Sweet Baby James
by James Taylor (1970)


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 canyon

Waiting for summer, his pastures to change---

And as the moon rises, he sits by his fire

Thinkin’ ‘bout women and glasses of beer

Closing his eyes as the do-gies tire

He sings out a song which is soft but it’s clear---

. | Bm . . . | E7 . . . | A . . . . . . . . . . |
As if maybe some-one could hear---


Chorus: Good-night, you moon——light 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-in'

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 sing-in' works just fine for me——

Chorus: So, Good-night, you moon-light la-dies—— Rock-a---bye sweet ba—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 ba—by James——

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2b - 11/13/18)