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Thank God I'm a Country Boy

Words and Music: John Martin Sommers

Thank God I'm a country boy.

Well, life on a farm is kind-a laid back, ain't much an old country boy like me can hack. It's early to rise, early in the sack: Thank God I'm a country boy.

Simple kind-a life never did me no harm, raisin' me a family and workin' on a farm. My days are all filled with an easy country charm: Thank God I'm a country boy.

Well, I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle, when the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the grid- in' and life ain't nothin' but a funny funny little ride: Thank God I'm a country boy.

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Voor de Benelux: Cherry Lane Music B.V., Hilversum, Holland

2. When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low
I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up the bow.
But the kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low:
Thank God I'm a country boy.
I'd play "Sally Goodin'" all day if I could,
But the Lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good.
So I fiddle when I can and I work when I should:
Thank God I'm a country boy.

(Chorus)

3. I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels,
I never was one of them money hungry fools.
I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools:
Thank God I'm a country boy.
Yeah, city folk drivin' in a black limousine,
A lotta sad people thinkin' that's mighty keen.
Well folks, let me tell you now exactly what I mean:
I thank God I'm a country boy.

(Chorus)

4. Well, my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died,
And he took me by the hand and held me close to his side.
He said, "Live a good life and play my fiddle with pride,
And thank God you're a country boy,"
My daddy taught me how to hunt and how to whistle,
He taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle.
He taught me how to love and how to give just a little:
Thank God I'm a country boy.
I never promised you a rose garden,
I beg your pardon,
Along with the sunshine, there's got to be a little rain sometime,
When you take you got to give so live and let live or let go, oh, oh, oh,
I could promise you things like big diamond rings but you don't find roses growing on stalks of clover, so you better think it over,
When it's sweet talking you could make it come true I would give you the world right now on a silver platter, But what would it matter
Smile for a while and let's be jolly, love shouldn't be so melancholy,
Come along and share the good times while we can I beg your
Oh I'd like to be in Texas for the round-up in the spring.

In a lobby of a big hotel in New York town one day, sat a bunch of fellows telling yarns to pass the time away. They told of places where they'd been and all the sights they'd seen, And some of them praised Chicago town and others New Orleans.

In a spring, I can see the cattle grazing o'er the hills at early morn; I can see the camp-fires smoking at the breaking of the dawn; I can hear the broncos neighing I can hear the cowboys sing; Oh I'd like to be in Texas for the round-up in the spring.

2. In a corner in an old arm chair sat a man whose hair was gray,
   He had listened to them longingly, to what they had to say.
   They asked him where he'd like to be and his clear old voice did ring:
   "I'd like to be in Texas for the round up in the spring."

3. They all sat still and listened to each word he had to say:
   They knew the old man sitting there had once been young and gay.
   They asked him for a story of his life out on the plains,
   He slowly then removed his hat and quietly began:

4. "Oh, I've seen them stampede o'er the hills,
   when you'd think they'd never stop.
   I've seen them run for miles and miles until their leader dropped,
   I was foreman on a cow ranch - that's the calling of a king.
   I'd like to be in Texas for the round-up in the spring."
TEARS ON MY PILLOW

Words and Music: Ernie Smith

D
Am
D7
G
E7
A
A7
D
F#7
Bm
G
D

Tears on my pillow and pain in my heart and you on my mind.

I can't take it, I'm so lonely. Gee I need you so. I can't take it, for I wonder why you had to go. But baby every night I wake up crying.

Tears on my pillow and pain in my heart and you on my mind.

I remember all the good times that we had before. I remember and now my heart, my very soul cries out for more. And baby all your love for me is dying.

Tears on my pillow and pain in my heart and you on my mind.

Yeh tears on my pillow and pain in my heart and you on my

© Jah Music
Voor de Benelux: BMG Music Publishing B.V., Hilversum, Holland
Snowbird

Words and Music: Gene MacLellan

Beneath this snowy mantle cold and clean,

C     Em     Dm

Beneath this snowy mantle cold and clean,

G7

Unborn grass lies waiting for its coat to turn to green.

The

Snowbird sings the song he always sings,

C

and speaks to me of flowers that will bloom again in spring.

When I was young my

Em     Dm     G7

heart was young then too, anything that it would tell me, that's the

C

thing that I would do. But now, I feel such emptiness with

Dm     G7

in, for the thing I want the most in life is the thing that I can't

C     Em     Dm

win. Spread your tiny wings and fly away.
and take the snow back with you where it came from on that day.

The one I love forever is untrue, and if I could, you know that I would fly away with you.

The breeze along the river seems to say, that he'll only break my heart again, should I decide to stay.

So little snow-bird take him with you when you go, to that land of gentle breezes where the peaceful waters flow.

Yeah, if I could, you know that I would fly away, A-way with you.
**THE COLORADO TRAIL**

Weep all ye little rains. Wait, wind, wait.

Weep all ye little rains. Wail, wind, wait, All along, along along the Colorado trail.

Eyes like a morning star. Lips like a rose,

Jennie was a pretty gal. God Almighty knows! Weep all ye little rains,

Wail, wind, wait, All along, along, along the Colorado trail.

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**HIGH NOON**

(Do Not Forsake Me)

Words and Music: Dimitri A. Tiomkin / Ned Washington

Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'

Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'. On this our wedding day

Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'.

Wait wait along!

