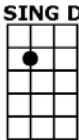


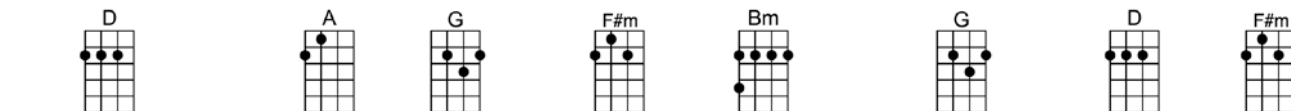
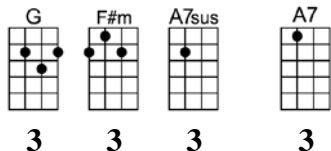
SING D



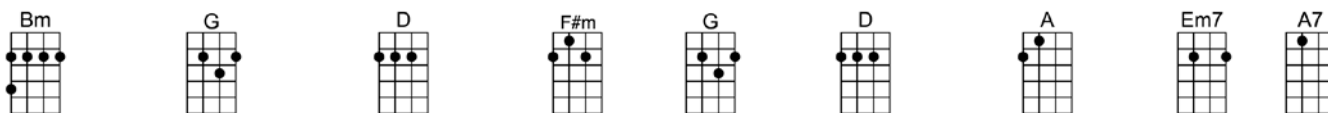
SWEET BABY JAMES

3/4 123 123

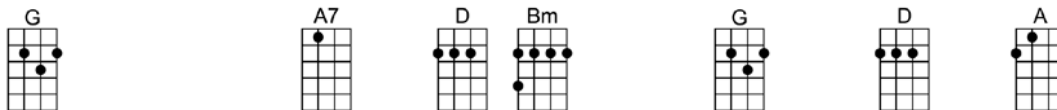
INTRO:



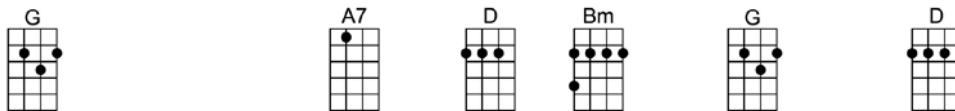
There is a young cow-boy who lives on the range. His horse and his cattle are his only com-panions



He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyons, waiting for summer, his pastures to change



And as the moon rises he sits by his fire, thinking about women and bottles of beer

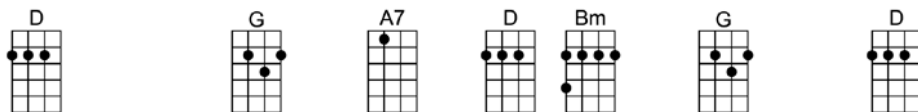


And closing his eyes as the doggies re-tire, he sings out a song which is soft but it's clear



As if maybe someone could hear

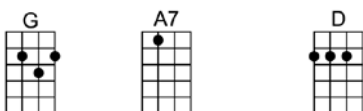
CHORUS:



Goodnight, you moonlight la - dies, rockabye Sweet Baby James

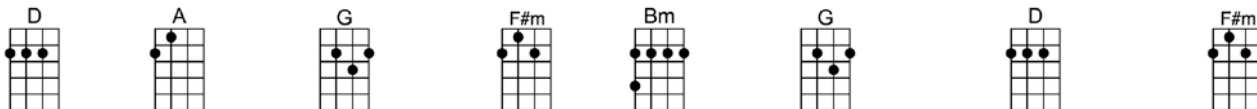


Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose, won't you let me go down in my dreams

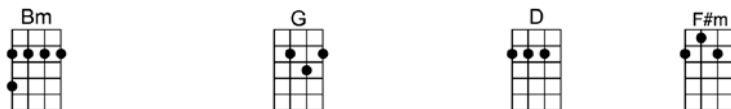


And rockabye Sweet Baby James.

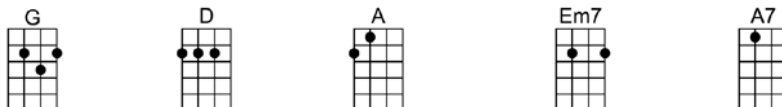
p.2 Sweet Baby James



Now the first of De-cember was covered with snow, and so was the Turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston.



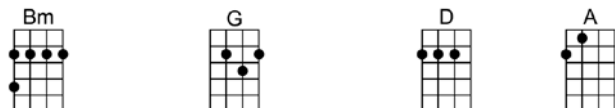
Lord, the Berkshires seemed dream-like on ac-count of that frosting



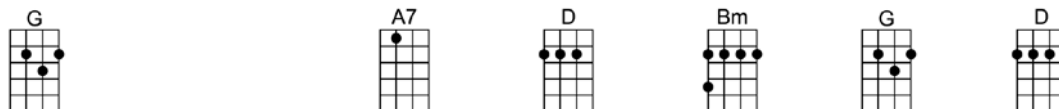
With ten miles be-hind me and ten thousand more to go



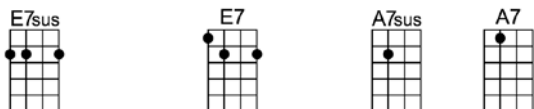
There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway,



A song that they sing when they take to the sea



A song that they sing of their home in the sky; maybe you can be-lieve it if it helps you to sleep



But singing works just fine for me..... CHORUS.

SWEET BABY JAMES

3/4 123 123

INTRO: G F#m A7sus A7
3 3 3 3

D A G F#m Bm G D F#m
There is a young cow-boy who lives on the range. His horse and his cattle are his only com-panions

Bm G D F#m G D A Em7 A7
He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyons, waiting for summer, his pastures to change

G A7 D Bm G D A
And as the moon rises he sits by his fire, thinking about women and bottles of beer

G A7 D Bm G D
And closing his eyes as the doggies re-tire, he sings out a song which is soft but it's clear

E7sus E7 A7sus A7
As if maybe someone could hear

CHORUS:

D G A7 D Bm G D
Goodnight, you moonlight la - dies, rockabye Sweet Baby James

Bm G D E7sus E7 A7sus A7
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose, won't you let me go down in my dreams

G A7 D
And rockabye Sweet Baby James.

D A G F#m Bm G D F#m
Now the first of De-cember was covered with snow, and so was the Turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston.

Bm G D F#m
Lord, the Berkshires seemed dream-like on ac-count of that frosting

G D A Em7 A7
With ten miles be-hind me and ten thousand more to go

G A7 D
There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway,

Bm G D A
A song that they sing when they take to the sea

G A7 D Bm G D
A song that they sing of their home in the sky; maybe you can be-lieve it if it helps you to sleep

E7sus E7 A7sus A7
But singing works just fine for me..... CHORUS.