INTRO:

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

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 lades, 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.
Now the first of December was covered with snow, and so was the Turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston.

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

With ten miles behind 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 believe it if it helps you to sleep

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

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 December 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 account of that frosting

G  D  A  Em7  A7
With ten miles behind 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 believe it if it helps you to sleep

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