© Largo Music / Voila Music / Patti Washington Music
Voor de Benelux: BMG Music Publishing B.V. Hilversum, Holland
I only know I must be brave.
And I must face a man who hates me.
Or lie a coward.
A craven coward.
Or lie a coward in my grave.
Oh to be torn 'twixt love and duty 'sposin' I lose my fair-haired beauty.
Look at that big hand move along near-in' HIGH NOON.
He made a vow while in state's prison.
Vowed it would be my life or his'n.
I'm not afraid of death but, oh...
what will I do if you leave me?
Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'.
You made that promise as a bride.
Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'.
Al-tho' you're grievin' don't think of leavin'.
Now that I need you by my side!
Wait a long...
RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going, I will
miss your bright eyes and sweet smile.

For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened our pathway a while.

Come and sit by my side if you love me.

Do not hasten to bid me adieu.
But remember the Red River Valley
and the cowboy that loves you so true.

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Adios Amigo

Words and Music: J. Livingston / R. Fredd

Intro G7 C G7 C

© Warner Bros. Music / Reproduced by permission of IMP Ltd.
Adiós, Amigo, Adiós, my friend, The road we have travelled has come to an end. When two love the same love one love has to lose, And it's you that she longs for, it's you she will choose. Adiós, Compadre, what must be, must be, Remember to name one muchacho for me. I ride to the Río where my life I will spend, Adiós, Amigo, Adiós, my friend.

Adiós, Compadre, let us shed no tears, May all your mananas bring joy through the years. Away from these memories my life I must spend, Adiós, Amigo, Adiós, my friend. Adiós, friend.
"Windy Bill"

Now Windy Bill was a Texan man And he could rope, you bet,

Now Windy Bill was a Texan man And he could rope, you bet, He swore the steer he couldn't tie He hadn't found him yet. But the boys, they knew of an old black steer, A sort of an old outlaw, That ran down in the malpais At the foot of a rocky draw.

2. This old black steer had stood his ground
With ranchers from everywhere,
And the boys, they bet Bill ten to one
That he couldn't quite get there.
So Bill brought out his old gray horse,
His wilders and back were raw,
And prepared to tackle that big, black brute
That ran down in the draw.

3. With his Brazos bit and his Sam Stack tree
And his chaps and taps to boot,
And his old maguey tied hard and fast
Bill swore he'd get that brute.
Now Bill he first came a-ridin' round,
Old Blackie began to paw,
Then flung his tail right up in the air
And went a-drifting down the draw.

4. The old gray horse tore after him
For he'd been eatin' corn,
And Bill, he piled his old maguey
Right around old Blackie's horn.
The old gray horse, he stopped right still,
The cinches broke like straw,
And the old maguey and the Sam Stack tree
Went a-drifting down the draw.

5. Bill, he lit in a fawn rock pile,
His face and hands were scratched.
He said he thought he could rope a snake,
But he guessed he'd met his match.
He paid his bets like a little man
Without a bit of jaw,
And allowed old Blackie was the boss
Of anything in the draw.

6. Now here's the moral to my story, boys,
And that you all must see:
Whenever you go to rope a snake
Don't tie him to your tree.
But take your daily welters
Cordin' to California law,
And you'll never see your old rim fire
Go a-drifting down the draw.
CHILLY WINDS

I'm head-in' where those Chil-ly Winds don't blow, my sweet ba-by, I'm head-in' where those Chil-ly Winds don't blow, When I'm gone to my long lone-some home.

2. I'm goin' where the cold won't chill my bones, my sweet baby. I'm goin' where the cold won't chill my bones. When I'm gone to my long lonesome home.

3. I'm goin' where the folks all know me well, my sweet baby. I'm goin' where the folks all know me well, my sweet baby. When I'm gone to my long lonesome home.

4. Now, who will be your honey when I'm gone, my sweet baby. Now, who will be your honey when I'm gone, my sweet baby. When I'm gone to my long lonesome home.

RYE WHISKEY

I'll eat when I'm hun-gry, I'll drink when I'm dry, I'll eat when I'm hun-gry, I'll drink when I'm dry. If In-di ans don't kill me, I'll live till I die. Rye whis-key, rye whis-key, rye whis-key I cry. If I don't get rye whis-key, I sure-ly will die.

Chorus: Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cry.
If I don't get rye whiskey, I surely will die
2. O whiskey you villain, you've been my downfall.
You've beat me, you've boggled me, but I love you for all. Chorus
3. Jack o' Diamonds, Jack o' Diamonds, I know you of old.
You've robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold.
4. If the ocean was whiskey and I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up.
5. But the ocean ain't whiskey and I ain't a duck.
So I'll round up the cattle and then I'll get drunk.
6. I'll drink my own whiskey. I'll drink my own wine
Some ten thousand bottles I've killed in my time.
7. I'll drink and I'll gamble, my money's my own.
And them that don't like it can leave me alone.
Chorus
8. My boot's in the stirrup, my bride's in hand,
I'm courting fair Molly, to marry if I can.
Chorus
9. My foot's in the stirrup, my bride's in hand,
I'm leaving sweet Molly, the fairest in the land.
Chorus
10. Her parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,
They say I'm unworthy to enter her door.
Chorus
11. You boast of your knowledge and brag of your sense,
But it'll all be forgotten a hundred years hence.
Chorus
C7  F6

The stars at night are big and bright,
Deep in the heart of Texas;

C7

The prairie sky is wide and high,
Deep in the heart of Texas.

F6

The sage in bloom is like perfume,
Deep in the heart of Texas;

C7

Reminds me of the one I love,
Deep in the heart of Texas.

F6

The stars at night are big and bright,
Deep in the heart of Texas;

C7

The prairie sky is wide and high,
Deep in the heart of Texas.

© Peermusic Int'l Corp.
The sage in bloom is like perfume, Deep in the
heart of Texas; reminds me of the one I love, Deep in the heart of Texas.

