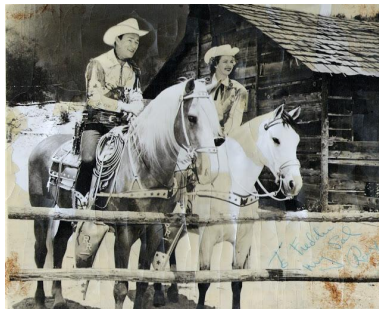
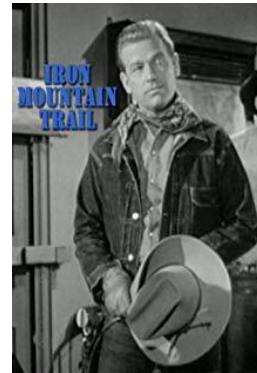


Songs of the Singing Cowboys in the Movies

with MARTY CARLSON



FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH

3:30, JENSEN PATIO

BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN

Performed by Gene Autry; written by Ray Whitley

G D G G7 C G G7
I'm back in the saddle a-gain, out where a friend is a friend.

C
Where the long-horned cattle feed,
G Em A D G
On the lowly Jimpson weed, I'm back in the saddle a-gain.

G D G G7 C G G7
Ridin' the range once more, totin' my old forty-four.

C G Em
Where you sleep out every night, and the only law is "Right"

A D G G7
Back in the saddle a-gain.

C G
Whoopy-ti-yi-yo, rockin' to and fro'

D D7
Back in the saddle a-gain.

C G Em
Whoopy-ti-yi-ya, I go on my way,

A D G
Back in the saddle a-gain.

Written in 1938 for the film "Border G Men"

BLUE NIGHTFALL

By: Ray Whitley

G C G Em
Blue Nightfall, ridin' along on the wings of the evening.
G D G C G
Weavin' the stars in the skies, rollin' a-long, rollin' a-long.

G C G Em
Blue Nightfall, soft is the wind in the cool of the evening.
G D G
Hummin' a blue lulla-by, rollin' a-long.

G C G Em
Blue Nightfall, blue is the call in the still of the evening.
G D G
Coyote is howlin' near by, hurry a-long.

C G
Tag: Blue Nightfall.

*Ray Whitley singing "Blue Nightfall" in front of a cozy campfire with hired hands toasting some s'mores, and Tim Holt playing it cool with hottie Marjorie Reynolds in the 1941 **Tim Holt** movie, "**Cyclone on Horseback**". Tim's in the "stringing up telephone line" business in this one because he made the bad choice of sellin a messuh bangtails to the wrong guy. Then again, he wouldn't be cozied up with Marjorie under the stars and moonlight if he made the right choice the first time. So sometimes things work out in the end. Enjoy this very pretty song by Ray.*

COOL WATER

By: Bob Nolan

G D7 G D7 G
All day I face the barren waste, with-out the taste of water, cool water.
C D7 G C G D7 G
Old Dan and I, with throats burned dry, and souls that cry for water, cool, clear water.

G D7 G D7 G
The nights are cool and I'm a fool, each star's a pool of water, cool water.
C D7 G C G D7 G
But with the dawn, I'll wake and yawn, and carry on, to water, cool, clear, water.

CHORUS

G D7
Keep a-movin' Dan, don't you listen to him Dan,
G D7 G
He's a Devil not a man and he spreads the burnin' sand with water.
C G C
Dan can you see that big green tree, where the water's runnin' free
D7 G C D7 G
And it's waitin' there for me and you? Cool, clear water? (2X @ end)

G D7 G D7 G
The shadows sway and seem to say, to-night we pray for water, cool water.
C D7
And way up there, he'll hear our prayer,
G C G D7 G
And show us where, there's water, cool, clear water.

G D7 G D7 G
Dan's feet are sore and he's yearnin' for, just one thing more than water, cool water.
C D7
Like me I guess he'd like to rest,
G C G D7 G
Where there's, no quest, for water, cool, clear, water.

