

The COUNTRY Collection



Sweet Baby James (James Taylor)

F Dm G7 /

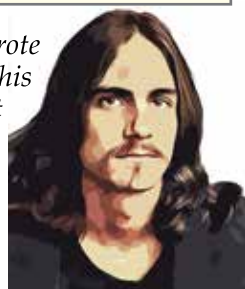
1 There is a young cowboy he lives on the range, his horse and his cattle are his
 only com - panion; He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyon,
 Waiting for summer, his pastures to change. And as the moon rises he
 sits by his fire, thinkin' about women and glasses of beer, closing his eyes as the
 doggies re - tire, he sings out a song which is soft, but it's clear,
 As if maybe someone could hear.

Ch Goodnight you moonlight la - dies, rock-a-bye sweet baby James.
 Deep greens and blues are the colours I choose, won't you let me go down in my
 dreams? And rock-a-bye sweet baby James.

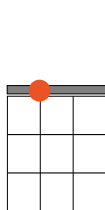
2 (Now the) first of De - cember was covered with snow, and so was the turnpike
 from Stockbridge to Boston. The Berkshires seemed dream-like on account of that
 frostin', with ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go. There's a
 song that they sing when they take to the highway, a song that they 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.

Ch Goodnight you moonlight la - dies, rock-a-bye sweet baby James.
 Deep greens and blues are the colours I choose, won't you let me go down
 in my dreams? And rock-a-bye sweet baby James. And rock-a-bye
 sweet baby James.

James Taylor wrote
 this song for his
 nephew James. It
 was recorded on
 his breakthrough
 album of the
 same name in
 1970.



Sweet Baby James



1 2 and 3 and

3/4 SP7b

