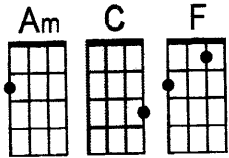


Ghost Riders in the Sky

by Stan Jones (1948)



Am **C**
 An old cow-boy went riding out one dark and windy day
Am **C**
 U-pon a ridge he rested as he went a-long his way
Am
 When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw
F **Am**
 Plowing through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw

Am **C**
 Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel
Am **C**
 Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel
Am
 A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
F **Am**
 For he saw the riders coming hard and he heard their mournful cry-y-y-y

Group [**C** **Am**
 Yipie i A-a-a-a-a-ay Yipie i O-o-o-o-o-oh
F **Am**] *no playing*
 Gho-ost ri--ders i-i-i-in the sky-y-y-y-y

Am **C**
 Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat
Am **C**
 He's riding hard to catch that herd but he ain't caught 'em yet
Am
 Cause they've got to ride for-ever on that range up in the sky
F **Am**
 On horses snorting fire as they ride on hear their cry-y-y-y

C **Am**
 Yipie i A-a-a-a-a-ay Yipie i O-o-o-o-o-oh
F **Am**
 Gho-ost ri--ders i-i-i-in the sky-y-y-y-y

Am **C**
 As the riders loped on by him he heard one call his name
Am **C**
 If you want to save your soul from hell a riding on our range
Am
 Then cowboy change your ways to-day or with us you will ride
F **Am**
 Trying to catch the devil's herd a-cross these endless skies

C **Am**
 Yipie i A-a-a-a-a-ay Yipie i O-o-o-o-o-oh
F **Am**
 Gho-ost ri--ders i-i-i-in the sky-y-y-y-y

F **Am** **F** **Am**
 Gho-ost ri--ders i-i-i-in the sky-y-y-y-y Gho-ost ri--ders i-i-i-in the sky-y-y-y-y