2024 Cowboy & Train Songs (Revised 03/11/24)

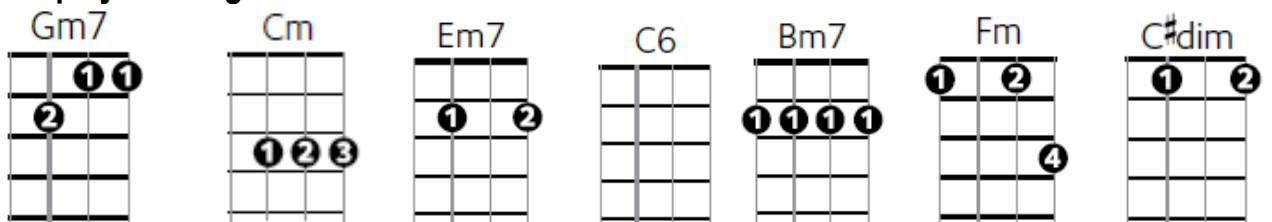## Common Chords

C	Cmaj7	C7	Am	A7	A
3	2	1	2	1	21

F	G7	G	E7	F#m	D
2 1	213	132	12 3	213	234

D7	Em	Dm	Gm	Eb	Bb
1 2	321	231	231	231	3211

B	B7	Bm	C#m	F7	E
3211	321	3111	3111 4fr	231	3331

Substitute for Bb,
but don't play G string

| Gm7 | Cm | Em7 | C6 | Am7 Bm7 | Fm | Dbdim C#dim |

{ 2 }

Home on the Range

By Dr. Brewster M. Higley   1872

Intro: C(3 + 2)   Strum: Down, Up, Up   Sing: Low G

    C   F
Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,

        C   D7   G7
Where the deer and the antelope play

     C   F
Where seldom is heard   a discouraging word

       C   G7   C
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Chorus:

G7   C
Home, home on the range

                    D7   G7
Where the deer and the antelope play

     C   F
Where seldom is heard   a discouraging word

       C   G7   C
And the skies are not cloudy all day

     C   F
How often at night when the heavens are bright,

       C   D7   G7
With the light of the glittering stars

      C   F
Have I laid there amazed and asked as I gazed

      C   G7   C
If their glory   exceeds that of   ours

Repeat Chorus

Don't Fence Me In

By Robert Fletcher & Cole Porter   1934

Intro: C(4) G7(4) C(1)   Strum: Boom chucka   *Sing: Low G*

N/C   C   G7
Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies above \ Don't fence me in

                                                            C
Let me ride through the wide open country that I love   \ Don't fence me in

                         C7
Let me be by myself in the evenin' breeze

F
Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees

C   A7   C   G7   C
Send me off forever but I ask you please   \ Don't fence me in

Chorus:

N/C   F   C
Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle underneath the western skies

          F   C
On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder till I see the mountains rise
N/C   C   C7
I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences

F
Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses

C   A7   C   G7   C(5)
Can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences \ Don't fence me in

Repeat from chorus

C   G7   C(4)
\ Don't fence me in
C   G7   C(5)
\ Don't fence me in

Down the Streets of Laredo

American Cowboy Ballad   1924

Intro: C(3) F(3) G(3) C(6)   Strum: Down, up, up   Sing: low G - C

   C   F   C   G   C   F   C   G
As I … walked out in the streets of Laredo,   As I… walked out in Laredo one day,

  C   F   C   G   Am   Dm   G   C
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen, All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

   C   F   C   G   C   F   C   G
"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"   These words he did say as I boldly walked by

       C   F   C   G   Am   Dm   G   C
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,   I'm shot in the chest and I know I must die."

     C   F   C   G   C   F   C   G
"'Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,   Was once in the saddle I used to go gay,

C   F   C   G   Am   Dm   G   C
First led to drinkin', and then to card playin',   Got shot in the chest and I'm dying today."

    C   F   C   G   C   F   C   G
"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin,   Get six pretty gals come to carry my pall

     C   F   C   G   Am   Dm   G   C
Throw bunches of roses all over my coffin,   Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

    C   F   C   G C   F   C   G
"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,   Play the dead march as you carry me along

C   F   C   G   Am   Dm   G   C
Take me to the valley and lay the sod o'er me, for I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

Slower:

    C   F   C   G   C F   C   G
We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,   We bitterly wept as we carried him along.

    C   F   C   G
We all loved our comrade, so brave young and handsome,

  Am   Dm   G   C
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

Git Along Little Doggies

Traditional Cowboy Ballad; Performed by Gene Autry & Roy Rogers   1929
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vH7VxxVUqwc

Intro: C(3 + 2)   Strum: Fast down, up, up   Sing: Low G -- C

   C   F   G7   C   C   F   G7   C
As I was a-walking one morning for pleasure, I spied a cow-puncher a-ridin' along.

    C   F   G7   C
His hat was thrown back and his spurs were a-jinglin',

    C   F   G7   C
And as he approached he was singin' this song:

Chorus:

       G   C   G   F   C
Whoop-ee ti-   yi-yo,   git along little doggies, It's your misfortune and none of my own.

