riding the prairie  
 And he sings with an old western drawl.

Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de  
 Singin' his cattle call.

## Colorado

Dave Kirby

*(Or "Have You Ever Been Down To Colorado", Merle Haggard 1976)*

C                    -                    C7                    F                    C  
 V1: There's a place where Mother Nature's got it all together.  
 F                    Em                    F/D                    C                    G  
 She knows just when to let the wild flowers bloom.  
 C                    C7                    F                    C  
 Somehow she always seems to know exactly what she's doing  
 F                    Em                    F/D                    C                    G  
 And the Lord saw fit to furnish elbow room.

C                    C7                    F  
 Ch: Have you ever been down to Colorado?  
 G                    G7                    C                    G7  
 I spend a lot of time there in my mind.  
 C                    C7                    F  
 And if God doesn't live in Colorado  
 G                    G7                    C  
 I'll bet that where he spends most of his time.

V2: I'd love to be there watching early in the morning  
 The sun comes up and crowns the mountain king  
 If by chance, you dare to be high up on a mountain  
 I swear that you can hear the angels sing

<repeat chorus>

## Cool, Clear Water

Bob Nolan

C G7  
 All day I've faced the barren waste  
 C G7 G7 C C  
 Without the taste of water, cool, water  
 F G7  
 Old Dan and I with throats burned dry  
 C F C C G7 G7 C  
 And souls that cry for water, cool, clear, water  
  
 C G7  
 The nights are cool and I'm a fool  
 C G7 G7 C C  
 Each star's a pool of water, cool, water  
 F G7  
 But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn  
 C F C C G7 G7 C  
 And car - ry on to water, cool, clear, water  
  
 C G7  
 <bridge:> Keep a-movin', Dan, don't you listen to him, Dan  
 C G7 C C  
 He's a devil not a man, & he spreads the burning sand with water  
 F (melody goes down) G7 F  
 Dan can you see that big green tree where the water's runnin'  
 G7 C F  
 free and it's waiting there for you and me and  
 C C G7 G7 C  
 Water, cool, clear, water  
  
 The shadows sway and seem to say C G7  
 Tonight we pray for water, cool water C G7 G7 C C  
 And way up there He'll hear our prayer F G7 / C F C C G7 G7 C  
 And show us where there's water, cool, clear, water  
 F C  
 <repeat bridge> <hold on water>... Cool, clear, water!

Darcy Farrow

Steve Gillette/Tom Campbell

*(Written 1964. First recorded by Ian & Sylvia in 1965)*

(D) D5 D4 D G D  
 V1: Where the Walker runs down to the Carson Valley plain

D Dmaj7 G A  
 There lived a maiden Darcy Farrow was her name

D5 D4 D G D  
 The daughter of old Dundee and a fair one was she

G A D G D A D  
 The sweetest flower that bloomed o'er the range

V2: Her voice was as sweet as the sugar candy  
 Her touch was as soft as a bed of goose down  
 Her eyes shone bright like the pretty lights  
 That shone in the night out of Yerrington town

V3: She was courted by Young Vandamere  
 A fine lad was he as I am to hear  
 He gave her silver rings and lacy things  
 And she promised to wed before the snows came that year

V4: But her pony did stumble and she did fall  
 Her dyin' touched the hearts of us one and all  
 Young Vandy in his pain put a bullet through his brain  
 And we buried them together as the snows began to fall

V5: They sing of Darcy Farrow where the Truckee runs through  
 They sing of her beauty in Virginia City too  
 At dusky sundown to her name they drink a round  
 And to young Vandy whose love was so true

Tag: And to young Vandy whose love was so true

## Doney Gal

*traditional**(Key of G, Tim O'Brien recorded this in A)*

G
D
C
G  
 We're alone doney gal in the rain and hail

G
D
C
G  
 Drivin' them doggies on down the trail

G
D
G
G  
 It's rain or shine, sleet or snow

C
C
C
G  
 Me and my doney gal we're bound to go

G
D
G
G  
 It's rain or shine, sleet or snow

C
C
C
G  
 Me and my doney gal we're bound to go

Well a cowboys life is a dreary thing  
 It's rope and brand and ride and sing  
 It's up and gone before the break of day  
 Drivin' them doggies on their weary way  
 It's rain or shine, sleet or snow  
 Me and my doney gal we're bound to go

We'll laugh at the rain and yell at the hail  
 Drivin' them doggies on down the trail  
 We'll laugh at the wind the rain and snow  
 Til we reach the town of San Antonio  
 It's rain or shine, sleet or snow  
 Me and my doney gal we're bound to go

## Don't Fence Me In

Cole Porter

*(capo 2 for D)*

Chorus:

**C**  
Oh give me land, lots land under starry skies above

**G7**  
Don't fence me in

**G7**  
Let me ride through the wide open spaces that I love

**C**  
Don't fence me in

**C** **C7**  
Let me be by myself in the evenin' breeze

**F** **Fm**  
Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees

**C** **A7** **Fm**  
Send me off forever but I ask you please

**C** **G7** **C**  
Don't fence me in

Verse

**F**  
Just turn me loose let me straddle my old saddle

**C**  
Underneath the western skies

**F**  
On my Cayuse let me wander over yonder

**C** **G**  
Till I see the mountains rise

**C** **C7**  
I want to ride to the ridge where the west commences

**F** **Fm**  
And gaze at the moon till I lose my senses

**C** **A7** **Fm**  
I can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences

**C** **G7** **C**  
Don't fence me in

## El Paso

## Marty Robbins

(Very fast tempo! Recorded April 7, 1959)

D - Em -

V1: Out in the West Texas town of El Paso

A7 - - D

I fell in love with a Mexican girl

D - Em -

Nighttime would find me in Rosa's cantina

A7 - - D

Music would play and Felina would whirl

V2: Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina

Wicked and evil while casting a spell

My love was deep for this Mexican maiden

I was in love, but in vain I could tell

G - - -

B: One night a wild young cowboy came in

G - D - D7 - - - -

Wild as the West Texas wind

D7 - - -

Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing

D7 - - G - A7 -

With wicked Felina, the girl that I loved so in anger

V3: 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

B: Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran

Out where the horses were tied

I caught a good one, it looked like it could run

Up on its back and away I did ride Just as fast as I

V4: Could from the West Texas town of El Paso

Out to the badlands of New Mexico



Back in El Paso my life would be worthless  
Everything's gone, in life nothing is left