My home it was in Texas, My past you must not know.
I seek a refuge from the law, Where the sage and pin on grow.
Blue Mountain, you're azure deep.
Blue Mountain with sides so steep.

Blue Mountain with horse head on your side, You have won my love to keep.

© Reba Productions Holland B.V.

2. For the brand 'LC' I ride,       His calico treasure my horse can measure
And the sleeker calves on the side,    When I'm drunk and feeling sore.
I'll own the 'Hip-Side-and-Shoulder' when I grow older,
Zapitarr, don't tan my hide

3. I chum with Latigo Gordon,       5. Yarn Gallus with shortened lope
I drink at the Blue Goose saloon,     Doc Few-Clothes without any soap,
I dance at night with the Mormon girls, In the little green valley have made their sally,
And ride home beneath the moon.      And for Slicks there's still some hope.

4. I trade at Mons' store          6. In the summer time it's fine,
With bullet holes in the door;       In the winter the wind doth whine,
                                            But say, dear brother, if you want a mother,
                                            There's Ev on the old chuck line.
Early Morning Rain
Words and Music: Gordon Lightfoot

In the early mornin' rain

With a dollar in my hand,

With an achin' in my heart

And my pockets full of sand,

I'm a long way from home,

And I miss my loved ones so.

In the early mornin' rain

With no place to go.

© Early Morning Music
Voor de Benelux: 2P's W Music, Hilversum, Holland
2. Out on runway number nine
    Big seven-o-seven set to go,
But I’m stuck here in the grass
    Where the cold wind blows.
Now the liquor tasted good,
And the woman all were fast,
    Well, there she goes, my friend,
She’s rollin’ now at last.

3. Hear the mighty engines roar,
    See the silver bird on high,
She’s away and westward bound,
    Far above the clouds she’ll fly,
Where the mornin’ rain don’t fall,
And the sun always shines,
    She’ll be flyin’ o’er my home
In about three hours time.

4. This old airport’s got me down
    It’s no earthly good to me,
‘Cause I’m stuck here on the ground
    As cold and drunk as I can be.
You can’t jump a jet plane
    Like you can a freight train,
So I’d best be on my way
    In the early mornin’ rain.

---

**No Use for the Woman**

© Reba Productions Holland B.V.

2. My pal was an honest young puncher,
    Honest, upright and true;
But he turned to a hard shooting gunman
    On account of a girl named Lou.
He fell in with evil companions,
    The kind that are better off dead;
When a gambler insulted her picture
    He filled him full of lead.

3. All through the long night they trailed him,
    Through mesquite and thick chaparral
And I couldn’t help think of the woman
    As I saw him pitch and fall.

4. Death’s sharp sting did not trouble
    His chances for life were too slim;
But where they were putting his body
    Was all that worried him.
He lifted his head on his elbow,
    The blood from his wounds flowed red,
He gazed at his pals grouped around him
    As he whispered to them and said:

5. Oh, bury me out on the prairie
    Where the coyotes may howl o’er my grave;
Bury me out on the prairie,
    But from them my bones please save.
Wrap me up in a blanket
    And bury me deep in the ground,
Cover me over with boulders
    Of granite, gray and round.

6. So we buried him out on the prairie,
    Where the coyotes can howl o’er his grave,
And his soul is now a-resting
    From the unkind cut she gave.
And many another young puncher
    As he rides past that pile of stones,
Recalls some similar woman
    And envies his mouldering bones.
2. Love a ‘tater pie and I love an apple puddin’
And I love a little girl that they call Sally Goodin. Repeat
But I dropped the ‘tater pie and I left the apple puddin’
Cause I went across the mountain for to see my Sally Goodin. Repeat

3. Sally is my doxy and Sally is my daisy,
When Sally says she hates me I think I’m going crazy. Repeat
Little dog’ll bark and the big dog’ll bite you,
Little gal’ll court you and the big gal’ll fight you. Repeat
4. Raining and a-pouring and the creek’s a-running muddy,
And I’m so drunk, Lord, I can’t stand studdy. Repeat
I’m goin’ up on the mountain and marry little Sally.
Raise corn on the hillside and the devil in the valley. Repeat
Born to lose

Words and Music: Ted Daffan

Slow Fox

Born to lose and now I'm losin' you.

Born to lose I've lived my life in vain,

Every dream has

only brought me pain.

All my life I've always been so blue,

Born to lose and now I'm losin' you.

Born to lose it

seems so hard to bear.

How I long to always have you near;

You've grown tired and now you say we're through;

Born to lose and

now I'm losin' you.

Born to lose my every hope is gone,

It's so hard to face that empty dawn;

You were all the

happiness I knew.

Born to lose and now I'm losin' you.

There's no use to dream of happiness,

All I see is

only loneliness;

All my life I've always been so blue;

Born to lose and now I'm losin' you.

© Melody Lane Publication inc. / Peermusic
Well, my dad-dy left home when I was three,
and he didn’t leave much to ma and me,
just this old guitar and an empty bottle of booze.

Now I don’t blame him—because he run and hid,
but the mean-est thing— that he ever did— was before he left, he went and named me Sue.

Well, he must have thought it was quite a joke,
and it got lots of laughs from a lot of folks,
It seems I had to fight my whole life through.

Some gal would giggle and I’d get red,
and some guy would laugh and I’d bust his head,
I tell you, life ain’t easy for a boy named Sue.

© Evil Eye Music Inc.
Voor de Benelux: Essex Music Benelux B.V., Hilversum, Holland

3. (Well) I grew up quick and I grew up mean,
My fist got hard and my wits got keen,
Roamed from town to town to hide my shame,
but I made a vow to the moon and stars,
I’d search the honky tonks and bars
and kill that man that gave me that awful name.