         C   F   G7   C   C   F   G7   C
Whoop-ee ti-   yi-yo,   git a-long little doggies, You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

    C   F   G7   C
It's early in spring that we round up all the doggies,

    C   F   G7   C
We mark them and brand them and bob off their tails

    C   F .   G7   C
We round up our horses, load up the chuck wagon,

    C   F   G7   C
And throw all them doggies out onto the North trail.   *Repeat Chorus*

     C   F   G7   C
It's whooping and yelling and rounding the doggies

     C   F   G7   C
From sunrise til sunset and all the night long

   C   F .   G7   C
It's whooping and punching and go on a, little doggies

    C   F   G7   C
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.   *Repeat Chorus*

The Yellow Rose of Texas

American Folk Song   1850

Intro: C7(4) F(4) C7(4) F(3) Strum: Pluck outside strings 1x; Inside strings 1x   Sing:low A - C

        F
There's a Yellow Rose in Texas, that I am going to see

    C7
No other fellow knows her, nobody else but me

     F
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart

   C7   F   C7   F
And if I ever   find her,   we never more will part

       F
Where the Rio Grande is flowing and starry skies are bright

    C7
She walks along the river in the quiet summer night.

     F
She thinks if I remember, we parted long ago

  C7   F   C7   F
I promised to come back again and never let her go

      F
She's the sweetest rose in Texas, this fellow ever knew

    C7
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew

      F
You may talk about your Clementine and sing of Rosa Lee

    C7   F   C7   F
But the Yellow Rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee

Tumbling Tumbleweeds

By Bob Nolan; Performed by Gene Autry   1930

Intro: C(4) C#dim(4)   F(8)   Strum: Slow Calypso   Sing: high C

Chorus:

```
F         /         F7(8)      E7              /
```
See… them tumbling down,   Pledg-ing their love to the ground,

```
F            /      C(4)    C#dim(4)
```
Lone-ly but free I'll be found

```
G7          /               C(4)        C7(4)
```
Drif-ting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.


```
F              /       F7(8)      E7            /
```
Cares… of the past are behind,   No - where to go but I'll find

```
F               /      C(4)    C#dim(4)
```
Just…where the trail will wind,

```
G7                      C(4)        C7(4)
```
Drif-ting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

Bridge:

```
  G7                  C        B7              G7
```
I know…when night has gone…that a new…. world's born at dawn,


```
G7     F               F7           E7
```
So…. I'll… keep rolling along,   Deep… in my heart is a song,

```
F                        C(4)  C#dim(4)
```
Here… on the range I belong,

```
G7                      C(4)        C7(4)
```
Drif-ting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

Repeat from bridge

Ending slow:

```
G7                   G7(1)   NC ……………… C(5)
```
Drif-ting along with the tumb - ling tum - ble - weeds.

I'm an Old Cowhand

By Johnny Mercer; Performed by Bing Cosby   1936

Intro: Dm(2) G7(2) C(4) Dm(2) G7(2) C(1)   Strum: Calypso   Sing: E string

N/C   Dm G7   C   Dm   G7   C(7)
I'm an old cowhand / from the Rio Grande / but my legs ain't bowed   / and my cheeks ain't tanned
     Am   Em   Am   Em
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow   Never roped a steer, 'cause I don't know how
     Am   Em   Dm   G7   C   Dm   G7   C(1)
And I sure ain't fixin' to start in now.   Yipee-yi- o- kie-yay   yipee-yi- o- kie-yay

N/C   Dm G7   C   Dm   G7   C(7)
I'm an old cowhand / from the Rio Grande / and I learned to ride   / 'fore I learned to stand
     Am   Em   Am   Em
I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date --   I know every trail in the Lone Star state,
     Am   Em   Dm   G7   C   Dm   G7   C(1)
'Cuz I ride the range in a Ford V8.   Yipee-yi- o- kie-yay   yipee-yi- o- kie-yay

N/C   Dm G7   C   Dm G7   C(7)
I'm an old cowhand / from the Rio Grande / and I came to town   / just to hear the band
       Am   Em   Am   Em
I know all the songs that the cowboys know   'Bout the big corral where the doggies go
          Am   Em   Dm   G7   C   Dm   G7   C(1)
'Cuz I learned 'em all on the radio.   Yipee-yi- o- kie-yay   yipee-yi- o- kie-yay

KAZOO: C…. Dm(4) G7(4)   C(4) C(4) Dm(4) G7(4) C(7)

       Am   Em   Am   Em
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow   Never roped a steer, 'cause I don't know how
     Am   Em   Dm   G7   C   Dm   G7   C(4)
And I sure ain't fixin' to start in now.   Yipee-yi- o- kie-yay   yipee-yi- o- kie-yay

Dm(2) G7(2) C(5) G7(1) C(1)

Buttons and Bows

By Jay Livingston and Ray Evans; Performed by Dinah Shore   1947

Intro: C(8)   *Strum: Boom-Chuckka*   *Sing: low C*

C
East is east and west is west and the wrong one I have chose
F   C   F
Let's go where I'll keep on wearin' those
 C   Am   C   Am   C   F   G7   C(7)
Frills and flowers and buttons and bows   Rings and things and buttons and bows

          C
Don't bury me in this prairie take me where the cement grows
F   C   F
Let's move down to some big town, where they
C   Am   C   Am   C   F   G7   C(7)
Love a gal by the cut of her clothes   And you'll stand out in buttons and bows

Bridge:
     F   C
I'll love you in buckskin or skirts that you've homespun
          Am   D7   G7
But I'll love you longer stronger where…   your friends don't tote a gun

          C
My bones denounce the buckboard bounce and the cactus hurts my toes
F   C   F
Let's vamoose where gals keep usin' those
 C   Am   C   Am   C   F   G7   C(7)
Silks and satins and linen that shows   And I'm all yours in buttons and bows

Ending:
          G7   C   G7   C
Gimme eastern trimmin' where women are women   In high silk hose and peek-a-boo clothes
       G7   C
And French perfume that rocks the room
       G7   F   C   F   C   F   C(5)
And I'm all yours ….in buttons and bows,   in buttons and bows,   in buttons and bows!