V5: It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden  
My love is stronger than my fear of death

B: 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

V6: I am on the hill overlooking El Paso  
I can see Rosa's Cantina below  
My love is strong and it pushes me onward  
Down off the hill to Felina I go

V7: 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 have to make it to Rosa's back door

B: Something is dreadfully wrong, for I feel  
A deep burning pain in my side  
Though I am trying to stay in the saddle  
I'm getting weary, unable to ride  
But my love for

V8: 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

V9: 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 (retard last line...)  
One little kiss, then Felina good-bye

## Ghost Riders In The Sky

Stan Jones

*(capo 3 for Cm, recommended if no deep bass voice)*

**Am** - **C** - **(hold)**  
 An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day  
**Am** - **C** - **(hold)**  
 Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way  
**Am** - - -  
 When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw  
**F** - **(hold)** - **Am**  
 A-plowing through the ragged sky & up a cloudy draw

Their brands were still on fire & their hooves were made of steel  
 Their horns were black & shiny & their hot breath he could feel  
 A bolt of fear went thru him as they thundered thru the sky  
 For he saw the riders coming hard & he heard their mournful cry

**Chorus:**

**C** **Am**  
**Yippie-i-ay, Yippie-i-oh**  
**F Dm Am -**  
**Ghost Riders in the sky**

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all  
 soaked with sweat  
 They're riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught  
 'em yet  
 'Cos they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky  
 On horses snorting 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 our range  
 Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride  
 Trying to catch the Devil's herd, across these endless skies

&lt;chorus&gt;

&lt;chorus&gt;

## Git Along, Little Dogies *traditional*

Intro: C F G7 C C F G7 C (and interludes after chorus)

C F G7 C<sub>4</sub> C<sub>4</sub> F G7 C<sub>4</sub> C<sub>4</sub> --Repeats for each verse line

V1: As I was walking one morning for pleasure

C F G7 C

I spied a cowpuncher all-riding along

C F G7 F C

His hat was throwed back and his spurs were a-jingling

C F G7 C

And as he approached he was singing this song

G7 G7 C C

Ch: Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little dogies

G7 G7 C C (C)

It's your misfortune and none of my own

C F G7 C

Whoopie ti yi yo, git along little dogies

C F G7 C

You know that Wyoming will be your new home

V2: It's early in the springtime we round up the dogies

Mark 'em and brand 'em and bob off their tails

Round up the horses, load up the chuck wagon

Then send the little dogies out on the north trail

<Chorus>

V3: Your mother was raised away down in Texas

Where the jimson weed and the sand burrs grow

We'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla

Until you are ready for Idaho

<Chorus>

V4: Some boys go up the long trail for pleasure

But that's where they get it most awfully wrong

For you'll never know the trouble they give us

As we go a drivin' them dogies along

<Chorus>

Tag: You know that Wyoming will be your new home

## Home On The Range

Higley / Kelley

**D** - **G** -  
 O give me a home where the buffalo roam  
**D** - **A** -  
 Where the deer and the antelope play  
**D** - **G** -  
 Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
**D** **A** **D** -  
 And the skies are not cloudy all day  
**D** **A** **D** -  
*chorus:* Home, home on the range  
**Bm** **E** **A** -  
 Where the deer and the antelope play  
**D** - **G** -  
 Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
**D** **A** **D** -  
 And the skies are not cloudy all day

Where the air is so pure & the zephyrs so free  
 And the breezes so balmy & light  
 That I would not exchange my home on the range  
 For all of the cities so bright  
 <chorus>

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  
 <chorus>

How often at night when the heavens are bright  
 With the light of the glittering stars  
 I stand there amazed & I awk as I gaze  
 Does their glory exceed that of ours  
 <chorus>

**Homemade Biscuits****Rich Liverance**

(C shapes, capo 5 to key of F. Or use capo 3, chords are D, Em, A, G)

**C** **Dm**  
 V1: Mama can I see you now / Watch you mix the milk and flour that way  
**C** **Dm**  
 I've been working up an appetite, / Roping, riding cattle drives today  
**G**  
 Ch: I been counting down the minutes  
**F** **C**  
 with the smell of homemade biscuits in the air  
**G** **F** **C**  
 Marmalade and honey / And my disposition sunny when you're there

V2: Mama I can't break the rules. Have to go to school, but I'll be back.

Soon it will be Christmas time n I will find my way home up the tracks

<chorus>

<break>

V3: Mama ain't the world unkind. Love is hard to find out on the range  
 Tying up these lonesome days / Guess that's why God made the seasons  
 change

<chorus x2>

V4: Mama I'm the lucky one. She loves our son the way that you love me  
 He'll be raised on flour, milk and joy  
 Everything a little cowboy needs.

<end promptly at the end of verse 4>

## I Ride An Old Paint

*traditional*

D - - -  
I ride an old paint, I lead an old Dan

A - D -  
I'm off to Montan' for to throw the hoolihan

A - D -  
They feed in the coolies, they water in the draw

A - D -  
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw

*Chorus:*

A - D -  
Ride around, little do-gies, ride around slow

A - D -  
The fiery and the snuf-fy are rarin' to go

Bill Jones had two daughters and the song  
One went to Denver, the other went wrong  
His young wife died in a poolroom fight  
But he tries to keep singing from morning till night

