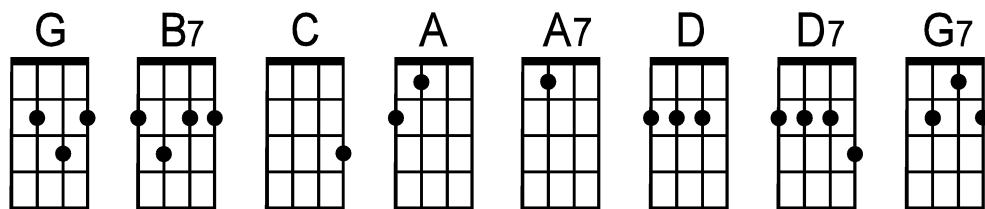


# Ridin' Down the Canyon

by Gene Autry & Smiley Burnett (1935)



**Intro:** G . . . | B7 . . . | C . . . | G . . . | A . A7 . | D . D7 . | G . . . | . . . . |

(sing b)

G . . . . | B7 . . . . | C . . . . | G . . . .  
Rid-in' down—the can-yon to watch the sun go down—

A . A7 . | D . D7 . | G . . . . | . . . . |  
A pic-ture that no art-ist e'er could paint—

G . . . . | B7 . . . . | C . . . . | G . . . .  
White faced catt-le low-in'— on the moun-tian side—

A . . . . | A7 . . . . | D . . . . | D7 . . . . |  
I Hear a coy-ote whin-in' for it's mate—

**Chorus:** G7 . . . . | . . . . | C . . C/f C/f# | C/g . . . . |  
Cac-tus plants are bloom-in'— Sage-brush eve—ry where—

A . . . . | A7 . . . . | D . . . . | D7 . . . . |  
Gran-ite spires are stand-in' all a—round—

G . . . . | B7 . . . . | C . . . . | G . . . . |  
I tell you folks it's hea-ven— to be rid-in' down the trail—

A . A7 . | D . D7 . | G . . . . | . . . . |  
When the des-ert sun— goes— down—

G . . . . | B7 . . . . | C . . . . | G . . . . |  
When eve-ning chores are o—ver at our ranch house on the plain—

A . A7 . | D . D7 . | G . . . . | . . . . |  
And all I've got to do is lay a—round—

G . . . . | B7 . . . . | C . . . . | G . . . . |  
I sad-dle up my po—ny— and ride off down the trail—

A . A7 . | D . D7 . | G . . . . | . . . . |  
To watch that des-ert sun— go— down—

**Instr Chorus:** G7 . . . . | . . . . | C . . C/f C/f# | C/g . . . . |  
A —2—2—0—2— | | 3—0— | 0—0—1—2—3— |  
E ————— | | ————— | ————— |  
C ————— | | ————— | ————— |  
G ————— | | ————— | ————— |

A . A7 . | D . . . . | D7 . . . . |  
A —0—0—0—0—2—0— | | 0—0—0— | 2—0—2— |  
E ————— | | ————— | ————— |  
C ————— | | ————— | ————— |  
G ————— | | ————— | ————— |

**G** . . . | **B7** . . . | **C** . . . | **G** . . .  
Rid-in' down—the can-yon to watch the sun go down—

| **A** . **A7** . | **D** . **D7** . | **G** . . . | . . . . |  
A pic-ture that no art-ist e'er could paint—

**G** . . . . | **B7** . . . . | **C** . . . . | **G** . . . .  
White faced catt-le low-in'— on the moun-tian side—

| **A** . . . . | **A7** . . . . | **D** . . . . | **D7** . . . . |  
I Hear a coy-ote whin-in' for it's mate—

**Chorus:** **G7** . . . . | . . . . . | **C** . . . **C/f C/f#** | **C/g** . . . . |  
Cac-tus plants are bloom-in'— Sage-brush eve—ry where—

**A** . . . . | **A7** . . . . | **D** . . . . | **D7** . . . .  
Gran-ite spires are stand-in' all a—round—

| **G** . . . . | **B7** . . . . | **C** . . . . | **G** . . . . |  
I tell you folks it's hea-ven— to be rid-in' down the trail—

**A** . **A7** . | **D** . **D7** . | **G** . . . . | **G D7\ G\**  
When the des-ert sun— goes— down—