Sioux City Sue

By Dick Thomas; Performed by Gene Autry   1945

Intro: F(4) G7(4) C7(4) F(3)   Verse Strum: Boom chucka   Sing: C - low A

```
   F              D7            G7
I drove a herd of cattle down from old Nebraska way
       C7                              F
That's how I come to be in the state of Ioway
              D7            G7
I met a gal in Ioway,     her eyes were big and blue
    C7                                          F
I asked her what her name was, she said Sioux City Sue.
```

Chorus – Strum straight shuffle
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F             G7                 C7
Sioux City Sue, Sioux City Sue     Your hair is red, your eyes are blue
     F                      C7    F              G7
I'd swap my horse and dog for you     Sioux City Sue, My Sioux City Sue.
      Bb          C7                        F
There ain't no gal as true as my sweet Sioux City Sue
                                 Bb          C7                       F
            Ending:  There ain't no gal as true as my sweet Sioux City Sue   (Tremelo)
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```
   F              D7            G7
I asked her if she had a beau    She said, "Yes quite a few."
    C7                              F
But still I started courtin' my sweet Sioux City Sue.
                 D7            G7
The first time that I stole a kiss, I caught her stealing two
   C7                                          F
I asked her: Did she love me?  She said "Yes, indeed I do."        Repeat Chorus
```

```
      F           D7        G7
Now I'm admitting Ioway,     I owe a lot to you
       C7                                   F
'Cause I come from Nebraska to find Sioux City Sue.
                  D7            G7
I'm gonna rope and tie her up, I'll use my old lasso
    C7                                       F
I'm gonna put my brand on, my sweet Sioux City Sue        Repeat Chorus
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Ghost Riders in the Sky

By Stan Jones; Performed by Johnny Cash   1948

Intro: F(8) Am(8) F(8) Am(8)   *Strum: Fast soft shuffle*   *Sing: Low A*

```
     Am                /             C                /  /
An old cowboy went   riding out one   dark and windy   day,
     Am               /             C                /  /
Up - on a ridge he   rested as he   went along his   way,
     Am               /             F                /  /
When all at once a     mighty herd of    red-eyed cows he   saw,
Am                          F      /  /      F              Am(7)
Plowin' through    the ragged sky,       and up a cloudy   draw,


     Am                   /            C                  /  /
Their brands were still on   fire and their    hooves were made of   steel,
     Am                     /            C                 /  /
Their horns were black and    shiny and their    hot breath he could    feel,
   Am                 /                 F                     /  /
A bolt of fear went    through him as      they thundered through the    sky,
     Am              F       /  /          F                 Am(7)
For he saw the riders coming hard,          and he heard their mournful    cry.
```

Chorus:

```
/        C  /  /              Am                     F              /         Am(7)
Yippe-ai - oh,       yippee-ai-   ay, (Coyote Yip)    Ghost   riders   in     the sky,


     Am                    /                 C                       /  /
Their faces gaunt, their   eyes were blurred, their   shirts all soaked with    sweat,
     Am               /              C                 /  /
He's ridin' hard to    catch that herd but    he ain't caught them    yet,
        Am                  /             F                /  /
Cause they've got to ride for -   ever     on that range up in the   sky,
     Am           F   /  /          F              Am(7)
All horses snortin' fire,        as they ride on, hear them    cry.
```

Chorus:

```
/      C /  /            Am               F          /      Am(7)
```
Yippe-ai - oh,   yippee-ai- ay, (*Coyote Yip)*   Ghost riders in   the sky,


```
     Am           /          C              /  /
```
As the riders loped on by him,   he heard one call his   name,
```
     Am              /            C          /  /
```
If you want to save your   soul from hell,   a ridin' on our   range,
```
     Am              /            F            /  /
```
Then cowboy change   your ways today or   with us you will   ride,
```
 Am       /      F       /  /  F                  Am(7)
```
Trying to catch the devil's herd,   a-cross these endless   skies.

Ending: Fade to end but don't slow down:

```
/      C /  /            Am               F          /      Am(7)
```
Yippe-ai - oh,   yippee-ai- ay, (*Coyote Yip)*   Ghost riders in   the sky,
```
/      C /  /            Am               F          /      Am(8)
```
Yippe-ai - oh,   yippee-ai- ay, (*Coyote Yip)*   Ghost riders in   the sky,
```
F            /       Am(8)
```
Ghost riders in   the sky,
```
F            /       Am(9)
```
Ghost riders in   the sky,

Rawhide

By Ned Washington & Dimitri Tiomkin   1958

Strum: Fast boom chucka   *Sing: low A*

```
Intro:  Am  .    .    . | .    .      .    . | .      .     .      . |
                          Rollin' rollin' rollin'      Rollin'  rollin'  rollin'
        .     .     .     .   |C  .    .   | .    .     .    . |
        Rollin' rollin' rollin'  Raw-hide————
        Am      .    .    . | .      .         .         .     |
        Rollin'  rollin'  rollin'      though the streams are swollen
        C        .     .     .     | .    .    .    .
        Keep them doggies rollin'      Raw-hide————
            |Am     .       .       .   |G    .      Am    .    |
        Through rain and wind and weather      hell—bent for  leather
        G    .     F      .      |E7  .    .    . |
        wishin'—— my gal was by my   side————
        Am    .      .      .       |G     .       Am     .
        All the things I'm missin'—  good vittles,  love and kissin'——
           |G      .     Am\   G    |Am   .    .    .
        Are  waiting at the  end  of—  my ride—————
```