<Chorus> **and immediately to C**

C - - -  
When I die take my saddle from the wall

G - C -  
Strap it on my pony, lead him out of the stall

G - C -  
Throw my bones on his back, turn our faces to the west

G - C - **immediately to D**  
And we'll ride the prairie that we love the best

<Chorus>

## I'm An Old Cowhand

Johnny Mercer, 1936

**C** **Dm** **G** **C** -  
 I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande  
**Dm** **G** **C** -  
 But my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tan  
**Am** **Em**  
 I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow  
**Am** **Em**  
 Never roped a steer 'cause I don't know how  
**Am** **Em**  
 Sure ain't a fixing to start in now  
**Dm** **G** **C** **Dm** **G** **C**  
 Oh, yippie yi yo kayah, yippie yi yo kayah

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande  
 And I learned to ride before I learned to stand  
 I'm a riding fool who is up to date  
 I know every trail in the Lone Star State  
 'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V8  
 Oh, yippie yi yo kayah, yippie yi yo kayah

We're old cowhands from the Rio Grande  
 And we come to town just to hear the band  
 We know all the songs that the cowboys know  
 'Bout the big corral where the doggies go  
 We learned them all on the radio  
 Yippie yi yo kayah, yippie yi yo kayah

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande  
 where the west is wild round the borderland  
 Where the buffalo roam around the zoo  
 And the Indians make you a rug or two  
 And the old Bar X is just a barbecue... Yippie....

# I'm Gonna Leave Old Texas Now traditional

**D** -  
 I'm gonna leave... Ol' Texas now  
**A7** **D**  
 They've got no use... For the long-horned cow  
 - -  
 They've plowed and fenced My cattle range  
**A7** **D**  
 And the people there... Are all so strange  
**D** -  
 Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh  
**A7** **D**  
 And the people here... Are all so strange  
  
 I'll take my horse... I'll take my rope  
 And hit the trail... Upon a lope  
 I'll live my life... Where the dogies go  
 From Old Fort Worth... To Mexico  
 Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh  
 From Old Fort Worth... To Mexico

I'll make my home on the wide, wide range  
 Where the people there are not so strange  
 The hard hard ground... will be my bed  
 My saddle seat... will hold my head  
 Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh  
 My saddle seat... will hold my head

( Alternate 2<sup>nd</sup> verse:  
 I've roped and tied... The dogies small  
 And listened for... The coyotes call  
 I'm gonna turn my back On the Texas sky  
 And ride away... Old Paint and I  
 )

Outro: I'm gonna leave Ol' Texas now  
 They've got no use... For the long-horned cow



## Lorena

*traditional*

(4/4 time, words by Rev. H.D.K. Webster (1856), Music by J.P. Webster)

E7 A A7 D E7 A  
 The years creep slowly by, Lorena. The snow is on the grass again.  
 A7 D  
 The sun's low down the sky, Lorena.  
 E7 A  
 The frost gleams where the flow'rs have  
 been.  
 F#m Bm C#7 F#m  
 But the heart throbs on as warmly now, as when the summer days were nigh.  
 E7 A A7 D E7 A  
 Oh, the sun can never dip so low, a-down affection's cloudless sky.  
 \*\*\*Break\*\*\*  
 E7 A A7 D E7 A  
 A hundred months have passed, Lorena, since last I held that hand in mine.  
 A7 D  
 And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,  
 E7 A  
 Though mine beat faster far than thine.  
 F#m Bm C#7 F#m  
 A hundred months, 'twas flowery May, when up the hilly slopes we climbed  
 E7 A A7 D E7 A  
 To watch the dying of the day, and hear the distant church bells chime.  
 \*\*\*Break\*\*\*  
 E7 A A7 D E7 A  
 We loved each other then, Lorena, more than we ever dared to tell;  
 A7 D E7 A  
 And what we might have been, Lorena, had but our lovings prospered well.  
 F#m Bm C#7  
 But then, 'tis past, the years are gone.  
 F#m  
 I'll not call up their shadowy forms.  
 E7 A A7 D  
 I'll say to them, Lost years, sleep on!  
 E7 A  
 Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms.  
 \*\*\*Break\*\*\*  
 E7 A A7 D E7 A  
 It matters little now, Lorena, the past is in the eternal past;  
 A7 D E7 A  
 Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena, Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.  
 F#m Bm C#7 F#m  
 There is a future! O, thank God! Of Life this is so small a part!  
 E7 A A7 D E7 A  
 Tis dust to dust beneath the sod; But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

Mamma Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys  
Ed & Patsy Bruce

A D  
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
E7  
Don't let them pick guitars and drive them old trucks  
A  
Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such  
D  
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
E7  
They'll never stay home and they're always alone  
A  
Even with someone they love

D  
Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold  
E7 A  
And they'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold  
Lone Star belt buckles and old faded Levis  
D  
And each night begins a new day  
E7  
And if you don't understand him and he don't die young  
A  
He'll probably just ride away

<chorus>

D  
A cowboy loves smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings  
E7 A  
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night  
Them that don't know him won't like him  
D  
And them that do sometimes won't know how to take him  
E7  
He's not wrong he's just different and his pride won't let him  
A  
Do things to make you think he's right

<chorus>

## Miles and Miles of Texas

## Johnston/Camfield

**G** **C** **G**  
 I's born in Louisiana down on the ol bayou  
**C** **G** **A** **D7**  
 Raised on shrimps and catfish; mammy's good gumbo  
**G** **C** **G**  
 I got the ramblin' fever said goodbye to ma and pa  
**C** **Gdim** **G** **E7** **A7** **D7** **G**  
 Crossed that ol' Red River and this is what I saw

**G**  
 I saw miles and miles of Texas  
**D7**  
 all the stars up in the sky  
**G** **C9**  
 I saw miles and miles of Texas  
**G** **D7** **G**  
 gonna live here till I die

I rode up in to Austin the cradle of the west  
 Just ask any cowboy he'll tell you it's the best  
 I met a Texas beauty I got friendly with her pa  
 I looked in to her big blue eyes this is what I saw  
 <chorus>

I started tamin' broncos I made every rodeo  
 Until I met a 'tuff one; his name was devil Joe  
 I grabb'd hold his bridle just to ride this ol' outlaw  
 He threw me from the saddle and this is what I saw  
 <chorus>