4. But it was Gatlinburg in mid July
and I had just hit town and my throat was dry,
I’d thought I’d stop and have myself a brew.
At an old saloon on a street of mud
And at a table dealing sud the dirty, mangy dog that named me Sue.
5. Well I knew that snake was my own sweet dad
   from a worn-out picture that my mother had,
   And I know that scar on his cheek and his evil eye.
   He was big and bent and gray and old
   And I looked at him and my blood ran cold,
   And I said ‘My name is Sue. How do you do.

   Now you’re gonna die.’ Yeah, that’s what I told him.

6. Well I hit him right between the eyes and he went down,
   but to my surprise he came up with a knife
   and cut off a piece of my ear.
   But I busted a chair right across his teeth.
   And we crashed through the wall and into the street
   Kicking and gouging in the mud and the blood and the beer.

7. I tell you I’ve fought tougher men
   but I really can’t remember when.
   He kicked like a mule and he bit like a crocodile.
   I heard him laughin’ and then I heard him cussin’.
   He went for his gun and I pulled mine first.
   He stood there looking at me and I saw him smile,

8. And he said, ‘Son, this world is rough
   and if a man’s gonna make it, he’s gotta be tough
   And I know I wouldn’t be there to help you along.
   So I give you that name and I said ‘Goodbye,’
   I knew you’d have to get tough or die.
   And it’s that name that helped to make you strong.

9. Yeah, he said now you have just fought one helluva fight,
   and I know you hate me and you’ve got the right
   to kill me now and I wouldn’t blame you if you do.
   But you ought to thank me before I die
   for the gravel in your guts and the spit in your eye
   because I’m the ....... that named you Sue.’

   Yeah, what could I do? What could I do?

10. I got all choked up and I threw down my gun.
   Called him a pa and he called me a son,
   And I come away with a different point of view,
   And I think about him now and then.
   Every time I tried, everytime I win and if I ever have a son
   I think I am gonna name him Bill or George ...... anything but Sue.

---

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1. I made up my mind to change my way,
   To leave the crowd that was too gay,
   And leave my native home a while
   And travel west for many a mile.

2. It was in the merry month of May
   When I started for Texas far away,
   I left my darling girl behind,
   She said her heart was only mine.

3. When I embraced her in my arms,
   I thought she had ten thousand charms.
   Her caresses soft, her kisses sweet,
   Saying, ‘We’ll get married next time we meet.’

4. It was in the year of ’83.
   That A.J. Stinson hired me.
   He said, ‘Young man, I want you to go
   And follow my herd into Mexico.’

5. Well it was early in the year
   When I volunteered to drive the steers.
   I can tell you boys, it was a lonesome go
   As the herd rolled on toward Mexico.

6. When I arrived in Mexico,
   I longed for my girl, but I could not go.
   So I wrote a letter to my dear;
   But not a word did I ever hear.

7. I started back to my once loved home.
   Inquired for the girl I called my own.
   They said she’d married a richer life;
   ‘Therefore, cowboy, seek another wife.’

8. ‘O, curse your gold and your silver, too.
   O, curse the girls that don’t prove true.
   I’ll go right back to the Rio Grande
   And get me a job with a cowboy band.’

9. She said, ‘Oh, buddy, stay at home;
   Don’t be forever on the roam.
   There’s many a girl more true than I,
   So please don’t go where the bullets fly.’

10. ‘Yes, I know girls more true than you,
    And I know girls who would prove true.
    I’ll go back where the bullets fly
    And follow the cow trail ‘til I die.’
Achy Breaky Heart

Words and Music: Don von Tress

Billy Ray Cyrus

You can tell the world you never was my girl.

You can burn my clothes when I'm gone.
Or you can tell your friends just what a fool I've been and laugh and joke about me on the phone.
Or you can tell my arms go back to the farm.

You can tell my feet to hit the floor.
Or you can tell my lips to tell my finger-tips they won't be reaching out for you no more.

But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart... I just don't think he'd understand.

And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart, he might blow up and kill this man. Ooh.

Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart... I just don't think he'd understand. And
if you tell my heart, my ach-y break-y heart,— he might blow— up and kill this
man. Ooh.

2. You can tell your ma I moved to Arkansas
You can tell your dog to bite my leg.
Or tell your brother Cliff, whose fist can tell my lip,
He never really liked me anyway.
Or tell your aunt Louise, tell anything you please,
Myself already knows I'm not okay.
Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind,
It might be walking out on me today.
But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart,
I just don't think he'd understand.
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart,
He might blow up and kill this man.

Country Pop

Jesse James

Jesse James was a lad that killed many a man,
And robbed that Danville train,
But that dirty little coward that shot Mister Howard,
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.
Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn all her life,
His children, they were brave,
Robert Ford caught his eye and shot him on the sly,
And they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

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2. It was his brother Frank stuck up the Pittsfield Bank,
And carried the money from the town,
It was in this very place that they had a little race,
For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground. (Chorus)
3. They went to the crossing not very far from there,
And there they did the same,
With the agent on his knees, he delivered up the keys,
To the outlaws, Frank and Jesse James. (Chorus)
4. It was on a Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,
They stopped the Glendale train,
He robbed from the rich and he gave to the poor,
He'd a heart, and a hand and a brain. (Chorus)
5. It was on a Saturday night when Jesse was at home,
Talking with his family brave,
Robert Ford's pistol ball brought him tumbling from the wall
And they laid poor Jesse in his grave. (Chorus)
6. It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how he does feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread, and he slept in Jesse's bed,
And then laid poor Jesse in his grave. (Chorus)
7. This song was made by Billy Gashade
As soon as the news did arrive,
He said there was no man with the law in his hand,
Could take Jesse James when alive. (Chorus)
I BELIEVE IN YOU