Chorus:

```
                    |Am          .             .              .
            Move'em  On  Head'em Up  Head'em Up  Move 'em On
                    | .            .         E7      .
            Move'em  On  Head 'em Up  Raw-hide——
                    |Am          .        .             .
            Cut'em Out  Ride 'em In  Ride 'em In  Cut 'em Out
                    | .          .        F\   E7\ |Am  .   .   . | .    .    .   . | .   .    .
            Cut'em  Out      Ride 'em in    Raw—hide————
        .  |Am    .     .     . | .       .      .     .   |
        Keep movin' movin' movin'      though they're disap-provin'
        C        .     .     .      | .    .    .    .
        Keep them doggies movin'     Raw—hide————
           |Am     .     .      .   |G     .      Am      .    |
        Don't  try to under-stand 'em   just rope 'n'  throw 'n'  brand 'em
        G       .     F    .        |E7  .    .    . |
        Soon we'll— be livin'  high and   wide————
        Am        .     .     .     |G      .      Am      .
        My heart's calcu-latin'      my true love  will be  waitin'
           |G      .      Am\  G    |Am  .    .    .
        Be  waitin' at the  end   of my  ride————
```

I've Been Working on the Railroad

American Folk Song   1894

Intro: C(4)   F(4)   C(4)   **Strum: Shuffle**   **Sing: C string**
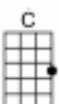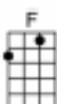
C   **C7**   **F**   **C**
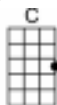
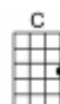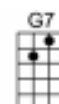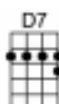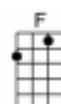I've been working on the rail-road   all the live-long day.

D7   **G7**
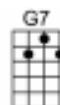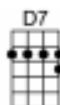
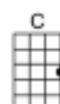I've been working on the railroad just to pass the time a-way.

C   **C7**   **F**   **E7**
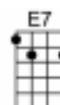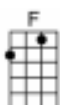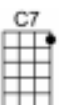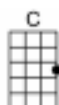
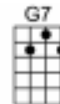Can't you hear the whistle blow - ing,   rise up so early in the morn'

F   **C**   **G7**   **C**
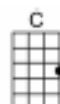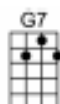
Can't you hear the captain shouting, "Dinah, blow your horn."
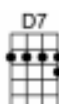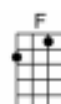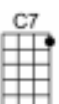
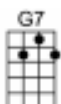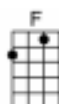**C7**   **F**   **D7**   **G7**   **C**
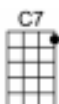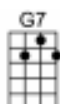
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

C7   **F**   **D7**   **G7**   **C**

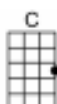Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

G7
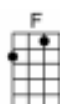
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, someone's in the kitchen I know—ow—ow—ow

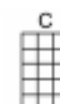**C**   **C7**   **F**   **G7**   **C**   **G7**
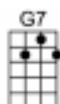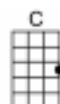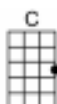
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strummin' on the   ukulele   and singin'

C   **G7**

Fee fie fiddle-di-i-o, fee fie fiddle-di-i-o-o-o-o

C   **C7**   **F**   **G7**   **C**
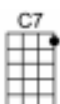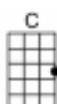
Fee   fie   fiddle-di-i-o,   **HOLD**   strummin' on the   ukulele!

Wabash Cannon Ball

American Folk Song   1904

Intro: F(4) Bb(4) C(4) F4)   *Strum: Fast boom chucka*   *Sing: C string*

F   Bb
Out from the wide Pacific to the broad Atlantic shore
          C   F
She climbs the flowery mountains, over hills and by the shore
        F   Bb
She's mighty tall and handsome and she's known quite well by all
            C   F(8)
She's a regular accommodation, the Wabash Cannonball.

- -

               F   Bb
        Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar,
                 C   F
        As she glides along the woodland, over hills and by the shore
                 F   Bb
        Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobo's call
        C   F(8)
        Traveling through the woodlands, the Wabash Cannonball.

- -

     F   Bb
Oh the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say;
        C   F
From New York to St. Louis, and Chicago by the way
        F   Bb
To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
      C   F(8)
No chances to be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

Repeat chorus with Kazoo

          F   Bb   C   F
I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue; Across the Eastern counties on mail car number 2
          F   Bb
I have rode these highball trains, from coast to coast that's all
      C   F(8)
But I have found no equal to the Wabash Cannonball.   *Repeat chorus*

Orange Blossom Special

By Ervin T. Rouse   1938

Strum: Fast soft shuffle for train sound   Sing: C string

Intro: C[8]

