Ridin' Down the Canyon
by Gene Autry & Smiley Burnett (1935)


(sing b)
Rid-in' down— the can-yon to watch the sun go down—
A pic-ture that no art-ist e'er could paint—

White faced catt-le low-in'— on the moun-tian side—
Hear a coy-ote whin' for it's mate—

Bridge: G7 . . . | . . . . | C . . . | C/f C/f# | C/g . . . |
Cac-tus plants are bloom-in'— Sage-brush eve-ry where—
Gran-ite spires are stand-in' all a-round—

I tell you folks it's hea-ven— to be rid-in' down the trail—
When the des-ert sun— goes— down—

When eve-ning chores are o-ver at our ranch house on the plain—
And all I've got to do is lay a-round—

I sad-dle up my po-ny— and ride off down the trail—
To watch the des-ert sun— go— down—

Rid-in' down— the can-yon to watch the sun go down—
A pic-ture that no art-ist e'er could paint——
White faced cattle low-in'— on the mountain side—
Hear a coyote whin-in' for its mate——
Cac-tus plants are bloom-in'—— Sage-brush every where——
Gran-ite spires are stand-in' all around——
I tell you folks it's heaven—to be rid-in' down the trail——
When the desert sun—— goes—— down——

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v1b – 7/5/19)