# My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys

Sharon Vaughn

**D** **G** **D**  
 V1: I grew up dreaming of being a cowboy. Loving the cowboy ways  
**D**

Pursuing the life of my high riding heroes

**E7** **A7**

I burned up my childhood days

**D**

I learned all the rules of the modern day drifter

**G** **D**

Don't you hold onto nothing too long

**G** **D** **G**

Just take what you need from the ladies then leave them

**D** **A7** **D**

The words of a sad country song

**G** **D** **E7** **A7**

C: My heroes have always been cowboys, and they still are it seems

**G** **D** **G**

Sadly in search of, but one step in back of,

**D** **A7** **D**

Themselves and their slow-movin' dreams

**D**

V2: Cowboys are special with their own brand of misery

**G** **D**

From being alone too long

**D**

You could die from the cold in the arms of a nightmare

**E7** **A7**

Knowing well your best days are gone

**D**

Picking up hookers instead of my pen

**G** **D**

I let the words of my years fade away

**G** **D** **G**

Old worn out saddles old worn out memories

**D** **A7** **D**

With no one and no place to stay

<chorus> <tag on "Sadly in search of... but one step in back of...>

## My Sweet Wyoming Home

Bill Staines, 1977

V1: There's a silence on the prairie that a man can't help but feel  
 There a shadow growing longer now and nipping at my heels  
 For I know that soon that old four-lane that runs beneath my wheels  
 Will take me home to my sweet Wyoming home

V2: I headed down the road last summer with a few old friends of mine  
 They all hit the money, Lord, I didn't make a dime  
 The entrance fees they took my dough and the travelin' took my time  
 And now I'm headed home to my sweet Wyoming home

Ch: Watch the moon smiling in the sky  
 And hum a tune, a prairie lullaby  
 A peaceful wind, an old coyotes cry  
 A song of home, my sweet Wyoming home

Br: Well, the rounders they all wish you luck  
 When they know you're in a jam  
 But your money's ridin' on the bull  
 And he don't give a damn

Well, there's shows in all the cities, cities turn your heart to clay  
 It takes all a man can muster just to try and get away  
 And the songs I'm used to hearin', ain't the kind the jukebox plays  
 And now I'm headed home to my sweet Wyoming home  
 <repeat chorus>

You know I've always loved the ridin', there ain't nothin' quite the same  
 And another year may bring the luck of winning all the game  
 There's a magpie on the fence rail and he's callin' out my name  
 And he calls me home to my sweet Wyoming home  
 <Repeat Chorus>

Tag: It's a song of home, my sweet Wyoming home

**Nellie Kane****Tim O'Brien**

*(First recorded by Hot Rize, debut album, in 1979)*

**C** -  
V1: As a young man I went riding out on the western plain

**Am**  
In the state of North Dakota I met my Nellie Kane

**G C**  
I met my Nellie Kane

**C**  
V2: She was living in a lonely cabin with a son by another man

**Am**  
For five years she had waited for him, as long as a woman can

**G C**  
As long as a woman can

**F C**  
Ch: I don't know what changed my mind

**G C**  
'Til that day I was the rambling kind

**F C**  
The kind of love I can't explain

**G C**  
That I had for Nellie Kane

<breaks> **C - - - Am G C**

V3: She took me on to work that day to help her till the land  
In the afternoon we planted seeds in the evening we held hands  
In the evening we held hands

V4: Her blue eyes told me everything a man could want to know  
It was then I realized that I would never go  
That I would never go

<repeat chorus>

<breaks>

V5: Now many years have gone by and her son has grown up tall  
I became a father to him and she became my all  
She became my all

<repeat chorus>

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**Night Rider's Lament****Michael Burton***Intro chords:* **F F/c C/e C G G C C***Intro walkup:* g-b-d-g*Verse 1:***C C/g F F/c**

As I was out a ridin'

**C C G G**

The graveyard shift, midnight 'til dawn

**F F/c C/e C**

The moon shone as bright as a readin' light

**G G C C**

For a letter from an old friend back home, and he asked me...

*Chorus:***F G C C/e**

Why do you ride for your money

**F G C C/e**

and why do you rope for short pay

**F G C Am Em Dm (or F)**

You ain't gettin' nowhere &amp; you're losin' your share

**G G C C**

Boy, you must have gone crazy out there

*Walkup:* g-b-d-g*Verse 2:*

He said last night I run in to Jenny

She's married and has a good life

And boy you sure missed the track when you never come back,

She's the perfect professional's wife

*Chorus:*

And she asked me "Why does he ride for his money?

And why does he rope for short pay?

He ain't gettin' nowhere and he's losin' his share

Boy he must've gone crazy out there!"



*Bridge:*

**F G C C**  
 But they've never seen the Northern Lights  
**F G C C/e**  
 They've never seen a hawk on the wing  
**F G C Am Em/g Dm (or F)**  
 They've never seen spring hit the Great Divide  
**G G C C**  
 And they've never heard ole' camp cookie sing  
 <breaks>

*Walkup: g-b-d-g*

*Verse 3:*

Well I read up the last of my letter  
 And I tore off the stamp for black Jim  
 And when ol' Dougie come out to relieve me  
 He just looked at my letter and grinned

*Chorus:*

He said: "Why do we ride for our money?  
 Tell me why do we ride for short pay?  
 We ain't a'gettin' nowhere and we're losin' our share  
 You know they must think we're crazy out there!"