[C]Look a-yonder comin'   Comin' down that railroad [C7]track

[F]Hey, look a-yonder comin'   Comin' down that railroad [C]track

It's the [G]Orange Blossom Special   bringin' my baby [C]back

Well, I'm [C]going down to Florida   and get some sand in my [C7]shoes

Or maybe [F]California   and get some sand in my [C]shoes

I'll ride that [G]Orange Blossom Special   and lose these New York [C]blues

Sing Ooo….ooo… for a whole verse   Harmonica interlude

Hey [C]talk about a-ramblin'   She's the fastest train on the [C7]line

[F]Talk about a-travellin'   She's the fastest train on the [C]line

It's that [G]Orange Blossom Special   Rollin' down the seaboard [C]line

Well, I'm [C]going down to Florida   and get some sand in my [C7]shoes

Or maybe [F]California   and get some sand in my [C]shoes

I'll ride that [G]Orange Blossom Special   and lose these New York [C]blues

Sixteen Tons

By Merl Travis; Performed by Tennessee Ernie Ford   1946

Intro: Am(4)   E7(2)   Am(2)   *Strum: Calypso   Sing: High A*
Sing: Do do do do   do do do   do……. (Repeat)

Verse 1:

N/C   Am   Am   F   E7   Am   Am   F   E7
Some….. people say a man is made out of mud   A poor man's made outta muscle and blood...

Am   Dm   Am   E7   Am
Muscle and blood…skin and bone…   A mind that's a-weak and a back that's strong *(you load)*

Chorus:

       Am   F   E7   Am   F   E7
(you load) Sixteen tons and whaddya get?   A-nother day older and deeper in debt

     Am   Dm
Saint Peter dontcha call me 'cause I can't go…

  Am   E7   Am ||: Am(4)   E7(2)   Am(2) :|| Am(4)
I owe my soul to the company store   Do do do do   do do do   do

----

                     Ending slow: Am(1)   E7(1)   Am (tremelo)
                                 I owe …my ….soul….. to the company….. store

Verse 2

N/C   Am   F   E7
I ……was born one morning when the sun didn't shine

  Am   Am   F   E7
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine

  Am   Dm   Am   E7   Am
I loaded <u>sixteen tons</u> of number nine coal   The straw boss said, "Well, Bless my soul!" *(you load)*

Repeat Chorus

Verse 4

N/C   Am   F   E7   Am   Am   F   E7
If …. you see me coming better step a-side   A lotta men didn't   a lotta men died

  Am   Dm   Am   E7   Am
One fist of iron the other of steel   If the right one don't get ya, then the left one will *(you load)*
Repeat Chorus

Freight Train, Freight Train

By Elizabeth Cotton   1912

Intro: C(8)   Strum: Fast Pat Pull   Sing: G string

```
C                      G7        G7                       C
Freight train, freight train, goin' so fast,    freight train, freight train, goin' so fast
E7                   F                    C        G7      C
Please don't tell what train I'm on,    so they won't know where I've gone.


C                      G7            G7                      C
Freight train, freight train, goin' round the bend,  freight train, freight train, comin' back again
E7                       F                 C        G7      C
One of these days turn that train around,   and go back to ..my home town.


C                 G7        G7                C
One more place I'd like to be,   one more place I'd like to see
   E7                       F                      C     G7      C
To watch them old Blue Ridge Mountains climb,    when I ride old Number Nine


C            G7        G7                    C
When I die Lord, bury me deep,   down at the end of Chestnut Street
      E7            F                 C        G7      C
Where I can hear old Number Nine,   as she comes rollin' down the line.


C                      G7        G7                       C
Freight train, freight train, goin' so fast,    freight train, freight train, goin' so fast
E7                   F                  C        G7      C
Please don't tell what train I'm on,    so they won't know where I've gone.
```

The Gambler

By Don Schlitz; Performed by Kenny Rogers   1976

Intro: C(2) – Csus4(2)   C(2) – Csus4(2)   C(2)   Strum: Boom chucka   Sing: C string

```
         C                        F            C
On a warm summer's evenin' on a train bound for nowhere,
  C                                              G7
I met up with the gambler; we were both too tired to sleep.
        C                        F            C
So we took turns a starin' out the window at the darkness
     F          C        G7            C – Csus4 - C
'til boredom overtook us, and he began to speak.


           C                    F           C
He said, "Son, I've made a life out of readin' people's faces,
     C                                        G7
and knowin' what their cards were by the way they held their eyes.
        C                    F           C
If you don't mind my sayin', I can see you're out of aces.
       F          C        G7            C – Csus4 - C
For a taste of your whiskey I'll give you some advice."


        C                        F           C
So I handed him my bottle and he drank down my last swallow.
          C                              G7
Then he bummed a cigarette / and asked me for a light.
          C                    F           C
And the night got deathly quiet, and his face lost all expression.
             F          C           G7            C – Csus4 - C
Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy, ya gotta learn to play it right.
```

Chorus:

```
 N/C        C                F            C
You got to   know when to hold 'em,  /   know when to fold 'em,
F               C                          G7
/  Know when to walk away and  /  know when to run.
           C                      F           C
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
          F            C     G7               C – Csus4 - C
There'll be time enough for countin'  / when the dealin's done.
```

C   F   C

/ Ev'ry gambler knows / that the secret to survivin'

     C   G7

is knowin' what to throw away and knowing what to keep.

           C   F   C

'Cause ev'ry hand's a winner / and ev'ry hand's a loser,

    F   *C*   *G7*   *C – Csus4 - C*

and the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep."

      C   F   C

And when he'd finished speakin', he turned back towards the window,

C   G7

/ Crushed out his cigarette and faded off to sleep.

     C   F   C

And somewhere in the darkness / the gambler, he broke even.

    F   C   G7   C – Csus4 - C

But in his final words I found an ace that I could keep.