Words and Music: Roger Cook / Sam Hogin

I don't believe in super stars, organic food and foreign cars, I don't believe the price of gold, the certainty of growing old, that right is right and left is wrong, that north and south can't get along, that east is east and west is west and being first is always best. But I believe in love;

I believe in babies; I believe in Mom and Dad and I believe in you. Well, I don't believe that Heaven waits for only those who congregate. I like to think of God as love, He's down below, He's up above. He's watching people every-where, He knows who does and doesn't care, and I'm an ordinary man, sometimes I wonder who I am; But I believe in love;

I believe in music;

I believe in magic— and I believe in you.
I don't believe virginity is as common as it used to be. In sleeping days and sleeping nights, that black is black and white is white, that Superman and Robin Hood are still alive in Hollywood, that gasoline is in short supply, the rising cost of getting by. But I believe in love. I believe in old folks.

I believe in children, I believe in you. I believe in love. I believe in babies. I believe in Mom and Dad, D.S. and Fade and I believe in you.
Detroit City
(I wanna go home)

Words and Music: Dill / Tillis

C G7 C
Last night I went to sleep in Detroit city
G7 C C7 F
and I dreamed about the cotton fields and home.
C D7
I dreamed about my mother, dear old papa, sister and brother
G7 G13 G7 C C7 F Bb
and I dreamed about the girl who's been waiting for so long. I wanna go home.
F C G13 G7 C F C
Oh, how I wanna go home.
G7 C
Home folks think I'm big in Detroit city.
C C7 F
From the letters that I write they think I'm fine.
C D7
But by day I make the cars, by night I make the bars;
G7
if only they could read between the lines.
G13 G7 C C7 F Bb F
I wanna go home. I wanna go home;
C G13 G7 C F C
Oh, how I wanna go home.

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2. Cause you know I rode a freight train north to Detroit City
   And after all these years I find I've just been waiting my time
   So I just think I'll take my foolish pride and put it on the south-bound
   freight and ride

   And go on back to the loved ones, the ones that I left waiting so far
   behind.
   I wanna go home, I wanna go home; Oh how I wanna go home,

   Foxtrot
   \[ J = 140 \]

   \[ \begin{align*}
   \text{A group of jolly cow-boys, discussing plans at ease,} \\
   \text{Says one, I'll tell you something boys, if you will listen please.}
   \end{align*} \]

   \[ \begin{align*}
   \text{I am an old cow-puncher, and here I'm dressed in rags;}
   \end{align*} \]

   \[ \begin{align*}
   \text{used to be a tough one and go on great big jags.}
   \end{align*} \]

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2. 'But I have a home boys, and a good one you all know,
   Although I haven't seen it since long, long ago,
   I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them all;
   I'm going to see my mother when the work's all done this fall.'

3. 'When I left my home boys, my mother for me cried,
   She begged me not to go boys, for me she would have died.
   My mother's heart is breaking, breaking for me that's all,
   And with God's help I'll see her when the work's all done this fall.'

4. That very night this cowboy went out to stand his guard;
   The night was dark and cloudy and storming very hard.
   The cattle, they got frightened, and rushed in wild stampede,
   The cowboy tried to head them, while riding at full speed.

5. While riding in the darkness, so loudly did he shout,
   Trying his best to head them and turn the herd about.
   His saddle horse did stumble and on him it did fall,
   Now he won't see his mother when the work's all done this fall.

6. His body was so mangled, the boys all thought him dead.
   They picked him up so gently and laid him on a bed;
   He opened wide his blue eyes, and looking all around,
   He motioned to his comrades to sit near on the ground.

7. 'Boys, send mother my wages, the wages I have earned,
   For I am so afraid boys, the last steer I have turned.
   I'm going to a new range. I hear my Master's call,
   And I'll not see my mother when the work's all done this fall

8. 'Fred, you take my saddle; George, you take my bed;
   Bill, you take my pistol after I am dead.
   Then please think of me kindly when you look upon them all
   For I'll not see my mother when the work's all done this fall

9. Poor Charlie was died buried at sunrise, no tombstone at his head,
   Nothing but a little board, and this is what it said:
   'Charlie died at daybreak. He died from a fall.
   And he'll not see his mother when the work's all done this fall.'
If you could read my mind, love, what a tale my thoughts could tell. Just like an old time movie, 'bout a ghost from a wishing well. In a castle dark or a fortress strong, with chains upon my feet. You know that ghost is me. And I will never be set free as long as I'm a ghost that you can't see.

If I could read your mind, love, what a tale your thoughts could tell. Just like a paperback novel, the kind— the drug stores— sell— Then you reached the part where the heartaches come, the hero would be me. But heroes often fail, and you won't read that book again because the ending's just too hard to take.

I'd walk away— like a
movie star— who gets burned in a tree-way script.

En-ter num-ber two: A

movie queen to play the scene of bring-ing all the good things out of me. But for

now, love, let’s be real; I never thought— I could feel this way—and I’ve got to say— that I

just don’t get it. I don’t know where we went wrong— but the feel-in’s gone— and I just can’t get it back.