<bridge>

*Optional yodel ending:*

**F F C C**  
 Yodel-a-ee oh, Boh-da-lo-tee  
**G G C C**  
 Yoh-dee a lo a diddle doo

**F F C C**  
 Yodel-a-ee oh, Boh-da-lo-tee  
**G G C C**  
 Boh-dee a lo a diddle doo

## Pancho &amp; Lefty

## Townes Van Zandt

(1972 first recording on *The Late Great Townes Van Zandt*)

C

V1: Living on the road my friend

G

Was gonna keep you free and clean

F

And now you wear your skin like iron

C

G

And your breath as hard as kerosene

F

Weren't your mama's only boy

C

F

But her favorite one it seems

Am

F

C

G

She began to cry when you said goodbye

F

Am

G/B

And sank into your dreams

V2: Pancho was a bandit boy  
 His horse was fast as polished steel  
 He wore his gun outside his pants  
 For all the honest world to feel  
 Pancho met his match you know  
 On the deserts down in Mexico  
 Nobody heard his dying words  
 Ah but that's the way it goes

F

Ch: All the Federales say

C

F

They could have had him any day

Am

F

C

G

They only let him slip away

F

Am

G/B

Out of kindness, I suppose

V3: 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

<chorus>

V4: The poets tell how Pancho fell  
And Lefty's living 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

<chorus>

Ch: A few gray Federales say  
We could have had him any day  
We only let him go so long  
Out of kindness, I suppose

**Paniolo Country****Marcus Shutte Jr.***(written unknown year, published by Randy Travis in 1993)**Intro:*

**D**                    **G**            **A**                    **D**  
 Places I have been, cities I have seen,  
           **G**    **A**  
 With concrete canyons rising from the ground.  
**D**                                    **G**                                    **E7**                                    **A**  
 Miles and miles of asphalt trail, stretch across the land,  
           **G**    **E7**                                    **A**  
 stampeding metal ponies leaving smoke along the way.

**D**            **G**  
*Ch1:* Going back to Paniolo country,  
           **A**                                    **D**  
 Stars at night no city lights.

**D**            **G**                    **A**                    **D**  
 Paniolo country, my home on the range.

*V:* I made up my mind, won't waste any time  
 Going back to where the clouds ride high.  
 Take my word its pretty, not like the great big city  
 The winds still bring cool clear mountain air.

*Ch2:* Going back to Paniolo country,  
 rain drops fall, the grass grows tall  
 Paniolo country, my home on the range.

*<repeat intro, as a verse>*

*Final chorus:*

Going back to Paniolo country,  
 Stars at night no city lights.  
 Paniolo country, my home on the range  
 Going back to Paniolo country,  
 rain drops fall, the grass grows tall  
 Paniolo country, my home on the range.  
 <tag: Paniolo country, my home on the range... >

**Ragtime Cowboy Joe****Clarke / Muir / Abrahams***(First recorded by Bob Roberts in 1912)*

Ch: He always sings  
Raggedy music to the cattle as he swings  
Back and forward in the saddle on a horse  
That is syncopated gaited there is such a funny meter  
To the roar of his repeater  
How they run  
When they hear the fellow's gun  
Because the Western folks all know  
He's a high-faluting, rootin' tootin'  
Son of a gun from Arizona,  
Ragtime Cowboy Joe.

V: Out in Arizona where the bad men are,  
The only thing to guide you is an evening star,  
The roughest, toughest, man by far  
Is Ragtime Cowboy Joe.  
He got his name from singing to the cows and sheep  
Every night they say he sings the herd to sleep  
In a bass voice rich and deep,  
Crooning soft and low.

<repeat chorus>

## Red River Valley

*traditional*

**D**                    **A7**                    **D**                    -  
 From this valley they say you are leaving  
**D**                    -                    **A7**                    -  
 We shall miss your bright eyes and sweet smile  
**D**                    **D7**                    **G**                    -  
 For they say you are taking the sunshine  
**A7**                    -                    **D**                    -  
 That has brightened our pathway a while

*Chorus:*

**D**                    **A7**                    **D**                    -  
 Come & sit by my side if you love me  
**D**                    -                    **A7**                    -  
 Do not hasten to bid me adieu  
**D**                    **D7**                    **G**                    -  
 But remember the Red River Valley  
**A7**                    -                    **D**                    -  
 And the cowboy that loved you so true

V2: Won't you think of the valley you're leaving  
 O how lonely, how sad it will be  
 O think of the fond heart you're breaking  
 And the grief you are causing to me

## &lt;Chorus&gt;

V3: 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

## &lt;Chorus&gt;

## San Antonio Rose

Bob Wills

**G G7 C A7**  
 Deep within my heart lies a melody,

**D G**  
 A song of old San Antone.

**G G7 C A7**  
 Where in dreams I live with a memory,

**D G**  
 Beneath the stars, all alone.

**G C A7**  
*B part:* It was there I found, beside the Alamo

**D G**  
 Enchantments strange as the blue up above.

**G C A7**  
 A moonlit pass, only he would know,

**D G**  
 Still hears my broken song of love.

**D A7**  
*Ch:* Moon in all your splendor, know only my heart

**A7 D**  
 Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antone

**D A7**  
 Lips so sweet and tender, like petals falling apart

**A7 D D7**  
 Speak once again of my love, my own

**G G7 C A7**  
 Bro-o-o-ken song, empty words I know

**D G**  
 Still live in my heart all alone

**G G7 C A7**  
 For that moonlit pass by the Alamo

**D G**  
 And Rose, my Rose of San Antone <repeat last verse> <tag> <tag>

**Rocky Mountain High****John Denver and Mike Taylor***(Key of E, capo 2. Released in 1972, 1 of 2 official Colorado state songs)*

**D** **Em** **C** **A**  
 V1: He was born in the summer of his twenty seventh year;  
**D** **Em** **G**  
 Coming home to a place he'd never been before  
**D** **Em** **C** **A**  
 He left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born again  
**D** **Em** **G**  
 You might say he found a key for every door

V2: When he first came to the mountains his life was far away  
 On the road and hanging by a song  
 But the string's already broken and he doesn't really care  
 It keeps changing fast and it don't last for long

**G** **A** **D**  
 Ch1: But the Colorado Rocky Mountain high  
**G** **A** **D**  
 I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky  
**G** **A** **D** **G** **A** **G**  
 The shadow from the starlight is softer than a lullaby  
**A** **D** **Em** **G**  
 Rocky Mountain high (Colorado)  
**A** **D** **Em** **G** **A7**  
 Rocky Mountain high (Colorado)

V3: He climbed cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds below  
 He saw everything as far as you can see  
 And they say that he got crazy once and he tried to touch the sun  
 And he lost a friend but kept the memory