Chorus 2X

N/C   C   F   C

You got to know when to hold 'em, / know when to fold 'em,

F   C   G7

/ Know when to walk away and / know when to run.

         C   F   C

You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.

       F   C   G7   C – Csus4 - C

There'll be time enough for countin' / when the dealin's done.

.

Csus4
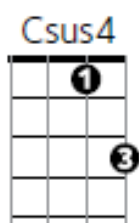
El Paso
by Marty Robbins   1959

Intro: C(3) Dm(3) G7(3) C(6)   *Strum: Down, up, up*   *Sing: C string*

C   Dm   G7   C(6)
Out in the West Texas town of El Paso; I fell in love with a Mexican girl.

C   Dm   G7   C(6)
Nighttime would find me in Rose's Cantina;   Music would play and Felina would whirl.

C   Dm   G7   C(6)
Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina, Wicked and evil while casting a spell.

C   Dm   G7   C(3) C7(3)
My love was strong for this Mexican maiden, I was in love, but in vain I could tell.

Chorus 1

F   F   C(3) C7(3) C(6)
One night a wild young cowboy came in,   Wild as the West Texas wind...

C   C7   F(3+1)
Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing, With wicked Felina, the girl that I love.

 /   G7   C   Dm
So in an – ger   I challenged his right for the love of this maiden

G7   C(6)
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore.

     C   Dm
My challenge was answered, in less than a heartbeat

   G7   C(3) C7(3)
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor.

Chorus 2

F   F   C(3) C7(3) C(6)
Out through the back door of Rose's I ran,   Out where the horses were tied...

C   C7   F(3+1)
I caught a good one; he looked like he could run, Up on his back and away I did ride.
….

```
    G7           C                      Dm              G7                          C(6)
```
Just as fast…as I rode from the West Texas town of El Paso, Out thru the badlands of New Mexico.
```
C                    Dm               G7                       C(6)
```
Back in El Paso my life would be worthless; Everything's gone in life nothing is left.
```
C                        Dm                  G7                       C(3) C7(3)
```
It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden,   My love is stronger than my fear of death.

Chorus 3
```
F                                F              C(3) C7(3) C(6)
```
I saddled up and away I did go,   Riding alone in the dark...
```
C                                C7                              F(3+1)
```
Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me,   Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my heart.
```
      G7        C          Dm              G7                          C(6)
```
And at last …here I am on the hill over-looking El Paso,   I can see Rose's Cantina below.
```
C                    Dm               G7                    C(6)
```
My love is strong and it pushes me onward,   Down off the hill to Felina I go.
```
C                    Dm               G7                       C(6)
```
Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys, Off to my left ride a dozen or more.
```
C                    Dm                  G7                          C(6)
```
Shouting and shooting; I can't let them catch me, I've got to make it to Rose's back door.

Chorus 4
```
F                                      F              C(3) C7(3) C(6)
```
Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel   A deep burning pain in my side...
```
C                                C7                     F(3+1)
```
Though I am trying to stay in the saddle. I'm getting weary, unable to ride.
```
      G7        C                 Dm              G7                          C(6)
```
But my love…. for Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen; Though I am weary, I can't stop to rest.
```
C                    Dm               G7                       C(6)
```
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle, I feel the bullet go deep in my chest.

Slower:
```
C                    Dm                  G7                          C(6)
```
From out of nowhere, Felina has found me, Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side.
```
C                    Dm               G7                          C(3+1)
```
Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for, One little kiss and Felina… good…bye.

Deep in the Heart of Texas

Written by Don Swander and June Hershey   1941

Intro: D(4)   A(4)   D(4)   Strum: Fast Pat Pull (1+2+3+4+)   Sing: Low A - D

The [D]stars at night - are big and bright (clap, clap, clap, clap)

[NC] Deep in the [D]heart of [A] Texas

The prairie sky - is wide and high (clap, clap, clap, clap)

[NC] Deep in the [A]heart of [D] Texas

.

The [D]Sage in bloom - is like perfume (clap, clap, clap, clap)

[NC] Deep in the [D]heart of [A] Texas

Reminds me of - the one I love (clap, clap, clap, clap)

[NC] Deep in the [A]heart of [D] Texas

The [D]cowboys cry - ki-yip-pie-yi (clap, clap, clap, clap)

[NC] Deep in the [D]heart of [A] Texas

The rabbits rush - around the brush (clap, clap, clap, clap)

[NC] Deep in the [A]heart of [D] Texas

The [D]coyotes wail - along the trail (clap, clap, clap, clap)

[NC] Deep in the [D]heart of [A] Texas

The doggies bawl - and bawl and bawl (clap, clap, clap, clap)

[NC] Deep in the [A]heart of [D] Texas

Ending gradually slower and fade:

[D] Deep in the heart of Texas   Deep in the heart of Texas

I'm Back in the Saddle Again

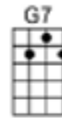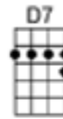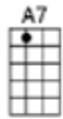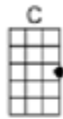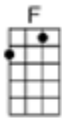By Gene Autry & Ray Whitely   1939

Intro: D7(4)   G7(4)   C(4)   G7(3)   *Strum: Boom chucka*   *Sing: Low G*
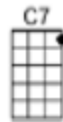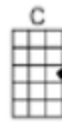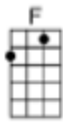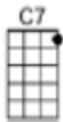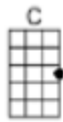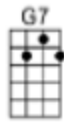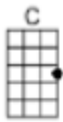
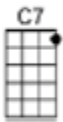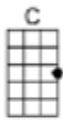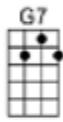I'm back in the saddle a-gain,   out where a friend is a friend

