

The Devil went down to Georgia

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Fred Edwards, Charles Hayward & James Marshall

A $\text{♩} = 132$

V1
Fl.

8

V1
Fl.

1. The

17 **B** Verse 1

V1
Fl.

dev-il went down to Geor - gia, he was look-in' for a soul to steal. He was in a bind 'cause he was way be-hind, and he was

23

V1
Fl.

will-in' to make a deal. When he came a - cross this youngman saw-in' on a fid-dle and play-in' it hot.

28

V1
Fl.

And the dev-il jumped up on a hick-o - ry stump and said, "Boy, let me tell you what." 2. "I

33 **C** Verse 2

V1
Fl.

guess you did-n't know it but I'm a fid-dle play-er, too. And if you'd care to take a dare, I'll make a bet with you. Now

41

V1
Fl.

you play pret-ty good fid-dle, boy, but give the dev-il his due. I'll bet a fid-dle of gold a-against your soul, 'cause I think I'm bet-ter than

48

Verse 3

V1
Fl.

you." 3. The boy said, "My name's John - ny, and it might be a sin,

54

VI but I'll take your bet, you're gon-na re - gret, 'cause I'm the best that's ev - er been."

D Chorus

59

S. John-ny, ros-in up your bow and play your fid-dle hard. 'cause hell's broke loose in Geor-gia and the dev-il deals the cards. And

67

S. Ooh if you win, you get this shin - y fid - dle made of gold. But if you lose, the dev - il gets your soul.

E Solo

75

VI 4. The

F Verse 4

83

VI dev-il o-pened up his case and he said, "I'll start this show." and fire flew from his fin-ger-tips as he ros-ined up his bow.

90

VI And he pulled the bow across the strings and it made an e-vil hiss. Then a band of de mon joined in and its sound edsome thin'like this.

Interlude

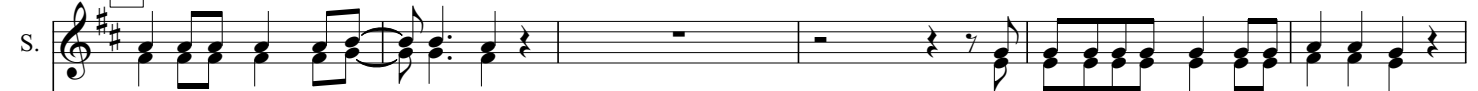
99


VI (guitar enters) 1-3 4.

Verse 5

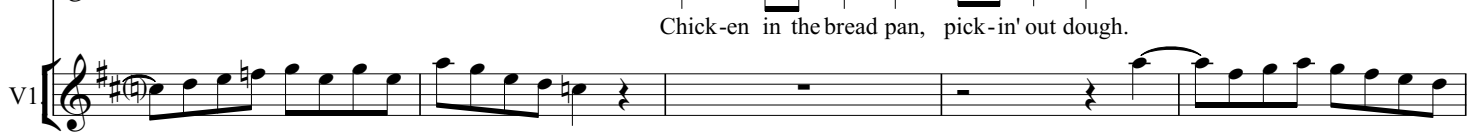
VI 5. When the dev-il fin ished John ny said, "Wellyou're pret ty good old son, but sit down in that chair right there and let me show you how it's done."


H *Bridge*

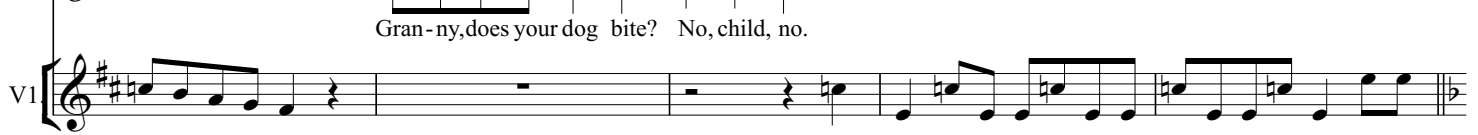
S. 
Fire on the moun-tain; run, boys run. The dev-il's in the House of the Ris-ing Sun.


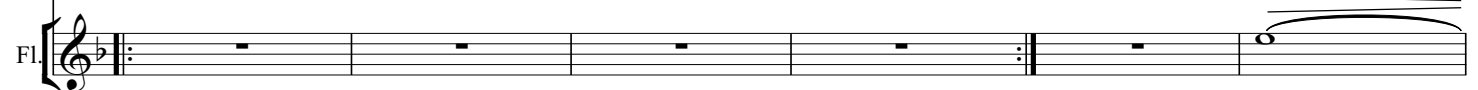
V1 



S. 
Chick-en in the bread pan, pick-in' out dough.

V1 


S. 
Gran-ny, does your dog bite? No, child, no.

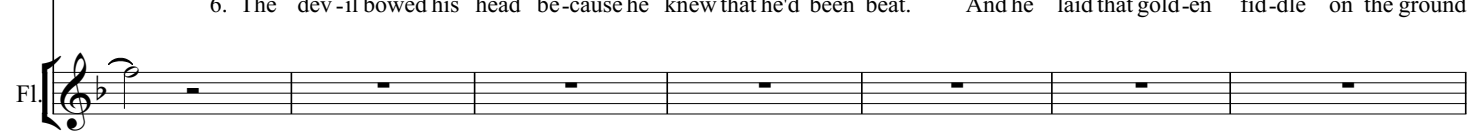
V1 


V1 
Fl. 

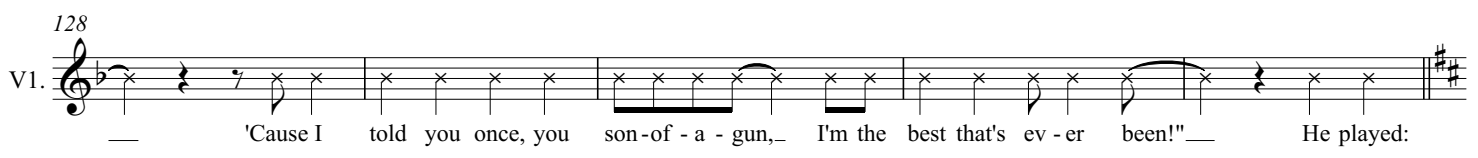
V1 
Fl. 

J *Verse 6*

V1 
6. The dev-il bowed his head be-cause he knew that he'd been beat. And he laid that gold-en fid-dle on the ground

Fl. 

V1 
at John-ny's feet. John-ny said, "Dev-il, just come on back. if you ev-er want to try a-gain.

V1 
'Cause I told you once, you son-of-a-gun, I'm the best that's ev-er been!" He played:

133 **K** *Bridge*

S. Fire on the moun-tain; run, — boys run. The dev-il's in the House of the Ris-ing Sun.

VI.

Fl.

139

S. Chick-en in the bread pan, pick-in' out dough.

VI.

Fl.

144

S. Gran-ny, does your dog bite? No, child, no.

VI.

Fl.

149 **L**

VI.

153

VI. C Dm C G

161

VI.