

Sons Of The Pioneers

"Ghost Riders in the Sky"

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An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy
day,
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way,
When all at once a mighty herd of red eyed cows he
saw,
A-plowin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy
draw.

Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo,
Ghost herd in the sky.

Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were
made of steel,
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath
he could feel,
A bolt of fear shot through him as he looked up in the
sky,
For he saw the riders comin' hard and he heard their
mournful cry.

Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo,
Ghost riders in the sky.

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts
all soaked with sweat,
They're riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't
caught 'em yet,
'cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in
the sky,
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on hear their cry.

Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo,
Ghost riders in the sky.

The cowpokes loped on past him and he heard one call
his name,
If you want to save your soul from hell a-riding on our
range,
Then cowboy, change your ways today, or with us you
will ride,
A-trying to catch the devil's herd across these endless

skies.

Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo,
Ghost riders in the sky...

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