Where the longhorn cattle feed on the lowly jimson weed, I'm back in the saddle a-gain.
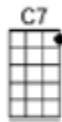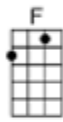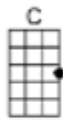
Riding the range once more,   totin' my old forty-four
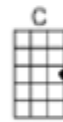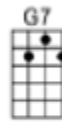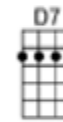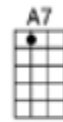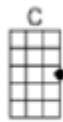
Where you sleep out every night and the only law is right, I'm back in the saddle a-gain.
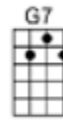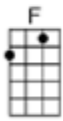
Whoopi ti-yi-yo, rocking to and fro, back in the saddle a-gain
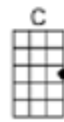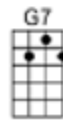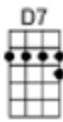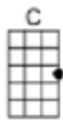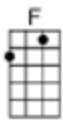
Whoopi ti-yi-yay, I go my way, back in the saddle a-gain.

Repeat all

Ending: **D7**   **G7**   **C**   **D7**   **G7**   **C(5)** **G7(1)** **C(1)**
          Back in the saddle again.   Back in the saddle again.

I Got Spurs

By Joseph J. Lilley & Frank Loesser; Performed by Tex Ritter   1942

Intro - D(2) G(2) A(2) D(1)   Strum: Pat-Pull   1 & 2 &   Sing: Low A -- D

Chorus:

N/C   D   G   A   D   /   G   A   D
I got spurs… that jingle, jangle, jingle   As I go ridin' merr-ily along

                             G   A   D   D   G   A   D
And they sing… "Oh, ain't you glad you're single"   And that song ain't so very far from wrong

Verse 1

           G   D
Oh, Lillie Belle (echo)   Oh, Lillie Belle (echo)

           D   E7   A(1)
Though I may have done some foolin' this is why I never fell   *Repeat chorus*

Verse 2

           G   D
Oh, Mary Ann (echo)   Oh, Mary Ann (echo)

             D   E7   A(1)
Though we done some moonlight walkin' this is why I up and ran   *Repeat chorus*

Verse 3

             G   D
Oh, Sally Jane (echo)   Oh, Sally Jane (echo)

           D   E7   A(1)
Oh, I'd like to stay forever   this is why I can't remain   *Repeat chorus*

Verse 4

             G   D
Oh, Bessy Lou (echo)   Oh, Bessy Lou (echo)

                 D   E7   A(1)
Though we've done a heap of dreamin'   this is why it won't come true   *Repeat chorus*

Big Chief Buffalo Nickel

By Jimmie Rodgers   1929   https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QzKXw4l3Ts8

Intro: F(4) F(3)   Strum: Calypso   Sing: A

    F   C7
Way out on the windswept desert,   Where nature favors no man;

                                          F
Buffalo found his brother,   Lying on the sunbaked sand.

    F   Bb
He said, my brother, what ails you?   Did sickness make you this way?

     Bb   C7   F
His brother never said, cause his brother was dead   Been dead since way last May....

Chorus

F   C7
Big chief buffalo nickel, a mighty man in his day

                                    F
He never once used a sickle to clear all the bush away

F   Bb
Big chief buffalo nickel, a mighty man in his day

    Bb   C7   F
He never once refused his dinner and he could really clear it away!

Kazoo Chorus once

     F   C7
Way out on the windswept desert   I heard a big Indian moan

                                      F
I left my tent cause I knew what it meant   I swore I'd never more roam

     F   Bb
It was dawn when I reached safety   My legs were certainly sore

      Bb   C7   F
I must a lost 50 pounds on the hot desert ground and I'd lose that many more.

Repeat chorus

The City of New Orleans

By Steve Goodman; Performed by Arlo Guthrie   1972

Intro: Bb(4)   F(4) G(4) C(4)   *Strum: Calypso   Sing: E string*


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C          G          C        C   Am          F           C      C
Riding on the City of New Orleans,        Illinois Central,  Monday morning rail,
C          G            C      C    Am            G               C      C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders        Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail
       Am                    Em
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee and
G                         D       D      Am
Rolls along past houses farms and fields,        Passing trains that have no name,
Em                              G        G7        C      C7            F
Freight yards full of old dark men and the graveyards of rusted automobiles    / / / Good morning
```

- -

Chorus

```
  G7            C     C   Am              F          C      C
A-merica, how are you?        Don't you know me,    I'm your native son,      / /  I'm the
 C           G          Am    D7      Bb              F(2)      G7(2)     C  C
Train they call the City of New Orleans     / / /  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done
```
- -


```
     C           G          C      C  Am              F            C      C
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car      Penny a point ain't no one keeping score
C          G              C      C   Am            G               C      C
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle       Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor,   / / and the
Am                        Em                     G                         D     D
Sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers, ride their father's magic carpets made of steel
Am                          Em
Mothers with their babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat  ….  and the
 G         G7         C    C7          F
Rhythm of the rails is all they feel      / / / Good morning….
```

Repeat chorus above