CHORUS

GUNSMOKE TRAIL

By: Tex Ritter

G C
Gunsmoke trail, oh tell me of days gone by,
G D7
Though a-lone you still wind your way.
G C C7
All the ghostly horsemen ridin', as they speed the eastern mail,
D7 G
It's up to you to see them through, guns smoke trail.

C G
The gunsmoke now has faded, from the blazing 44,
D7 G
The stagecoach is rusting, on the hill.
C G
The wagon wheels you used to feel, will sing their song no more,
A7 D7
The sound of the caravan is still.

G C
Gunsmoke trail, no traveler to care where you go,
G D7
Sands of time, are hard in your way.
G C C7
Bet if heaven ever let you, you could tell a rugged tale,
D7 G
That's why I hate to see you fade, guns smoke trail.

Tag:

G C C7
Bet if heaven ever let you, you could tell a rugged tale,
D7 G
That's why I hate to see you fade, guns smoke trail.

HAPPY TRAILS

By Dale Evens

Recorded as a duo: Roy Rogers & Dale Evans
Released 1952 & 1957

C G7
Happy trails to you until we meet a-gain.
C
Happy trails to you, keep smiling until then.

C7 F
Who cares about the clouds when we're to-gether.
A7 D7 G7
Just sing a song and bring the sunny wea-ther.

C A7 Dm G7 C
Happy trails to you, 'till we meet a----gain.

Repeat

C G7
Happy trails to you until we meet a-gain.
C
Happy trails to you, keep smiling until then.

C7 F
Who cares about the clouds when we're to-gether.
A7 D7 G7
Just sing a song and bring the sunny wea-ther.

C A7 Dm G7 C
Happy trails to you, 'till we meet a----gain.

HAZY MOUNTAINS

By Dale Evans

G C G C
There is something about the west, puts your heart and your soul to rest.
G D7 G D7
Make's you feel, just like you were blessed, Hazy mountains.

G C G C
There's a feeling that flew a-bove, and the trees, peaceful as a dove.
G D7 G G
It's no wonder, that people love, Hazy mountains.

CHORUS

C G
All of us travel, much too fast,
D7 G
Heading our selves a-long.
C G
Just go to the mountains and gaze in the haze,
C D7
You'll discover your home.

G C G C
You can tell them, your troubles too, and they'll never, talk back to you.
G D7 G
They just listen and comfort you, Hazy mountains.

HILLS OF OLD WYOMING

By Eddie Dean

G C G Em A7 D7
Let me ride, on the trail, in the hills of old Wy-omin'.

G C Cm
Where the coyotes wail in the gloamin',

G C G
In the hills of old Wy-oming.

G C G Em A7 D7
In the night, let me rest, with the blue sky for my ceilin'.

G C Cm
'Till the winds lullaby, comes stealin',

G C G
From the hills where my heart's at home.

CHORUS

G
Wake with a song, wake with the sun...

D7
Saddles to mend, cattle to tend, plenty to be done.

G C G Em A7 D7
Let me live, on the range, where a man has room to roam in.

G C Cm
And dreams of his love in the gloamin',

G C G C G C G
In the hills of old Wy-omin'. *Tag: In the hills of old Wy-omin'.*

*History: "Song of old Wyoming" 1945 film, Eddie Dean
"Hills of Old Wyoming" 1937, Hoppy film
Also recorded by Jimmy Wakely, Tex Ritter, Sons of the Pioneers*

NOBODY CARES (G to C)

By: Jimmy Wakely

G **D7**
I need someone who cares, to tell my troubles to,
G
Someone who cares, when I'm lonely and blue.
C **G**
I don't want fame or fortune, or wealth like millionaires,
D7 **G**
But oh how I need, some-one who cares.

