
Gypsies danced a-round the campfire shook their tambour—rines

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

As the midnight hour grew closer and the sky began 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—rine

They have taken her a—way, she’s dead and gone

You could hear the gypsies’ sing

Chorus: Oo—ooo, hurry Sun-down—(the gypsies’ cry—)

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—
Am | D | Em | Am | D | Em
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Chorus: Oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down--------------- Oo-----ooo hurry Sun-down---------------
(the gypsies’ cry----------------------)
Am | D | Em | C | D
Oo-----oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down---------------
(oh, the gypsies’ cry----------------------)

Gypsies danced a-round the campfire, shook their tambour----rines
D | Em | C
They were waiting for the ghost of an outlaw, Sundown was his name
D | Am | Em
As the midnight hour grew closer and the sky began to fall
D
You could see his shadow in the light of the moon
Am | Em | C | D | Em
He heard the gypsies’ call----------------------

Am | D | Em | Am | D | Em
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Chorus: Oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down--------------- oo-ooo hurry Sun---un---down---
Am | D | Em | Em\ --- | C\ \ \ --- | D\ \ \ --- | Em\ 
Oo-ooo, hurry Sun---un---down---

San Jose Ukulele Club
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