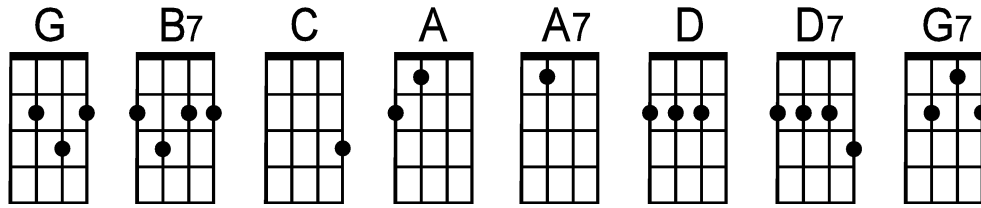


Ridin' Down the Canyon

by Gene Autry & Smiley Burnett (1935)



Intro: G . . . | B7 . . . | C . . . | G . . . | A . A7 . | D . D7 . | G . . . | |

(sing b)

G | B7 | C | G
 Rid-in' down—the can-yon to watch the sun go down—
 | A . A7 . | D . D7 . | G | |
 A pic-ture that no art-ist e'er could paint—

G | B7 | C | G
 White faced catt-le low-in'— on the moun-tian side—
 | A | A7 | D | D7 |
 I Hear a coy-ote whin-in' for it's mate—

Bridge: G7 | | C | C/f C/f# | C/g |
 Cac-tus plants are bloom-in'— Sage-brush eve—ry where—
 A | A7 | D | D7
 Gran-ite spires are stand-in' all a—round—

. | G | B7 | C | G |
 I tell you folks it's hea-ven— to be rid-in' down the trail—
 A | A7 | D | D7 | G |
 When the des-ert sun— goes— down—

. | G | B7 | C | G
 When eve-ning chores are o—ver at our ranch house on the plain—
 . | A | A7 | D | D7 | G |
 And all I've got to do is lay a—round—

. | G | B7 | C | G
 I sad-dle up my po—ny— and ride off down the trail—
 . | A | A7 | D | D7 | G |
 To watch the des-ert sun— go— down—

G | B7 | C | G
 Rid-in' down—the can-yon to watch the sun go down—
 | A | A7 | D | D7 | G | |
 A pic-ture that no art-ist e'er could paint—

G | **B7** | **C** | **G**
White faced catt-le low-in'— on the moun-tian side—

| **A** | **A7** | **D** | **D7** |
I Hear a coy-ote whin-in' for it's mate—

Bridge: **G7** | | **C** **C/f C/f#** | **C/g** |
Cac-tus plants are bloom-in'— Sage-brush eve—ry where—

A | **A7** | **D** | **D7**
Gran-ite spires are stand-in' all a—round—

. | **G** | **B7** | **C** | **G** |
I tell you folks it's hea-ven— to be rid-in' down the trail—

A **A7** | **D** **D7** | **G** | **G**
When the des-ert sun— goes— down—

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v1c – 10/16/21)