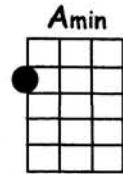
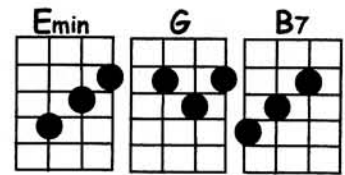


"Ghost Riders in the Sky" by Stan Jones

Verse 1:

An [Em] old cowpoke went riding out one [G] hot and windy day,
Up- [Em]-on a ridge he rested as he [G] went along his [B7] way,
When [Em] all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,
A-[Am] plowin' through the ragged skies, and [Em] up the cloudy draw.



Chorus: [Em]Yippi-I- [G] yay, Yippi-I- -[Em] yo, [Am] ghost riders in the [Em] sky.

Verse 2:

Their [Em] brands were still on fire and their [G] hoofs were made of steel.
Their [Em] horns were black and shiny and their [G] hot breath he could [B7]feel.
A [Em] bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky.
For [Am] as he saw the riders comin' hard, he could [Em] hear their mournful cry.

Chorus: [Em]Yippi-I- [G] yay, Yippi-I- -[Em] yo, [Am] ghost riders in the [Em] sky.

Verse 3:

Their [Em] face were gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their [G] shirts all soaked with sweat,
They're [Em] riding hard to catch that herd, but [G] they ain't caught him [B7] yet.
They've [Em] got to ride forevermore on the range up in the sky,
On [Am] horses snorting fire and as they [Em] ride, I hear them cry.

Chorus: [Em]Yippi-I- [G] yay, Yippi-I- -[Em] yo, [Am] ghost riders in the [Em] sky.

Verse 4:

And [Em] as the riders loped on by he [G] heard one call his name,
If [Em] you want to save your soul from hell a-[G] ridin' on the [B7] range,
Then [Em] cowboy better change your ways or with us you will ride,
Try-[Am]-ing to catch the devil's herd a-[Em]-cross the endless skies.

Chorus: [Em]Yippi-I- [G] yay, Yippi-I- -[Em] yo, [Am] ghost riders in the [Em] sky.