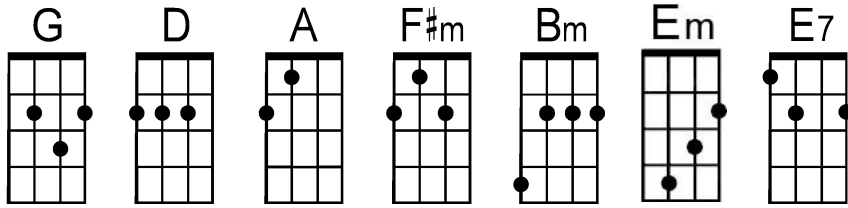


Sweet Baby James

by James Taylor (1970)



3/4 (waltz) time

Intro: G . . | D . . | A . . | . .

(sing a)

. | D . . . | A . . | G . . | F#m . . | . .
There is a young cow-boy, he lives on the range.

. | Bm . . . | G . . . | D . . | F#m . . | . .
His horse and his cattle are his on-ly com-pan - ions.

. | Bm . . . | G . . . | D . . . | F#m . . |
He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the can - yon.

G . . . | D . . . | A . . . | Em . . | . . . | A . . | . .
Wait-ing for sum-mer, his pas-tures to change---

. | G . . . | . . . | A . . . | D . . |
And as the moon ris-es, he sits by his fire.

Bm . . . | G . . . | D . . . | A . . . |
Think-ing 'bout wo-men and glass-es of beer.

G . . . | . . . | A . . . | D . .
Clos-ing his eyes as the do - gies re--tire.

. | Bm . . . | G . . . | D . . . | . . .
He sings out a song which is soft but it's clear.

. | Bm . . . | E7 . . . | A . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
As if may-be some-one could hear---

Chorus: D . . . | G . . . | A . . | D . . . |
Good-night, you moon---light la-----dies---

Bm . . . | G . . . | D . . . | . . . |
Rock-a---bye sweet ba---by James.

Bm | G | D |
Deep greens and blues are the co-lors I choose.

. | Bm . . . | E7 . . . | A . . . | . . .
Won't you let me go down in my dreams---

. | G | A | D |
And rock-a---bye sweet ba---by James.

. | D . . | A . . | G . . | F#m . . | . .
Now the first of De-cem-ber was co-vered with snow.

. | Bm . . | G . . | D . . | F#m . . | . .
And so was the turn-pike from Stock-bridge to Bos—ton.

. | Bm . . | G . . | D . . | F#m . .
Lord, the Berk-shires seemed dream-like on ac-count of that frost-ing.

. | G . . | D . . | A . . | Em . . | . . | A . . | . .
With ten miles be—hind me and ten thou-sand more to go—

. | G . . | . . | A . . | D . .
There's a song that they sing when they take to the high-way.

. | Bm . . | G . . | D . . | A . .
A song that they sing when they take to the sea.

. | G . . | . . | A . . | D . .
A song that they sing of their home in the sky.

. | Bm . . | G . . | D . . | . .
Maybe you can be-lieve it if it helps you to sleep.

. | Bm . . | E7 . . | A . . | . . | . . | . .
But sing-ing works just fine for me—

. | D . . | G . . | A . . | D . . |
Chorus: So, Good-night, you moon—light la—dies—

Bm . . | G . . | D . . | . . |
Rock-a—bye sweet ba—by James.

Bm . . | G . . | D . . | . .
Deep greens and blues are the co-lors I choose.

. | Bm . . | E7 . . | A . . | . .
Won't you let me go down in my dreams—

. | G . . | A . . | D . . | D\
And rock-a—bye sweet ba—by James.