Sweet Baby James
by James Taylor (1970)

3/4 (waltz) time


(sing a)

There is a young cow-boy, he lives on the range.

His horse and his cattle are his only companions.

He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canton.

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 maybe someone could hear——


Chorus: Good-night, you moon——light Ia———dies——

Bm . . | G . . | D . . . . |
Rock-a——bye sweet ba——by 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 ba——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 frost-ing.

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

There's a song that they sing when they take to the high-way.

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 la———dies——

Rock-a——bye sweet bye——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 bye——by James.

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2 - 9/10/17)