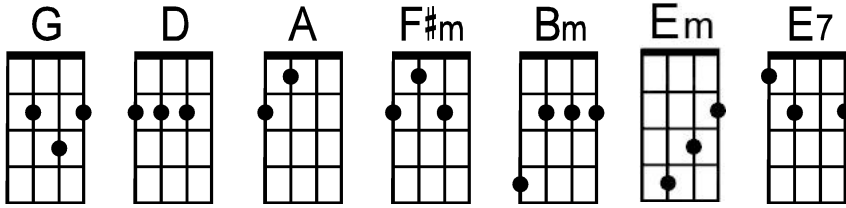


# Sweet Baby James

by James Taylor (1970)



3/4 (waltz) time

**Intro:** G . . | D . . | 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-in' '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—

D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . |  
**Chorus:** 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-in'

. | 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-in' 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—