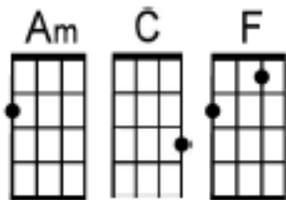


# Ghost Riders In The Sky

by Stan Jones (1948)

11/4/23



*sing e*

**Am** . . . . . **C** . . . . .  
An old cow-boy went riding out one dark and windy day—

**Am** . . . . . **C** . . . . .  
U-pon a ridge he rested as he went a-long his way—

**Am** . . . . . | . . . . . |  
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw—

**F** . . . . . | . . . . . **Am** . . . . . | . . . . .  
Plowing through the ragged skies— and up a cloudy draw—

. . . | **C** . . . . . | . . . . . | **Am** . . . . . | . . . . . |  
Yipie i Aay— Yipie i Oh—

**F** . . . . . | . . . . . | **Am** . . . . . | . . . . .  
Ghost— herd— i— in the sky—

**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** . . . . . | . . . . . |  
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky

. . . | **F** . . . . . | . . . . . | **Am** . . . . . | . . . . .  
For he saw the riders coming hard— and he heard their mournful cry—

. . . | **C** . . . . . | . . . . . | **Am** . . . . . | . . . . . |  
Yipie i Aay— Yipie i Oh—

**F** . . . . . | . . . . . | **Am** . . . . . | . . . . .  
Ghost— riders— i— in the sky—

**Am** . . . . . | **C** . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . .  
Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat—

**Am** . . . . . | **C** . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . .  
He's riding hard to catch that herd but he ain't caught 'em yet—

. . . | **Am** . . . . . | . . . . . |  
Cause they've got to ride for-ever on that range up in the sky—

**F** . . . . . | . . . . . | **Am** . . . . . | . . . . .  
On horses snorting fire— as they ride on hear their cry—

11/4/23

Yipie i Aay\_\_\_\_\_ Yipie i Oh\_\_\_\_\_

Ghost— riders— i\_\_\_\_\_ in the sky\_\_\_\_\_

As the riders loped on by him— he heard one call his name\_\_\_\_\_

if you want to save your soul from hell a riding on our range\_\_\_\_\_

Then cowboy change your ways to-day or with us you will ride\_\_\_\_\_

Trying to catch the devil's herd\_\_\_\_\_ a-cross these endless skies\_\_\_\_\_

Yipie i Aay\_\_\_\_\_ Yipie i Oh\_\_\_\_\_

Ghost— riders— i\_\_\_\_\_ in the sky\_\_\_\_\_

Ghost— riders— i\_\_\_\_\_ in the sky\_\_\_\_\_

Ghost— riders— i\_\_\_\_\_ in the sky\_\_\_\_\_ Am\

San Jose Ukulele Club

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