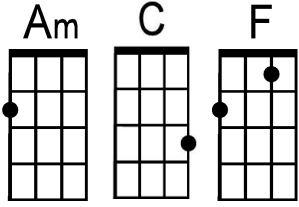


# Ghost Riders In The Sky

by Stan Jones (1948)



*sing e*

**Am** . . . . . | **C** . . . . . | . . . . .  
An old cow-boy went riding out one dark and windy day—————

**Am** . . . . . | **C** . . . . . | . . . . .  
U-pun 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—————

. . . | **C** . . . . . | . . . . . | **Am** . . . . . | . . . . . |  
Yipie i Aay————— Yipie i Oh—————

**F** . . . . . | . . . . . | **Am** . . . . . | . . . . .  
Ghost— herd— i——— in the sky—————

**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—————

. . . | **C** . . . . . | . . . . . | **Am** . . . . . | . . . . . |  
Yipie i Aay————— Yipie i Oh—————

**F** . . . . . | . . . . . | **Am** . . . . . | . . . . .  
Ghost— riders— i——— in the sky—————

**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—————

Yipie i Aay----- Yipie i Oh-----

Ghost-- riders-- i-----in the sky-----

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 to-day or with us you will ride-----

Trying to catch the devil's herd----- a-cross these endless skies-----

Yipie i Aay----- Yipie i Oh-----

Ghost-- riders-- i-----in the sky-----

Ghost-- riders-- i-----in the sky-----

Ghost-- riders-- i-----in the sky----- Am\