Ghost Riders In The Sky by Stan Jones - 1948

RSE 1:

An [Am]old cowpoke went ridin' out one [C]dark and windy day Up[Am]on a ridge he rested as he [C]went along his [E7]way When [Am]all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw [F]Plowin' through the ragged skies, and [Am]up a cloudy draw

VERSE 2:

Their [Am]brands were still on fire, and their [C]hooves were made of steel Their [Am]horns were black and shiny and their [C]hot breath he could [E7]feel A [Am]bolt of fear went through him as they <u>thundered through the sky</u> For he [F]saw the riders comin' hard, and he [Am]heard their mournful cry chorus:

[Am] Yippy-i-[C]oh, yippy-i-[Am]a-ay! [F] Ghost herd [Dm] in the [Am]sky Riders

VERSE 3:

Their [Am]faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred their [C]shirts all soaked with sweat They're [Am]ridin' hard to catch that herd, but [C]they ain't caught 'em [E7]yet'

On [F]horses snorting fire, as they ride on, hear their [Am]cry

CHORUS:

[Am] Yippy-i-[C]oh, yippy-i-[Am]a-ay! [F]Ghost riders [Dm]in the [Am]sky

VERSE 4:

As the [Am]riders loped on by (him, he [C]heard one call his name "If you [Am]want to save your soul from hell a [C]riding on our [E7] range Then [Am]cowboy change your ways today) or with us you will ride [F]Tryin' to catch the devil's herd, [Am]across these endless skies"

CHORUS AND TAG:

Yippy-i-[C]oh, yippy-i-[Am]ay! [F]Ghost riders [Dm]in the [Am]sky [F]Ghost riders [Dm]in the [Am]sky. [F]Ghost riders [Dm]in the [Am]sky.

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