V4: Now he walks in quiet solitude the forests and the streams  
 Seeking grace in every step he takes  
 His sight has turned inside himself to try and understand  
 The serenity of a clear blue mountain lake

Ch2: And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high  
 I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky  
 Talk to God and listen to the casual reply  
 Rocky Mountain high (high in Colorado)  
 Rocky Mountain high (high in Colorado)



V5: Now his life is full of wonder but his heart still knows some fear  
 Of a simple thing he cannot comprehend  
 While they try to tear the mountains down to bring in a couple more  
 More people, more scars upon the land

Ch3: And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high  
 I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky  
 I know he'd be a poorer man if he never saw an eagle fly  
 Rocky Mountain high

Ch4: And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high  
 I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky  
 Friends around the campfire and everybody's high  
 Rocky Mountain high (Colorado) x6

## Santa Fe Trail

James Grafton Rogers

(1911, per <https://mudcat.org/@displaysong.cfm?SongID=8530>)

A  
 V1: Say pard! Have ye sighted a schooner, ride all through the day  
       E7           A  
 A hittin' the Santa Fe Trail?  
       A  
 They made it here Monday or sooner  
                   E7           A       A7  
 With a water keg roped on the tail  
       D                   A       A7  
 With daddy and ma on the mule seat,  
       D           Bm           E7  
 And somewhere around on the way,  
       A  
 A tow-headed girl on a pinto,  
       -           E7                   D  
 A-jinglin' for old Santa Fe, Oh! Ah!  
       A           E7           A  
 A-jinglin' for old Santa Fe

V2: I seen her ride down the arroyos  
 Way back in the Arkansas sand,  
 With a smile like an acre of sunflowers,  
 An' her little brown quirt in her hand  
 She straddled the pinto so airy  
 And rode like she carried the mail,  
 And her eyes near set fire to the prairie  
 'Long side of the Santa Fe Trail, Oh!, Ah!  
 'long side of the Santa Fe Trail.

V3: Oh, I know a gal down on the border  
 That I'd ride to El Paso to sight;  
 I'm acquaint with the high-steppin' order,  
 And I've sometimes kissed some gals goodnight;  
 But Lord, they're all ruffles and beadin'  
 Or afternoon tea by the pail,  
 Compared to the kind of stampedin'  
 That I get on the Santa Fe Trail, Oh!, Ah!  
 That I get on the Santa Fe Trail.

V4: I don't know her name an' the prairie  
 When it comes to a gal's pretty wide,  
 Or shorter from hell to hillary  
 Than it is on this Santa Fe ride,  
 But I guess I'll make Cedars by sundown  
 And campin' may be in a swale,  
 I'll come on a gal and a pinto  
 'Long side of the Santa Fe Trail, Oh! Ah!  
 'long side of the Santa Fe Trail.

## Someday Soon

Ian Tyson

**G** - **↓** **C** **G**  
 There's a young man that I know, his age is 21  
**Bm** - **C** **D**  
 He comes from down in southern Colorado  
**G** - **↓** **C** **G**  
 Just out of the service & he's looking for some fun  
**Am** **D** **G** -  
**Someday soon, I'm going with him, someday soon**

**G** - **↓** **C** **G**  
 My parents cannot stand him 'cause he rides the rodeo  
**Bm** - **C** **D**  
 My father says that he will leave me crying  
**G** - **↓** **C** **G**  
 I would follow him right down the toughest road I know  
**Am** **D** **G** -  
**Someday soon ...**

*bridge:*

**D** - **C** **G**  
 And when he comes to call, my pa ain't got a good word to say  
**Em** - **A** **D** -  
 Guess it's 'cause he was just as wild in his younger days

So blow you old blue norther, blow my love to me **G ↓ C G**  
 He's driving in tonight from California **Bm - C D**  
 He loves his damned old rodeo as much as he loves me **G ↓ C G**  
**Someday soon ...** **Am D G -**

&lt;repeat bridge&gt;

&lt;chorus&gt;

**Am** **D** **G** -  
**Someday soon, going with him, someday soon**

## Song of Wyoming

Kent Lewis

*Intro of each versel:* G Gm D D/a Gm=x-x-0-3-3-3  
 D D7 G Gm

V1: I'm weary and tired, I've done my day's riding

D Em7 A7 A7/e Em7=0-2-0-0-0-0  
 Nighttime is rolling my way

D D7 G Gm  
 The sky's all on fire and the light's slowly fading

D G D  
 Peaceful and still ends the day

F#m Bm F#m D7 F#m=x-4-4-2-2-2  
 Out on the trail them night birds are calling Bm=x-x-4-3-2-2

G Gm D D/a  
 Singing their wild melody

F#m Bm F#m D7  
 Down in the canyon the cottonwood whispers

G Gm D D/a / G Gm D D/a  
 A Song of Wyoming for me / <pause>

V2: Well, I've wandered around them towns and them cities

Tried to figure how and the why

But I've stopped all my scheming / I'm just drifting, dreaming

Watching the river roll by

Here comes that big ol' prairie moon rising

Shining down bright as can be

Up on the hill there's a coyote singing

A Song of Wyoming for me / <pause>

V3: Now it's whiskey and tobacco and bitter black coffee

A lonesome old dogie am I

But waking on the range / Lord I feel like an angel

Free like I almost could fly

Drift like a cloud out over the badlands

Sing like a bird in the tree

The wind in the sage sounds like heaven singing

A Song of Wyoming for me <tag> <tag>

**Streets of Laredo***traditional*

As I was out walking the streets of Laredo.	D	A	D	A
As I walked out on Laredo one day,	D	A	D	A
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen,	D	A	D	A
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.	D	Em	A	D

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

"My friends & relations they live in the Nation  
 They know not where their cowboy has gone  
 He first came to Texas & hired to a ranchman  
 O I'm that young cowboy & I know I've done wrong."

"It was once in the saddle, I used to go dashing.  
 Once in the saddle, I used to go gay.  
 First to the dram-house and then down to the card-house  
 Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today."