G **D7**
Some-one to tell me, hel-lo and goodby,
G
Someone who cares, if there's tears in my eyes,
C **G**
All my life I've waited, for an answer to my prayer,
D7 **G** **G** **A** **E7**
But I'm lonely and nobody cares.

A **E7**
Some-one to tell me, hel-lo and goodby,
A
Someone who cares, if there's tears in my eyes,
D **A**
All my life I've waited, for an answer to my prayer,
E7 **A**
But I'm lonely and nobody cares.

Tag:
E7 **A**
But I'm lonely and nobody cares.

ON MY WAY BACK HOME

By: Cass County Boys

G **G7** **C** **G**
My cares are all be-hind me, there's nothing to re-mind me,
D7 **G**
I'll soon be on my way back home.

G **G7** **C** **G**
A desert moon will guide me, my old guitar be-side me,
D7 **G**
I'll soon be on my way back home.

CHORUS

C
My old paint horse is ready,
G
We'll go ploddin' 'round the trail.
C
He knows it's all's hard goin',
D7
But I know he'll never fail.

G **G7** **C** **G**
When hazy hills grow nearer, fa-miliar scenes grow dearer,
D7 **G** **D7//** **G rake**
I'll know I'm on my way back home.

SILVER ON THE SAGE

By Roy Rogers

G **Em** **G** **D7**
There's silver on the sage to-night, sprinkled by the moon a-bove.
C **D7** **C** **G** **D7** **G**
So lie down dawgies and let me dream, of the one gal I love.

G **Em** **G** **D7**
There's silver on the sage to-night, we've been on the train all day.
C **D7** **C** **G** **D7** **G**
So lie down dawgies and you dream too, of a range far a-way.

CHORUS

G **C** **G**
Of a range waitin' for you,
 C **G**
Where the streams never go dry.
 C **G**
And the grass sparkles with dewdrops,
C **D7**
In the meadows of the sweet by and by.

G **Em** **G** **D7**
There's silver on the sage to-night, sprinkled by the moon a-bove.
C **D7** **C** **G** **D7** **G** **D7** **G**
So lie down dawgies and let me dream, of the one I love, of the gal I love.

Tag:

C **D7** **C** **G** **D7** **G**
So lie down dawgies and let me dream, of the one gal I love.

SING ME A SONG OF THE SADDLE

By: Gene Autry

G **C** **G** **D7**
Sing me a song of the saddle, and clear blue sky a-bove.

G
It's there I long to be, 'cause it's

C **G** **D7** **G**
Where a man is free, singin' a song of my home.

G **C** **G** **D7**
Singin' a song of the cowboys, as we ride o're hill and dale.

G
He don't know much of art, but his

C **G** **D7** **G**
Song is from the heart, singin' his song of the trail.

CHORUS

C **G**
When shadows sleep and days are getting' long

D7 **G** **C**
He sings a tender lulla-by, his herd will sleep

G **C** **D7**
Be-cause they fear no wrong, as long as he rides nights.

G **C** **G** **D7**
Singin' a song of the saddle, and plains I love to roam.

G **C**
Where God and man are one, while the work is bein' done.

G **D7** **G**
Singin' a song of my home.

From the 1941 Gene Autry film "Sunset In Wyoming"

WHEN THE CAMPFIRE IS LOW ON THE PRARIE

By Rex Allen

 C F
When the campfire is low on the prairie,
 G7 C
And my ramblin' is done for the day.

 F
Then I sit by the fire on the prairie,
 G7 C
And I dream of my love far a-way.

CHORUS

 F C
Then I talk to my dream in the embers
 G7 C
"I'll be waiting" the dream seems to say.
 F C
When the campfire is low on the prairie,
 G7 C
Then I dream of my love far a-way.

 C F
When the campfire is low on the prairie,
 G7 C
And my brandin' is done for the day.
 F
Then I'll sit by the fire on the prairie,
 G7 C
And I dream of my love far a-way.