

# I'm an Old Cowhand (From the Rio Grande), Jazz Chords

E♭ for Jazz Key

Johnny Mercer

Hollywood Cowboy Swing [Sons of the Pioneers 1936] (♩ = 205)

## Intro

Musical notation for the Intro, measures 1-4. Chords: DMI<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, CMA<sup>7</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>(#9), DMI<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, CMA<sup>7</sup>, N.C. Lyrics: (Yippee-yi - o - ki - yay, yippee-yi - o - ki - yay.) I'm an old cow -

## Refrain

Musical notation for the Refrain, measures 5-19. Chords: DMI<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, CMA<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, EMI<sup>7</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>(#9), DMI<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, CMA<sup>7</sup>, Bmi<sup>7</sup>(b5), E<sup>7</sup>(#9), Ami<sup>7</sup>, EMI<sup>7</sup>, Ami<sup>7</sup>, EMI<sup>7</sup>, F#mi<sup>7</sup>(b5), B<sup>7</sup>, EMI<sup>7</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>(b9), DMI<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, CMA<sup>7</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>(#9), DMI<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, CMA<sup>7</sup>, N.C. Lyrics: hand from the Ri - o Grande. But my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tanned. I'm a cow - boy who nev - er saw a cow. Nev - er roped a steer, 'cause I don't know how. And I shore ain't fix - in' to start in now. Yippee-yi - o - ki - yay, yippee-yi - o - ki - yay. (I'm an old cow-)

## ⊕ Coda

Musical notation for the Coda, measures 20-23. Chords: CMA<sup>7</sup>, DMI<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, CMA<sup>7</sup>, CMA<sup>7</sup>. Lyrics: -yay Yipp - ee - yi - o - ki - yay.

2. I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande. And I learned to ride, 'fore I learned to stand.  
I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date. I know every trail in the Lone Star State.  
'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V8. Yippee-yi-o-ki-yay, yippee-yi-o-ki-yay.

3. I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande. And i come to town just to hear the band.  
I know all the songs that the cowboys know 'bout the big corral where the dogies go  
'cause i learned them all on the radio. Yippee-yi-o-ki-yay, yippee-yi-o-ki-yay.

4. I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande. Where the west is wild, 'round the border land.  
Where the buffalo roam around the zoon and the indians make you a rug or two.  
And the old Bar-X is a Bar-B-Q. Yippee-yi-o-ki-yay, yippee-yi-o-ki-yay.  
Yipp-e-e-yi-o-o-ki-i-yay.