

# 14-Ghost Riders in the Sky v-01/15/26

Stan Jones - 1948    Recorded by Johnny Cash - 1979

(Intro - Gary guitar and Paul bass - Other instruments come in on Verse 1)

[Dm]////   [Dm]////   [Dm]////   [Dm]////

(Verse 1 - Marty)

An [Dm]old cowboy went ridin' out one [F]dark and windy day.(2,3,4)

Up-[Dm]on a ridge he rested as he [F]went along his way.(2,3,4)

[Dm]When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,

[Bb]Plowin' through the ragged skies,(2,3,4) and [Gm]up a cloudy [Dm]draw.

(Verse 2 - Brian)

Their [Dm]brands were still on fire and their [F]hooves were made of steel.(2,3,4)

Their [Dm]horns were black and shiny and their [F]hot breath he could feel.  
(2,3,4)

A [Dm]bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky,

For he [Bb]saw the riders comin' hard,(2,3,4) and he [Gm]heard their mournful  
[Dm]cry.

(Chorus - All)

[Dm]Yippie-yi-[F]yo, yippie-yi-[Dm]yay.

[Bb]Ghost riders in, the [Dm]sky.

(Solo 1 - Gary)

[Dm]An old cowboy went ridin' out one [F]dark and windy day.(2,3,4)

[Dm]Upon a ridge he rested as he [F]went along his way.(2,3,4)

[Dm]When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,

[Bb]Plowin' through the ragged skies, (2,3,4) and [Gm]up a cloudy [Dm]draw.

[Dm]Yippie-yi-[F]yo, yippie-yi-[Dm]yay.

[Bb]Ghost riders in, the [Dm]sky.

(Verse 3 - Paul)

Their [Dm]faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their [F]shirts all soaked with sweat.(2,3,4)  
He's [Dm]ridin' hard to catch that herd but [F]he ain't caught 'em yet,(2,3,4)  
'Cause [Dm]they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky.  
On [Bb]horses snortin' fire,(2,3,4)as they [Gm]ride on hear their [Dm]cry.

(Solo 2 - Brian)

[Dm]An old cowboy went ridin' out one [F]dark and windy day.(2,3,4)  
[Dm]Upon a ridge he rested as he [F]went along his way.(2,3,4)  
[Dm]When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,  
[Bb]Plowin' through the ragged skies,(2,3,4)and [Gm]up a cloudy [Dm]draw.

(Verse 4 - Dan)

As the [Dm]riders loped on by him, he [F]heard one call his name.(2,3,4)  
"If you [Dm]wanna save your soul from hell, a [F]ridin' on our range,(2,3,4)  
Then [Dm]cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride,  
[Bb]Tryin' to catch the devil's herd,(2,3,4)a-[Gm]cross these endless [Dm]skies."

(Chorus - All)

[Dm]Yippie-yi-[F]yo, yippie-yi-[Dm]yay.  
[Bb]Ghost riders in the [Dm]sky.  
[Bb]Ghost riders in the [Dm]sky.  
[Bb]Ghost riders in the [Dm]sky.

(Outro)

[Dm]     [Dm]     Dm-Hold