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

"Then beat the drum slowly, play the fife lowly.  
 Play the dead march as you carry me on  
 Take me out to the graveyard & throw 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  
 But 'ere I returned the spirit had left him  
 And gone to its maker; the cowboy was dead

We beat the drum slowly & played the fife lowly,  
 And bitterly wept as we bore him along for  
 We all loved the cowboy so brave, young & handsome  
 We all loved the cowboy altho' he'd done wrong.

## Sweet Baby James

James Taylor

Verse 1:

C G F Em  
 There is a young cowboy, he lives on the range  
 Am F C Em  
 His horse and his cattle are his only companions  
 Am F C Em  
 He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyons  
 F C G Dm Dm G G  
 Waiting for summer his pastures to change

F F G C  
 And as the moon rises he sits by his fire  
 Am F C C  
 Thinking about women and glasses of beer  
 F F G C  
 And closing his eyes as the doggies retire  
 Am F C C  
 He sings out a song which is soft but it's clear  
 D D G G7  
 As if maybe someone could hear:

Chorus:

C F G C  
 Goodnight you moonlight ladies  
 Am F C C  
 Rockabye Sweet Baby James  
 Am F C C  
 Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose  
 Am Dm7 G7 G  
 Won't you let me go down in my dreams  
 F G C C  
 And Rockabye Sweet Baby James

## Verse 2:

**C**            **G**            **F**            **Em**  
 The first of December was covered with snow  
**Am**            **F**            **C**            **Em**  
 And so was the turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston  
**Am**            **F**            **C**            **Em**  
 The Berkshires seemed dreamlike on account of that frosting  
**F**            **C**            **G**            **Dm**            **Dm**            **G G**  
 Ten miles behind me and 10,000 more to go  
**F**            **F**            **G**            **C**  
 There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway  
**Am**            **F**            **C**            **C**  
 A song that they sing when they take to the sea  
**F**            **F**            **G**            **C**  
 A song that they sing of their home in the sky  
**Am**            **F**            **C**            **C**  
 Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep  
**D**            **D**            **G G7**  
 But singing works just fine for me            / we sing...

&lt;Chorus&gt;

# Take Me Home, Country Roads Danoff / Nivert / Denver

**G** **Em**  
 Almost heaven, West Virginia  
**D** **C** **G**  
 Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River  
**G** **Em**  
 Life is old there, older than the trees  
**D** **C** **G**  
 Younger than the mountains, blowing like a breeze

**G** **D**  
**Country roads, take me home**  
**Em** **C**  
**To the place I belong**  
**G** **D**  
**West Virginia, mountain mama**  
**C** **G**  
**Take me home, country roads**

V2: All my memories gather round her  
 Miner's lady, stranger to blue water  
 Dark and dusty, painted on the sky  
 Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye  
 <chorus>

**Em** **D** **G**  
*bridge:* I hear her voice, in the morning hour she calls me  
**C** **G** **D**  
 The radio reminds me of my home far away  
**Em** **F** **C**  
 And driving down the road I get a feeling  
**G** **D** **D7**  
 That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday  
 <chorus x2>

*outro:* Take me home, down country roads / Take me home, down  
 country roads



Tennessee Waltz

Pee Wee King / Redd Stewart

(Written in 1946, 1<sup>st</sup> released in 1948, Patti Page had a hit with it in 1950.)

D - D7 G  
 I was dancing with my darling to the Tennessee Waltz  
 D Bm E A7  
 When an old friend I happened to see  
 D - D7 G  
 I introduced her to my loved one and while they were dancing  
 D A7 D  
 My friend stole my sweetheart from me

D F# G D  
 I remember the night and the Tennessee Waltz  
 D - A7  
 Now I know just how much I have lost  
 D - D7 G  
 Yes, I lost my little darling the night they were playing  
 D A7 D  
 The beautiful Tennessee Waltz

Chords in G:

G - G7 C  
 G Em A D7  
 G - G7 C  
 G D7 G -  
  
 G B C G  
 G - D7 -  
 G - G7 C  
 G D7 G -

# The Colorado Trail

*traditional*

C
Am
F
C  
 V1: Ride all the lonely night, ride all through the day  
C
Am
D
D7
G
G7  
 Keep the herd a'movin' on, movin' on it's way

C
Am
F
Fm
C  
 Ch: Weep, all ye little rains. Wail, winds, wail.  
C
Am
C
C7
Dm7
G7
C  
 All along, along, along the Colorado Trail.

V2: Eyes like the morning star, cheeks like a rose,  
 Laura was a pretty girl, God almighty knows.

<repeat chorus>

V3: Laura was a laughin' girl, joyful in the day.  
 Laura was my darling girl. Now she's gone away.

<repeat chorus>

V4: Sixteen years she graced the Earth and all of life was good.  
 Now my life lies buried 'neath a cross of wood.

<repeat chorus>

V5: Ride through the stormy night. Dark is the sky.  
 Wish I'd stayed in Abilene, nice and warm and dry.

<repeat chorus>

Tag: All along, along, along the Colorado Trail.

# They Call The Wind Mariah      Alan Lerner

## Verse 1:

C                      Am                      C                      Am  
 Away out here they've got a name for rain & wind & fire  
 C                      Em                      F / G                      C  
 The rain is Tess, the fire's Joe, & they call the wind Maria  
 C                      Am                      C                      Am  
 Maria blows the stars around & sets the clouds a-flyin'  
 F                      Em                      F / G                      C  
 Maria makes the mountains sound like folks up there was dyin'

## Refrain:

F              F              Em              Em              F              G              C              C  
 Maria (Maria), Maria (Maria), They call the wind Maria

## Verse 2:

C                      Am                      C                      Am  
 Before I knew Maria's name & heard her wail and whinin'  
 C                      Em                      F / G                      C  
 I had a gal & she had me & the sun was always shinin'  
 C                      Am                      C                      Am  
 But then one day I left my gal, I left her far behind me  
 F                      Em                      F / G                      C  
 And now I'm lost, so goddam lost, not even God can find me  
 <Refrain>

