

# The Devil went down to Georgia

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**A**  $\text{♩} = 132$

VI  
Fl.

8

1. The

VI  
Fl.

17 **B** Verse 1

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

VI  
Fl.

23

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

VI  
Fl.

28

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

VI  
Fl.

33 **C** Verse 2

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

VI  
Fl.

41

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

VI  
Fl.

48

*Verse 3*

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

VI  
Fl.

54

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

**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   
 Fl.

67 Ooh

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

75 **E** Solo

VI   
 Fl.   
 4. The

83 **F** Verse 4

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.   
 Fl.

90

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

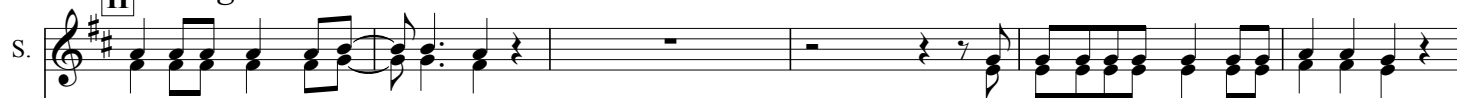
99 **G** Interlude (guitar enters)

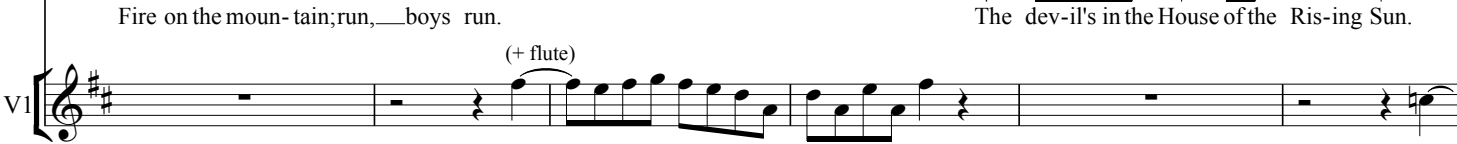
Fl.   
 1-3 4.   
 Fl.

Verse 5

VI   
 5. When the dev il fin ished John nysaid, "Well, you're pret ty good old son, but sit down in that chair righ there and let me show you how it's done."   
 Fl.


**H** *Bridge*

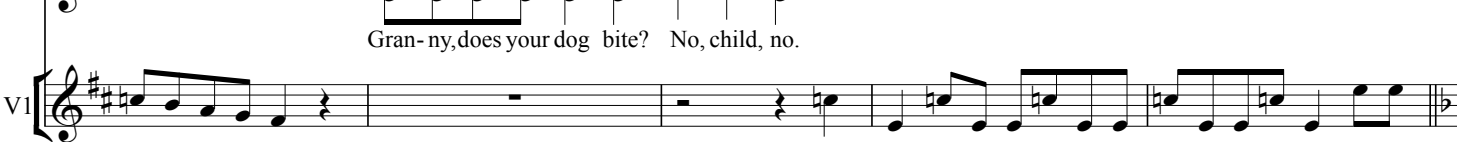
S.  Fire on the moun-tain; run, boys run. The dev-il's in the House of the Ris-ing Sun.


V1 

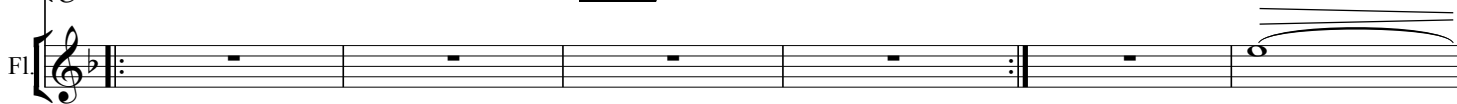
S.  Chick-en in the bread pan, pick-in' out dough.


V1 

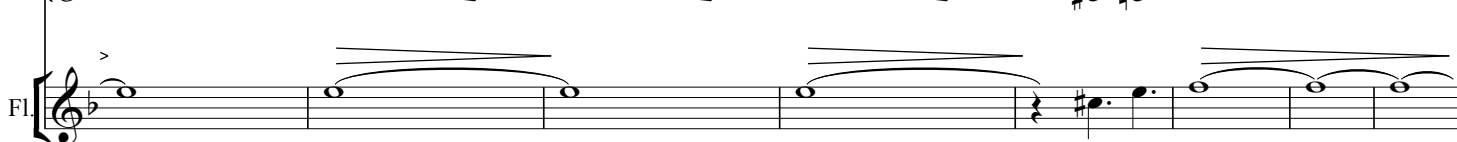
S.  Gran-ny, does your dog bite? No, child, no.

V1 


V1  **I** 1-2 3.

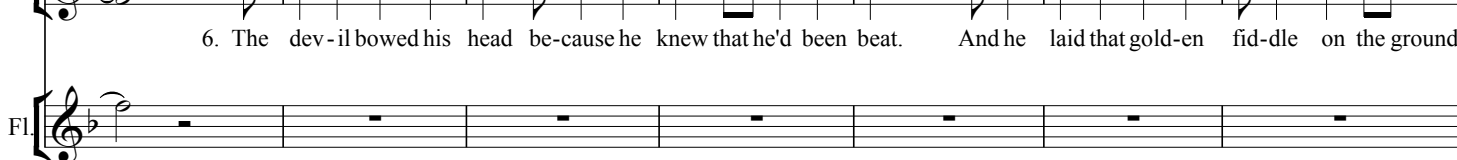
Fl. 

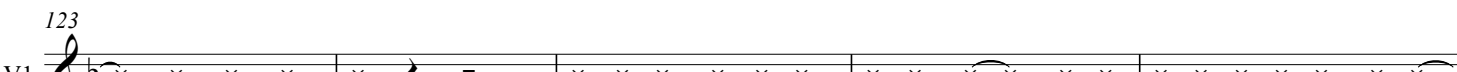
V1  108


Fl. 

**J** *Verse 6*

V1  116 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  123 at John-ny's feet. John-ny said, "Dev-il, just come on back\_ if you ev-er want to try a-gain.

V1  128 '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.

V1   
 Fl.

139

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

V1   
 Fl.

144

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

V1   
 Fl.

149 **L**

V1.

153

V1.

161

V1.