Hurry Sundown
by the Outlaws


Gypsies danced a-round the campfire, shook their tambour-ines,
They were waiting for the ghost of an outlaw, Sundown was his name.

As the midnight hour grew closer and the sky be-gan to fall,
You could see his shadow in the light of the moon,
He heard the gypsies' call-

She had hair as black as darkness, her eyes were emerald green,
Oh, her voice was soft and tender, and, oooh, she loved to sing.

She will sing no more, or dance a-gain, or shake her tambour-ine,
They have taken her a-way, she's dead and gone,
You could hear the gypsies' sing-

Chorus: Oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down--- Oo----ooo hurry Sun-down---
(the gypsies' cry-----)
Oo----oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down---
(oh, the gypsies' cry-----)

Silver doubles in his holsters, stars strapped to his heels,
There was fire in his eyes, they say that he was dressed to kill.

He had hands as fast as lightning, a heart as cold as steel,
He had come for the one that took her life to lie him in Boot Hill---
Chorus:

Oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down
(oh, the gypsies’ cry)
Oo—oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down
(oh, the gypsies’ cry)


Gypsies danced around the campfire, shook their tambourines,

Am . D . | C . D

They were waiting for the ghost of an outlaw, Sundown was his name.

Am . Em

As the midnight hour grew closer and the sky began to fall,

D . . . . | Am . Em

You could see their shadows in the light of the moon,


They’d heard the gypsies’ call


Chorus:

Oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down
Oo-ooo hurry Sun-down

Am . D . | Em . . . . -- | C\ \ -- D\ \ ---- | E\ |

Oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down

San Jose Ukulele Club
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