If you could read my mind, love, what a tale my thoughts could tell. Just like an

old time mov-ie, ’bout a ghost from a wish-ing well. In a cas-tle dark or a

for-tress strong, with chains up-on my feet. But stories al-ways end, and

if you read be-tween the lines, you’d know that I’m just tryin’ to un-der-stand the

feel-in’s that you lack. I never thought I could feel this way—and I’ve got to say— that I

just don’t get it. I don’t know where we went wrong— but the feel-in’s gone— and I just can’t get it back.
They call it that OLD MOUNTAIN DEW,
They call it that OLD MOUNTAIN DEW,
And them that refuse it are few. You may go 'round the bend, but you'll come back again. For that good OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.
I know a place 'bout a mile down the road, Where you lay down a dollar or two. If you hush up your mug, they will slip you a jug of that good OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

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2. High on a hill there's a secluded still,
   And it's run by a hard working crew.
   You can tell very well, as you sniffle a smell,
   it's that good OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

Chorus

3. My brother, Paul, he is tiny and small,
   And he measures about four foot two,
   But he thinks he's a gi'nt when they give him a pint,
   of that good OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

Chorus

4. Miss Jane Mac Hume tried a brandnew perfume,
   It had oh such a sweet smelling pu.
   Was the lady surprised when it was analyzed,
   As that good OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

Chorus
DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE

Words and Music: Richard Leigh

[Music notation]

Swing

Don't know when I've been so blue, don't know what's come over you,
you've found someone new and Don't it make my brown eyes blue.

I'll be fine when you're gone, I'll just cry all night long,
say it is n't true and don't it make my brown eyes blue.

Tell me no secrets—tell me some lies give me no reasons give me alibies.

Tell me you love me and don't let me cry say anything but don't say good-bye.

I did n't mean to treat you bad did n't know just what I had,

but honey now I do and don't it make my brown eyes don't it make my brown eyes,
don't it make my brown eyes blue... ooo!

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TYING KNOTS IN THE
DEVLIL'S TAIL

Way high up in the Sierr-y Peaks,
Way high up in the Sierr-y Peaks, Where the yellow-jack pines grow tall,
Old Bus-ter Jiggs and Sandy Bob had a round-up camp last fall.

2. Well, they took along their running irons,
   Maybe a dog or two,
   And they 'lowed they'd brand every long-eared calf
   That came within their view.

3. Now every little long-eared dogie
   That didn't push by day,
   Got his long ears whistled and his old hide scorched
   In a most artistic way.

4. One fine day, says Buster Jiggs,
   As he threw his seago down,
   'I'm tired of cow-photography,
   And I think I'm goin' into town.'

5. Well they saddled up their ponies and they hit a lope,
   For it wasn't no sight of a ride,
   And them was the days that a good cow-punch
   Could oil up his insides.

6. Well they sets 'em up and they turns around,
   And they started in the other way,
   And to tell the God-forsaken truth
   Them boys got drunk that day.

7. They was on their way, goin' back to camp,
   A-packin' that awful load,
   Who Should they meet but the Devil himself
   Come a-trainsin' down the road.

8. He says, 'You onery cowboy skunks,
   You better go hunt for your hole,
   'Cause I've come up from Hell's rim rock
   To gather in your souls.'

9. The Devil be damned,' says Buster Jiggs,
   'Us boys is a little bit tight,
   But you don't go gatherin' no cowboys souls
   Without one helluva fight.'

10. Now Buster Jiggs could ride like hell,
    Throw a lasso, too,
    So he threw it over the Devil's horns
    And he roped the Devil's hind feet.

11. Now Sandy Bob was a reata man,
    With his gun-line coiled up neat,
    But he shot her out and he builds a loop
    And he roped the Devil's hind feet.

12. Well they stretches him out and they tails him down,
    While the runnin'-irons were gettin' hot,
    And they cropped and swallow-forked his ears
    And they branded him up a lot.

13. Well they trimmed his horns way down to his head,
    Tied ten knots in his tail for a joke,
    And then they went off and left him there
    Tied up to a little pin oak.

14. Now when you're way high up in the Sierry Peaks,
    And you hear one bell of a wall,
    Well you'll know it's just the Devil himself
    Yellin' about them knots in his tail.

THE BRAZOS

Li-la-lee, Give me your hand,

I crossed the broad-
Pe-cos, I ford ed the Con-cho-

Swam the Guadalupe, I followed the Brazos, Red River runs rusty, but the
Wi-chi-ta's clear, and down by the Brazos I court-ed my dear.

Li-la-lee, Give me your hand, Li-la-lee,

Give me your hand. Li-la-lee, Give me your hand, There's man-y a riv-er that wa-ters the land.

2. The sweet Angelina runs glossy and gliding,
The crooked Colorado runs weary and winding,
The slow San Antonio it crosses the plain,
And I never will walk by the Brazos again.
(Chorus)

3. She hugged me, she kissed me, she called me her loved one,
The Trinity’s muddy, but the Brazos - quicksandy,
She hugged me, she kissed me, she called me her own,
And down by the Brazos she left me alone.
(Chorus)

4. The girls of Little River, they’re plump and they’re pretty,
The Sabine and the Sulphur have many a beauty,
And Down by the Neches there’s girls by the score,
And I never will walk by the Brazos no more.
(Chorus)
2. That was the same night that poor Billy died,
He said to his friends, "I'm not satisfied;
There are twenty-one men I've put bullets through,
And Sheriff Pat Garrett must make twenty-two."

3. Now this is how Billy the Kid met his fate,
The bright moon was shining, the hour was late;
Shot down by Pat Garrett who once was his friend,
The young outlaw's life had come to its end.

4. There's many a man with face fine and fair,
Who starts out in life with a chance to be square;
But just like poor Billy, he wanders astray,
And loses his life the very same way.

5. I'll sing you a true song of Billy the Kid,
I'll sing of the desperate deeds that he did;
'Way out in New Mexico long, long ago,
When a man's only chance was his old forty-four.

6. When Billy the Kid was a very young lad,
In old Silver City, he went to the bad:
The way out into the West with a gun in his hand,
At the age of twelve years he killed his first man.

