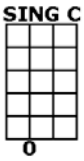
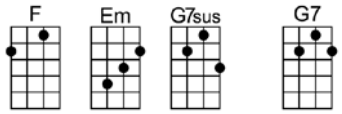


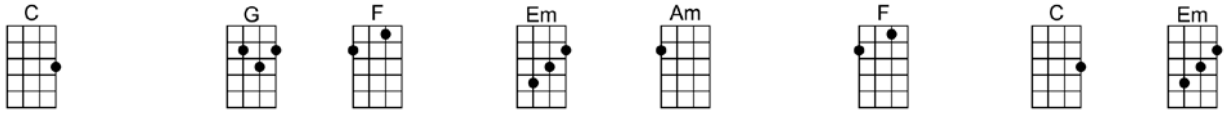
SWEET BABY JAMES

3/4 123 123

INTRO:

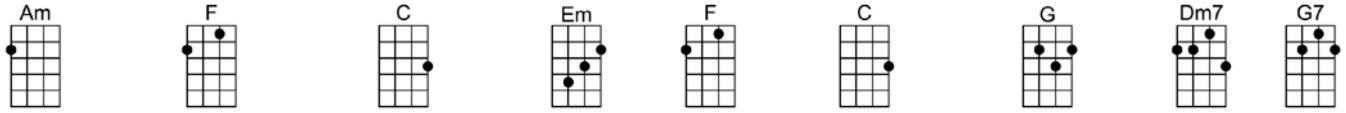


3 3 3 3



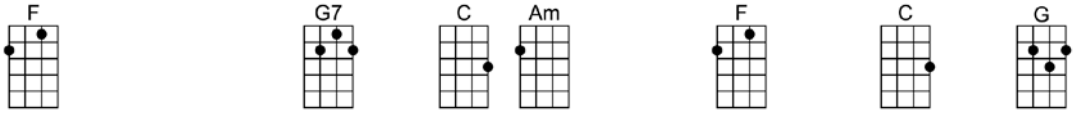
There is a young cow-boy who lives on the range. His horse and his cattle are his only com-panions

6 6

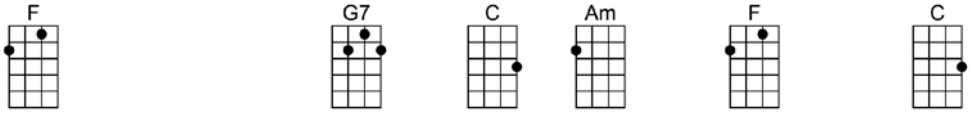


He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyons, waiting for summer, his pastures to change

6 6



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

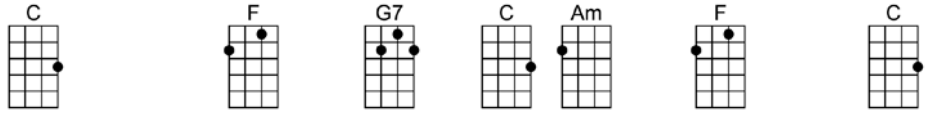


And closing his eyes as the doggies re-tire, he sings out a song which is soft but it's clear

As if maybe someone could hear

6 6

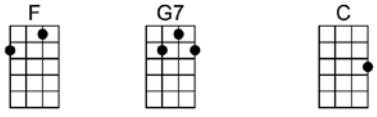
CHORUS:



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

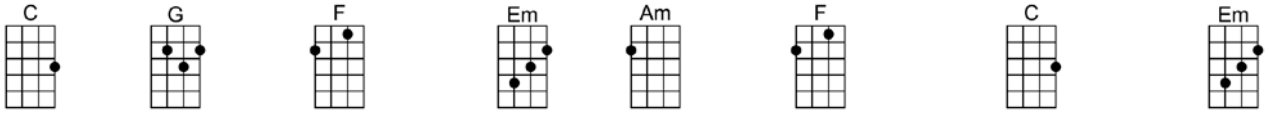
6

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



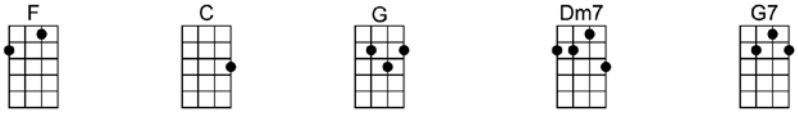
And rockabye Sweet Baby James.

p.2 Sweet Baby James



Now the first of De-cember was covered with snow, and so was the Turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston.
6 6

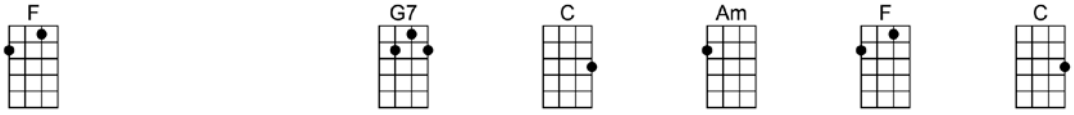
Lord, the Berkshires seemed dream-like on ac-count of that frosting



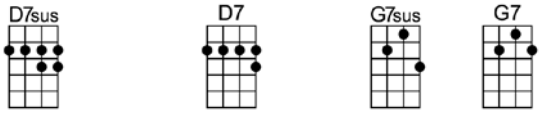
With ten miles be-hind me and ten thousand more to go
6 6

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.
6 6

SWEET BABY JAMES

3/4 123 123

INTRO: F Em G7sus G7
3 3 3 3

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

6 6
Am F C Em F C G Dm7 G7
He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyons, waiting for summer, his pastures to change
6 6

F G7 C Am F C G
And as the moon rises he sits by his fire, thinking about women and bottles of beer

F G7 C Am F C
And closing his eyes as the doggies re-tire, he sings out a song which is soft but it's clear

D7sus D7 G7sus G7
As if maybe someone could hear
6 6

CHORUS:

C F G7 C Am F C
Goodnight, you moonlight la - dies, rockabye Sweet Baby James
6
Am F C D7sus D7 G7sus G7
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose, won't you let me go down in my dreams

F G7 C
And rockabye Sweet Baby James.

C G F Em Am F C Em
Now the first of De-cember was covered with snow, and so was the Turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston.
6 6
Am F C Em
Lord, the Berkshires seemed dream-like on ac-count of that frosting

F C G Dm7 G7
With ten miles be-hind me and ten thousand more to go
6 6
F G7 C
There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway,

Am F C G7
A song that they sing when they take to the sea

F G7 C Am F C
A song that they sing of their home in the sky; maybe you can be-lieve it if it helps you to sleep

D7sus D7 G7sus G7
But singing works just fine for me…….. CHORUS.
6 6