Am . . . . | C . . . . | . . .
An old cow-boy went riding out one dark and windy da--ay

Am . . . . | C . . . . | . . .
U-pon a ridge he rested as he went a-long his wa--ay

Am . . . . | . . . . | . . .
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he sa--aw

F . . . . | . . . . | Am . . . . . . .
Plowing through the ragged skies and up a cloudy dra--aw

. . | C . . . . | . . . . | Am . . . . . . .
Yipie i A----a----a----ay Yipie i O----o----o----oh

F . . . . | . . . . | Am . . . . . . .
Gho-ost he-rd i----i---- in the sky--y--y--y

Am . . . . | . . . . | C . . . . . . .
Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of ste-eel

Am . . . . | . . . . | C . . . . . . .
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could fee-eel

Am . . . . | . . . . | . . .
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky

. . F . . . . | . . . . | Am . . . . . . .
For he saw the riders coming hard and he heard their mournful cry--y----y--y--y

. . | C . . . . | . . . . | Am . . . . . . .
Yipie i A----a----a----ay Yipie i O----o----o----oh

F . . . . | . . . . | Am . . . . . . .
Gho-ost ri--ders i----i---- in the sky--y--y--y

Am . . . . | . . . . | C . . . . . . .
Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with swe-eat

Am . . . . | . . . . | C . . . . . . .
He's riding hard to catch that herd but he ain't caught 'em ye--et

. . Am . . . . . . .
Cause they've got to ride for-ev-er on that range up in the sky

F . . . . | . . . . | Am . . . . . . .
On horses snorting fi--ire as they ride on hear their cry--y----y--y--y
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 today or with us you will ride.

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

Yipie i ---a---a---ay Yipie i O---o---o---oh

Gho-ost ri--ders i----i----in the sky--y--y--y

Gho-ost ri--ders i----i----in the sky--y--y--y

San Jose Ukulele Club