```
C              G            C     C    Am              F            C    C
Nightime on the City of New Orleans        Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
C              G            C     C
Half way home we'll be there by morning    / / /  through the
Am                  G7             C    C
Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea
      Am                          Em
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream … and the
G                            D    D
Steel rail… still ain't heard…. the news
      Am                          Em
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain
      G          G7              C    C7            F
This train's got the dis-appearing railroad blues    / /  /  Good  Night….
```

- -

Chorus

```
   G7            C     C    Am                  F            C    C
A-merica, how are you?      Don't you know me,    I'm your native son,     / /  I'm the
 C              G            Am(4)
Train they call the City of New Orleans
D7        Bb              F(2)      G7(2)    C        C
/ / /  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done     / / / I'll be
Bb                F(2)      G7(2)      C(5)
Gone five hundred miles when the day is done
```

Big Iron

By Marty Robbins   https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IA4de5Ky1EI

Intro: Am(8)   *Strum: Calypso*   *Sing: C*

     C   **Am**   **Am**
To the town of Agua Fria   rode a stranger one fine day

     C   **Am**   **Am**
Hardly spoke to folks around him   didn't have too much to say

     F   **C**
No one dared to ask his business   no one dared to make a slip

     C   **Am**   **F**   **C**   **C**
For the stranger there amongst them had a big iron on his hip   Big iron on his hip

     C   **Am**   **Am**
It was early in the morning   when he rode into the town

     C   **Am**   **Am**
He came riding from the south side   slowly lookin' all around

     F   **C**
He's an outlaw loose and running   came the whisper from each lip

     C   **Am**   **F**   **C**   **C**
And he's here to do some business with the big iron on his hip   Big iron on his hip

     C   **Am**   **Am**
In this town there lived an outlaw   by the name of Texas Red

     C   **Am**   **Am**
Many men had tried to take him   and that many men were dead

     F   **C**
He was vicious and a killer   though a youth of twenty four

     C   **Am**   **F**   **C**   **C**
And the notches on his pistol   numbered one and nineteen more   One and nineteen more

```
        C                         Am                    Am
Now the stranger started talking    made it plain to folks around
        C                         Am                Am
Was an Arizona ranger    wouldn't be too long in town
     F                              C
He came here to take an outlaw    back alive or maybe dead
        C                              Am        F         C      C
And he said it didn't matter,  he was after Texas Red    After Texas Red


        C                         Am                 Am
Wasn't long before the story    was relayed to Texas Red
        C                         Am                Am
But the outlaw didn't worry    men that tried before were dead
     F                              C
Twenty men had tried to take    twenty men had made a slip
        C                             Am            F        C      C
Twenty one would be the ranger    with the big iron on his hip    Big iron on his hip


     C                           Am                   Am
The morning passed so quickly    it was time for them to meet
        C                         Am                   Am
It was twenty past eleven      when they walked out in the street
        F                              C
Folks were watching from their windows    every-body held their breath
        C                             Am                  F            C      C
They knew this handsome ranger    was about to meet his death    About to meet his death


        C                             Am                    Am
There was forty feet between them    when they stopped to make their play
        C                         Am                Am
And the swiftness of the ranger    is still talked about to-day
     F                              C
Texas Red had not cleared leather    when a bullet fairly ripped
        C                             Am            F        C      C
And the ranger's aim was deadly    with the big iron on his hip    Big iron on his hip
```

```
       C                              Am                         Am
It was over in a moment        and the folks had gathered round
         C                                Am                        Am
There before them lay the body      of the outlaw on the ground
          F                                         C
Oh he might have gone on living        but he made one fatal slip
            C                                    Am                F              C         C
When he tried to match the ranger      with the big iron on his hip   Big iron on his hip


       F          C                 C                                    Am
Big iron… Big iron…   When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip
F              C          F                C         F              C         C
Big iron on his hip        Big iron on his hip        Big iron on his hip
```

500 Miles
By Hedy West; Performed by Peter, Paul and Mary   1963

Intro: C(4) Am(4) Dm(4) F(3)   Strum: Calypso   Sing: low G

     C   Am   Dm   F
If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone

  Dm   F   G7
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles,

    C   Am   Dm   F
A hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles,

     Dm   G7   C
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

      C   Am   Dm   F
Lord I'm one, lord I'm two, lord I'm three, lord I'm four,

  Dm   F   G7
Lord I'm 500 miles from my home.

   C   Am   Dm   F
500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles

   Dm   G7   C
Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home.

    C   Am   Dm   F
Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name

  Dm   F   G7
Lord I can't go a home this a way

    C   Am   Dm   F
This a away, this a way, this a way, this a way,

  Dm   G7   C
Lord I can't go a home this a way.

    C   Am   Dm   F
If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone

   Dm   F   C
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

Happy Trails to You

By Dale Evans   1952

Intro: C(4) C#dim(4) Dm(4) G7(3)   Strum: Boom Chucka   Sing: low G

N/C   C(4)   Am(4)   A(2)   C#dim(2)   G7(4)
Happy trails to you   un-til we   meet   a -   gain.

      Dm(4)   G7   G7+5   C(2)
Happy trails   to you,   keep smiling on till   then.

      Gm   C7   F(4)
Who cares about the clouds when we're together

      A7   D7(2)   G7(2)
Just sing a song and bring the sunny wea –ther

      C(4)   A7(4)   Dm(2) G7(2) C(3)
Happy trails   to you….til we meet   a -   gain.

[Repeat from top]

      C(4)   A7(4)   Dm(4) G7(4) C(5)
Happy trails   to you….til we meet   a -   gain