





26

(am) (am)

H H H H

5 7 0 3 5 5 5 5 7 3 5 5 3 0

way \_\_\_\_\_ When all at once a migh - ty herd of

(am) (am)

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 3 0

5 7 7 7 7 7 7 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 2 0

B B B B B B R R R R R B R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R

3 3 3 3

30

(am) F

H

6 7 7 0 5 3 5 7 2 2 3 3 2 3 3

red-eyed cat - tle he saw \_\_\_\_\_ Uh - plow - in' through the

(am) F

5 6 5 3 5 3 0 5 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 2 3 5 0 5 0 2

5 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 3 2 3 5 0 5 0 2

B B B B B B R B B B B

33

(F)

H H H H

2 3 3 2 3 3 2 3 0 6 7 5

rag - ged skies and up the cloud - y

(F)

3 5 3 2 3 2 0 5 2 3 3 3 3 3 3 2 0 3 2 0 6 2

3 5 3 2 3 2 0 5 2 3 3 3 3 3 3 2 0 3 2 0 6 2

R



48

F (F) H H H H

2 3 2 3 2 3 2 3 2 3

Ghost rid - ers in the

F (F)

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 3 3

2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 3

|R |R |R |R |R |R |R |R |R |R |R |R |R |R |R |R

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

1. am (am)

52

H

5 7

skies ...

am (am: Fill-In Lick)...

3 2 0 3 2 0 6 2 0 2 2 3 2 0 5 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0

0 0

B B

0 1 0

0 0

B B

2.am: TAG-OUT...

55

2

Their

am: TAG-OUT...

0 0 0 0 5 3 0 5 3 0 0 5 3 0 5 3 0 5 3 0 5 3 0 5

5 3 2 3 0 6 5 3 0 5 3 0 5 3 0 5 3 0 5 3 0 5

B B

0 1 0

0 0

B B

End...

58

End...									
3	0			0					
5	2		5	2		5	0	2	2

VERSE 1...

An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day...  
 Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way...  
 When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw...  
 A'plowin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw...  
 Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o...  
 Ghost riders in the sky...

VERSE 2...

Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel...  
 Their horns wuz black and shiny and their hot breaths he could feel...  
 A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky...  
 For he saw the riders comin' hard and he heard their mournful cry...  
 Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o...  
 Ghost riders in the sky...

VERSE 3...

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, and shirts all soaked with sweat...  
 They're ridin' hard to catch that herd but they ain't caught them yet...  
 They've got to ride forever in that range up in the sky...  
 On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on, hear their cry  
 Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o...  
 Ghost riders in the sky...

VERSE 4...

As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name...  
 "If you want to save your soul from hell a' ridin' on our range"...  
 "Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride"...  
 "A-tryin' to catch the Devil's herd across these endless skies."...  
 Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o...  
 Ghost riders in the sky...  
 Ghost riders in the sky...

...  
 Songwriters: Stan Jones  
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