Hurry Sundown
by the Outlaws

Intro:


Gypsies danced a- round the campfire, shook their tambour—rines,

D . . . . . | Am . Em
They were waiting for the ghost of an outlaw, Sundown was his name.

C . . . . . . | D . . . . . | Em
As the midnight hour grew closer and the sky be-gan to fall,

Am . Em . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Em . .
You could see his shadow in the light of the moon,

Am . Em . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Em . .
He heard the gypsies’ call

Am . Em . . . | C . . . . | Em .
She had hair as black as darkness, her eyes were emerald green,

D . . . . . | Am . Em
Oh, her voice was soft and tender, and, oooh, she loved to sing.

C . . . . . . | D . . .
She will sing no more, or dance a—gain, or shake her tambour—rine,

D . . . . . . | Am . Em
They have taken her a—way, she’s dead and gone,

Am . Em . . .
You could hear the gypsies’ sing

Chorus: Oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down— Oo—ooo hurry Sun-down—
(The gypsies’ cry—)

Am . D . | Em . . . . . | C . D
Oo—ooo-ooo, hurry Sun-down—
(Oh, the gypsies’ cry—)

Am . . . . . | C . . .
Silver doubles in his holsters, stars strapped to his heels,

D . . . . . | Am . Em
There was fire in his eyes, they say that he was dressed to kill.

C . . . . . . | D . . . . . | Am . Em
He had hands as fast as lightening, a heart as cold as steel,

D . . . . . . | Am . . | Em . . .
He had come for the one that took her life to lie him in Boot Hill—

Em . . . . . | C . . . . . . | Em . . . .

Silver doubles in his holsters, stars strapped to his heels,

D . . . . . | Am . Em
There was fire in his eyes, they say that he was dressed to kill.

C . . . . . . | D . . . . . | Am . Em
He had hands as fast as lightening, a heart as cold as steel,

D . . . . . . | Am . . | Em . . .
He had come for the one that took her life to lie him in Boot Hill—
Chorus: Oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down———  Oo—ooo hurry Sun-down———
    (the gypsies’ cry———)
Am   D   | Em   .   .   .   | Am   D   | Em   .   .   .

Oo——oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down———
(oh, the gypsies’ cry———)
C   D

Gypsies danced a-round the campfire, shook their tambour——-rines,
Am   D   | Em   .   .   .   | C   .   .

They were waiting for the ghost of an outlaw, Sundown was his name.
D                      Am   Em
Am   Em   .   .   | C   .   .   | D   .   .   | Em   .

As the midnight hour grew closer and the sky began to fall,
C

You could see their shadows in the light of the moon,
C   D                      C   D   | Em   .   .   .

They’d heard the gypsies’ call———
D

Chorus: Oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down———  oo-ooo hurry Sun—un—down——
Am   D   | Em   .   .   .   | Am   D   | Em   .   .   .

Oo-ooo, hurry Sun—un—down——
C\ | D\  ----  Em\  

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v3a - 10/22/17)