

# The Devil went down to Georgia

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♩ = 132

**Dm** **A** **C** **Dm** **C** **B $\flat$**  **Am** **Gm** **A**

V1.

**Dm** **A** **C** **Dm** **C** **A** **Dm**

V1.

1. The

**B** *Verse 1*

V1.

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 will-in' to make a deal.

**A** **C**

V1.

When he came a cross thi young mans aw in on a fid dle and play in it hot. And the dev il jumped upon a hick o ry stump and said, 'Boy, let me telly you what.' 2. "I

**C** *Verse 2*

**Dm**

V1.

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

**A** **C** **Dm**

V1.

you play pret ty good fid dle, boy, but give the dev-il his due. I'll bet a fid dle of gold a gainst your soul, 'cause I think I'm bet ter than you." 3. The

*Verse 3*

V1.

boy said, "My name's John-ny, and it might be a sin, but I'll take your bet, you're gon-na re-gret, 'cause I'm the best that's ev-er been." \_

**D** *Chorus*

**Dm** **C** **Gm** **Dm**

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

**Gm** **G $\sharp$ 07** **A**

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*

**Dm** **C** **Dm** **C** **B $\flat$**  **Am** **G** **A** **Dm** **A** **C**

V1.

4. The

**F** *Verse 4*

V1.

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. And he

**A** **C**

V1.

pulled the bow a - cross the strings and it made an e-vil hiss. Then a band of de-mon joined in\_ and it sound-ed some-thin' like this. (P.) (P.)

*Interlude* (guitar enters)

99 **G** Dm F Em Dm Dm F Em Dm

Fl.

Fl.

*Verse 5*

V1.

Fl.

5. When the

V1.

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

*Bridge*

S.

Fire on the moun-tain, run, boys run. (+ flute) The dev-il's in the House of the Ris-ing Sun.

V1.

V2.

S.

Chick-en in the bread pan, pick-in' out dough. Gran-ny, does your dog bite? No, child, no.

V1.

V2.

V1.

V1.

6. The

117 **J** *Verse 6*

V1.

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 at John-ny's feet.

V1.

John ny said, "Dev-il, just come on back if you ev-er want to try a-gain. 'Cause I told you once, you son of-a-gun, I'm the best that's ev-er been!" He played:

133 **K** D Bridge

C

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

V1

V2

140

D

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

V1

V2

145

C

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

V1

V2

149 **L** Dm

C

V1.

153 Dm

C Dm C G Dm C B $\flat$  Am Dm C B $\flat$  Am

V1.

161 Dm C B $\flat$  Am Dm C B $\flat$  Am Gm F Dm

V1

V2