

(Ghost) Riders in the Sky

A Cowboy Legend

by Stan Jones 1948

[Dm] An old cow poke went riding out one **[F]** dark and windy day.
Up **[Dm]** on a ridge he rested as he **[F]** went along his way.
When **[Dm]** all at once a mighty herd of red eyed cows he saw.
[Bb] A-plowing through the ragged sky and **[Dm]** up a cloudy draw.

Yippie yi **[F]** ay Yippie yi **[Dm]** oh
[Bb] ghost herd **[Gm]** in the **[Dm]** sky

[Dm] Their brands were still on fire and their
[F] hooves wuz made of steel.
Their **[Dm]** horns wuz black and shiny and their
[F] hot breath he could feel.
A **[Dm]** bolt of fear went through him as they
thundered through the sky.
For he **[Bb]** saw the riders coming hard
and he **[Dm]** heard their mournful cry.

Yippie yi **[F]** ay Yippie yi **[Dm]** oh
[Bb] ghost riders **[Gm]** in the **[Dm]** sky

[Dm] Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred,
their **[F]** shirts all soaked with sweat.
They're **[Dm]** riding hard to catch that herd,
but **[F]** they ain't caught 'em yet.
'Cause they've **[Dm]** got to ride forever on that range up in the sky,
on **[Bb]** horses snorting fire, as they **[Dm]** ride on, hear their cry .

Yippie yi **[F]** ay Yippie yi **[Dm]** oh **[Bb]** ghost riders **[Gm]** in the **[Dm]** sky
[Dm] As the riders loped on by him, he **[F]** heard one call his name.
“If you **[Dm]** want to save your soul from hell a-**[F]** riding on our range.
Then **[Dm]** cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride
A **[Bb]** tryin' to catch the Devil's herd, a **[Dm]** cross these endless skies”

Yippie yi **[F]** ay Yippie yi **[Dm]** oh
[Bb] ghost riders **[Gm]** in the **[Dm]** sky