7. Fair Mexico maidens play guitars and sing,
A song about Billy, their boy bandit king;
How ere his young manhood had reached its sad end,
Had a notch on his pistol for twenty-one men.
Little things I should have said and done,
I just never took the time,

you were always on my mind,
you were always on my mind.

Maybe I didn’t hold you,
all those lonely, lonely times...

And I guess I never told you,
I'm so happy that you're mine.

If I made you feel second best,
girl, I'm sorry I was blind,

you were always on my mind,
you were always on my mind.

Tell me,
tell me that your sweet love hasn't died.

Give me,
give me one more chance to keep you satisfied.

You were always on my mind,
you were always on my mind.
**KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE**

Country Rock

---

**IT'S A HEARTACHE**

Country Rock

---

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2. Oh, the storm and its fury broke today,
    Crushing hopes that we cherish so dear;
    Clouds and storms will in time pass away,
    The sun again will shine bright and clear.

Chorus

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Voor de Benelux: BMG Music Publishing B.V. Hilversum, Holland
ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER

On the banks of Allan Water,
On the banks of Allan Water, when the sweet spring time did fall,

miller’s lovely daughter,

sought her and a winning tongue had he,

POOR BOY

Hang down your head and cry, poor boy,

Stop thinking about the woman you love.

2. As I went down to the river, poor boy,
To see the ships go by,
My sweetheart stood on the deck of one
And she waved to me goodbye.

3. I followed her for months and months,
She offered me her hand.
We were just about to be married, when
She ran off with a gambling man.

4. He came at me with a big jack-knife,
I went for him with lead.
And when the fight was over, poor boy,
He lay down beside me, dead.

5. They took me to the big jail-house,
The months and months rolled by.
The jury found me guilty, poor boy,
And the judge said, “You must die.”

6. Oh do you bring me silver, poor boy,
Or do you bring me gold?
“I bring you neither,” said the man,
“I bring you a hangman’s fold.”

7. Oh do you bring me pardon, poor boy,
To turn me a-lose?
“I bring you nothing,” said the man,
“Except a hangman’s noose.”

8. And yet they call this justice, poor boy,
Then justice let it be!
I only killed a man that was A-fixed to kill me.
Before the Next Teardrop Falls

Words and Music:
Ben Peters / Vivian Keith

I'll be there Before The Next Teardrop Falls.

If he brings you happiness, then I wish you both the best. It's your happiness that matters most of all.

But if he ever breaks your heart, if the tears ever start, I'll be there Before The Next Teardrop Falls.

Thou' it hurts to let you go, darling, I want you to know That I'll stand by you if ever you should call.

And if I should ever hear that he made you shed a tear, I'll be there Before The Next Teardrop Falls.

I'll be there any time you need me by your side, To dry away every tear-drop that you cried. If he ever leaves you blue, just remember I love you, I'll be there Before The Next Teardrop Falls.

Yes, I'll be there Before The Next Teardrop Falls.

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European Music Centre,
Ambachtsweg 42,
Huizen, Holland.
Cowboy's Gettin' Up Holler

Wake up, Jacob, Day's a-break-in',
Peas in the pot and the hoecake's bak-in'—
early in the morning, Almost day,
If you don't come soon, Gonna throw it all a-way.

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2. Wake up, Jacob!
Bacon in the pan,
Coffee in the pot,
Get up and get it
Get it while it's hot.

Tulsa Time

Words and Music: Flowers

I left Oklahoma drivin' in a Pontiac
just about to lose my mind.
I was goin' to Arizona maybe on to California where the people all live so fine.
My baby said I'm crazy, my Momma called me lazy. I was

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goin' to show 'em all this time, 'Cause you know I ain't no fool and I don't need no more school-in'. I was born to just walk the line. Livin' on Tulsa time.

Livin' on Tulsa time. Well, you know I been thru it when I set my watch back to it, Livin' on Tulsa time. Well, there I was in Hollywood wishin' I was doin' good, talkin' on the telephone line. But they don't need me in the movies and nobody sings my songs, guess I'm just a-wastin' time. Well, then I got to thinkin', man I'm really sinkin' and I really had a flash this time. I had no business leavin' and nobody would be grievin' if I went on back to Tulsa time. Livin' on Tulsa time. Livin' on Tulsa time. Gonna set my watch back to it, 'cause you know I've been thru it, Livin' on Tulsa time.
Honey

Words and Music: Bobby Russell

I saw the tree how big it's grown, but friend it has-n't been too long it was-n't big.

See the tree how big it's grown, but friend it has-n't been too long it was-n't big.

laughed at her and she got mad, the first day that she planted it was just a twig.

And

Then the first snow came and she ran out to brush the snow away so it wouldn't die.

Came

run-nin' in all ex-cit-ed, slipped and almost hurt her self, I laughed 'til I cried.

She was al-ways young at heart, kind a dumb and kind a smart and I loved her so.

And

I surprised her with a pup py, kept me up all Christmas eve, two years ago.

And

it would sure embar-ress her when I came home from working late 'cause I would know

That

she's been sit-ting there and cry-in' over some sad and sil-ly late, late show.

And Hon-ey, I

miss you.

and I'm be-ing good

And I love to be

with you

if on-ly I could.
3. She wrecked the car and she was sad
And so afraid that I'd be mad,
But what the heck.
Though I pretended hard to be,
Guess she could say she saw through me
And hugged my neck.

I came home unexpectedly
And found her crying needlessly
In the middle of the day,
And it was in the early spring,
When flowers bloom and robins sing
She went away.

Chorus: And Honey, I miss you and I'm being good.
I like to be with you; if only I could.

