Ghost Riders In The Sky
by Stan Jones (1948)

San Jose Ukulele Club

Am       C       F

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             C         .         .         .         .         .         .

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             C         .         .         .         .         .         .

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
      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         .         .         .         .         .         .

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
      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             C         .         .         .         .         .         .

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
      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         .         .         .         .         .         .         .

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

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