Ghost Riders In The Sky
by Stan Jones (1948)

An old cow-boy went riding out one dark and windy day—
U-pon a ridge he rested as he went a-long his way—
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw—
Plowing through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw—
Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel—
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel—
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky—
For he saw the riders coming hard and he heard their mournful cry—
Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat—
He's riding hard to catch that herd but he ain't caught 'em yet—
Cause they've got to ride for-ever on that range up in the sky—
On horses snorting fire as they ride on hear their cry—
As the riders loped on by him— he heard one call his name—

If you want to save your soul from hell a riding on our range—

Then cowboy change your ways to-day or with us you will ride—

Trying to catch the devil’s herd— across these endless skies—

Yipie i Aay— Yipie i Oh—

Ghost— riders— in the sky—

San Jose Ukulele Club
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