4. Yes, one day, while I wasn't home,
While she was there and all alone
The angels came.
Now all I have is memories of Honey,
And I wake up nights and call her name.

Now my life's empty stage,
Where Honey lived and Honey played,
And love grew up.
A small cloud passes over head
And cries down in the flower bed
That Honey loved.

Chorus.

ONCE I HAD A SWEETHEART

Country Waltz

SLOW WALTZ

ONCE I HAD A SWEETHEART AND NOW I HAVE NONE,

ONCE I HAD A SWEETHEART AND NOW I HAVE NONE, ONCE

2. My Thommy is married or otherwise dead,
My Thommy is married or otherwise dead,
His bunch of blue ribbons, His bunch of blue ribbons,
His bunch of blue ribbons I'll wear 'round my head.

3. I'll travel through England, through France and through Spain,
I'll travel through England, through France and through Spain,
My life I will venture, My life I will venture,
My life I will venture on the watery main.

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Roll in my sweet baby's arms...

Ain't gonna work on the railroad,

D7

Ain't gonna work on the farm,

G

Lay 'round the shack 'til the mail train comes back then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

D7

Roll in my sweet baby's arms... Roll in my sweet baby's arms...

D7

Lay 'round the shack 'til the mail train comes back then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms...

WALK RIGHT BACK

Words and Music: Sonny Curtis

I want you to tell me why you walked out on me.

D7

I want you to tell me why you walked out on me.

G

I'm so lonesome every day...

D7

I want you to...
Know that since you walked out on me, nothing seems to be the same old way.

Think about the love that burns within my heart for you. The good times we had before you went away. Oh, me.

Walk right back to me this minute. Bring your love to me, don't send it. I'm so lonely every day.

I want you to tell me why you walked out on me. I'm so lonely every day.

I want you to know that since you walked out on me, nothing seems to be the same old way. Think about the love that burns within my heart for you. The good times we had before you went away. Oh, me.

Walk right back to me this minute, bring your love to me, don't send it. I'm so lonely every day. I'm so lonely every day.
CUMBERLAND GAP

Cumber-land Gap,
Cumber-land Gap,

Me an' my wife an' my wife's pap, We all live down in
Cumber-land Gap.
Cumber-land Gap, Cumber-land Gap,

Mmm 'way down yonder in Cumber-land Gap.

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ARKANSAS TRAVELLER

Oh, once up-on a time in Ar-kan-sas,

Oh, once up-on a time in Ar-kan-sas, An old man sat in his lit-tle cab-in door, And he

fiddled at a tune that he liked to hear. A jol-ly old tune that be played by ear. It was

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2. A traveller was riding by that day,
And stopped to hear him a-fiddling away;
The cabin was afloat and his feet were wet,
But still the old man didn’t seem to fret.
So the stranger said, “Now the way it seems to me,
You’d better mend your roof,” said he.
But the old man said as he played away:
“I couldn’t mend it now, it’s a rainy day.”

3. The traveller replied, “That’s all quite true,
But this, I think is the thing for you to do;
Get busy on a day that is fair and bright,
Then patch the old roof till it’s good and tight.”
But the old man kept on a-playing at his reel,
And tapped the ground with leathery heel.
“Get along,” said he, “for you give me a pain
My cabin never leaks when it doesn’t rain!”

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THE TEXAS COWBOY

I am a Texas cowboy and I am far away from home. If I ever get back to Texas I never more will roam. Montana is too cold for me and the winters are too long, Before the roundups do begin my money is all gone.

2. Montana is too cold for me and the winters are too long, Before the roundups do begin, my money is all gone.

3. I worked out in Nebraska where the grass grows ten feet high, And the cattle are such rustlers that they seldom ever die.

4. I've worked up in the sand hills and down along the Platte, Where the cowboys are good fellows and the dogies are all fat.

5. I've traveled lots of country, Nebraska's hills of sand, Down through the Indian nation and up the Rio Grande;

6. But the badlands of Montana are the worst I ever see, The cowboys all are tenderfeet and the dogies all are lean.

7. All along the Yellowstone it's cold all year round, You'll surely get consumption from sleeping on the ground.

8. Work in Montana lasts six months in the year, When all your hills are settled, there's nothing left for beer.

9. Work down in Texas lasts all the year around, You'll never get consumption from sleeping on the ground.

10. Come all you Texas cowboys and a warning take from me And do not go to Montana to spend your money free;

11. But stay at home in Texas where the work lasts all year round, And you'll never get consumption from sleeping on the ground.

SOUTHERN NIGHTS

Have you ever felt a southern night? Free as the breeze, not to mention the trees, whispering tunes that you know and love so.

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just as good even when closed your eyes.
I apologize
to anyone who can truly say that he has found a better way.
Southern skies.

Have you ever noticed southern skies? Its precious beauty lies just beyond the eye. It goes running through your soul like the stories told of old. Old man, he and his dog that walked the old land.

Mysteries like this and many others in the trees.
blow in the night, in the southern skies.
Together Again

Words and Music: Buck Owens

Emmy Lou Harris

G
G7
C

To-get-her a-gain,
My tears have stopped fall-ing.

D7

the long, lone-ly nights are now end-ed.

G
G7
F
C

The key to my heart you hold a-gain.

D7

and noth-ing else mat-ters, 'cause we're to-get-her a-gain.

G

To-get-her a-gain. The bright stars are shin-ing.

D7

You're back in my arms now, where you be-long.

G
G7
F
C

The love that we knew is liv-ing a-gain,

D7

and noth-in' to lose, 'cause we're to-get-her a-gain.

G

To-get-her a-

D7

G

No, noth-in' else mat-ters, 'cause we're to-get-her a-gain.