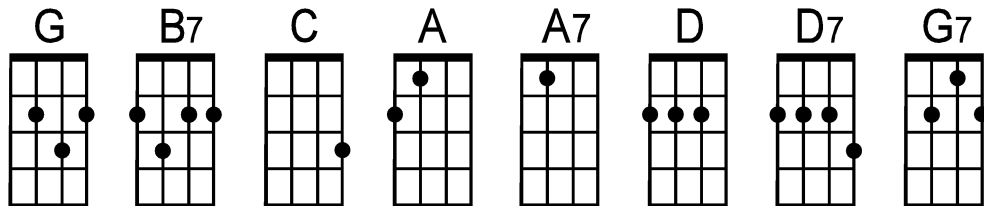


# Ridin' Down the Canyon

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** G7 . . . . | . . . . | C . . C/f C/f# | C/g . . . . |

**Chorus:**

A . . . . | A7 . . . . | D . . . . | D7 . . . . |

**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—

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
(v2 – 8/1/25)