## Verse 3:

C                      Am                      C                      Am  
 Out here they've got a name for rain, for wind & fire only  
 C                      Em                      F / G                      C  
 But when you're lost & all alone, there ain't no word but lonely  
 C                      Am                      C                      Am  
 I feel just like the restless wind, without a star to guide me  
 F                      Em                      F / G                      C  
 Maria blow my love to me, I need my love beside me...  
 <Refrain>

## Tom Dooley

## Thomas Land

G - - D(7) / - - D7(C) G

*Chorus:* Hang down your head, Tom Dooley  
 Hang down your head and cry  
 Hang down your head, Tom Dooley  
 Poor boy, you're bound to die

V: I met her on the mountain, there I took her life  
 Met her on the mountain, stabbed her with my knife

<chorus>

V: Hand me down my banjo, I'll pick it on my knee  
 At this time tomorrow it'll be no use to me

<chorus>

V: At this time tomorrow, reckon where I'll be?  
 If it hadn't-a been for Grayson, I'd-a been in Tennessee

<chorus>

V: At this time tomorrow reckon where I'll be  
 In some lonesome valley, a-hangin' on a white oak tree

*final chorus:*

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley  
 Hang down your head and cry  
 Hang down your head, Tom Dooley  
 Poor boy, you're bound to die  
 Poor boy, you're bound to die  
 Poor boy, you're bound to die  
 Poor boy, you're bound to die

# Too Old To Play Cowboy

Kirby / Morrison

**G C D G**  
 V1: Boots and spurs and pearl-handle cap pistols  
**C - D -**  
 And a gold-mine we dug in the sand  
**G C D G**  
 We rode the fence line in our parents back yard  
**C - D -**  
 On a stick horse that I called "Old Dan"  
**G C D G**  
 One day my Ma, she pulled me aside.  
**C - D -**  
 She said, "You can't be fourteen again.  
**G C D G**  
 There's not enough gold in that Lost Canyon Mine  
**C D G -**  
 To keep you from being a man!" Yeah...

**C - G -**  
 Chorus: You're a little too old to play cowboy  
**C - D -**  
 It's high time that you made a change!  
**C - G Em**  
 So kick off your boots, and bed down your horse  
**D - G -**  
 'Cause there ain't no home on the range!

V2: A wife, a son, and a job at the factory  
 but that never was really me  
 So we loaded up our old pickup truck  
 to go where I wanted to be  
 A rodeo clown picked me up off the ground  
 at the Cheyenne Frontier rodeo  
 That was the start of breakin' her heart  
 she said you'd think a grown man would know  
 <repeat chorus>

V3: Bologna and beans were within our means  
 and a hamburger once in a while  
 A new pair of jeans were the answer to dreams  
 when you're livin' in rodeo style  
 One day my boy, he said I don't want toys  
 just a friend would satisfy me  
 And I knew right then I'd come to the end  
 when the tears in his eyes said to me  
 <repeat chorus x 2>

**Travelin' Light**

**R. W. Hampton**

*(From Hampton's debut album in 1984)*

-  
V1: Today I quit my job, leave this city far behind  
I'm all through with trouble and strife  
Haven't got a thing to show for what I've done with my life  
But I'm not poor, I'm travelin' light.

Ch: I've got the blue sky above me  
A good pony 'tween my knees  
Everything I own I carry on my back  
That's all a cowboy ever needs.  
I'm ridin' high, wide, and handsome again  
Just like the wind, I'm travelin' light.

V2: My heart belongs where a cowboy can roam,  
Wild and free, now that's living right;  
And to lay beneath the stars at night, waiting for the moon to rise  
Just like him, I'm travelin' light.

<repeat chorus>

V3: Oh I'm heading west, never looking back,  
I'll say so long to big city life  
I won't rein my pony in, till the feeling is right  
Adios... I'm travelin' light.

<repeat chorus>

<repeat chorus>

# Tumbling Tumbleweeds

Bob Nolan

**F** **F7**  
 See them tumbling down  
**E** **E7**  
 Pledging their love to the ground!  
**F** **C** **C#dim** **C#dim=x-x-2-3-2-3**  
 Lonely, but free, I'll be found  
**G7** **C** **C+** **C+=x-3-2-1-1-x**  
 Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds

**F** **F7**  
 Cares of the past are behind  
**E** **E7**  
 Nowhere to go, but I'll find  
**F** **C** **C#dim**  
 Just where the trail will wind  
**G7** **C** **C+**  
 Drifting along with the tumblin' tumbleweeds

**Fm6 G7** **C** **Fm6=x-x-0-1-1-1**  
 I know when night has gone  
**Am6# B7** **Em B7 G7 Am6#=x-0-2-2-1-2**  
 That a new world's born at dawn!

**F** **F7**  
 I'll keep rolling along  
**E** **E7**  
 Deep in my heart is a song  
**F** **C** **C#dim**  
 Here on the range I belong  
**G7** **C** **C+**  
 Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds

## Willie

## Robert Earl Keen

Intro: D Em G A D

V1: Hanging on the wall just like a thousand times you been there

A picture of a field of dandelions

And a young stud colt a-followin' some ol' cowboy on a broodmare

A-bound to make it home by dinner time

V2: There's a thunderhead a-coming from the west and he's sure thinking  
The rain would do this dusty dirt some good

But it ain't a cowboy's weather so he nudges his old faithful  
And turns around to call out to the stud

Ch: Come on Willie, there's a black cloud coming yonder

The devil beats his wife with a silver chain

Come on Willie, boy can't you hear the thunder

Your ma and me don't travel well in rain

V3: It ain't nothing much to look at, just a print I got from grandma  
A real west river cowgirl in her day

And sometimes I need religion since the old girl's gone before me  
And that's when I can hear the cowboy say

<repeat chorus>

V4: And now the western feeling has become another sideshow  
Selling out the bygone days gone by

And we never know it's raining, we can't hear it for our thunder  
We can't see it for our clouds up in the sky

<repeat chorus>

Tag: Your ma and me don't travel well in rain!