Sweet Baby James
by James Taylor (1970)

3/4 (waltz) time


(sing a)
There is a young cow-boy, he lives on the range.
. | Bm . . . . | G . . . D . . | F#m . . . . |
His horse and his cattle are his only companions.
. | Bm . . . . | G . . . D . . | F#m . . . . |
He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the camp.
Waiting for summer, his pastures to change-----

And as the moon rises, he sits by his fire.
Thinking 'bout women and glasses of beer.
Closing his eyes as the do-gies retire.
He sings out a song which is soft but it's clear.
. | Bm . . . E7 . . . A . . . . . . . . . . . . |
As if may-be someone could hear-----

Chorus: Good-night, you moon---light lades dies---
Bm . . | G . . . D . . . . . . |
Rock-a---bye sweet baby James.
Bm . . . G . . . D . . . . . .
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose.
Won't you let me go down in my dreams---
And rock-a—bye sweet baby—by James.

Now the first of December was covered with snow.

And so was the turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston.

Lord, the Berkshires seemed dream-like on account of that freezing.

With ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go——

There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway.

A song that they sing when they take to the sea.

A song that they sing of their home in the sky.

Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep.

But singing works just fine for me——

Chorus: So, Good-night, you moon—light fades——

Rock-a—bye sweet baby—by James.

Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose.

Won't you let me go down in my dreams——

And rock-a—bye sweet baby—by James.