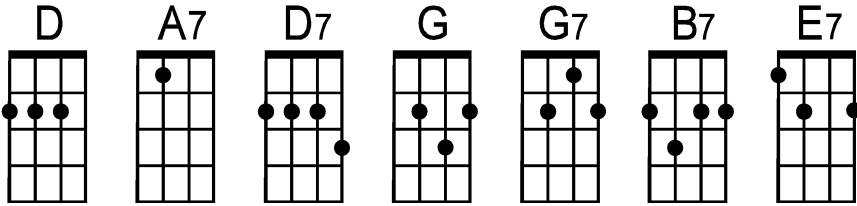


Don't Fence Me In

By Cole Porter & Robert Fletcher



Intro: D . . . |
(sing a)
D\ --- --- --- | D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | A7 . . .
Oh give me land, lots of land under starry skies a-bove Don't fence me in
. . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . .
Let me ride thru the wide open country that I love Don't fence me in
. . . | . . . | . . . | D7 . . . |
Let me be by my-self in the eve-nin' bre-eze
G . . . | G7 . . . |
Listen to the murmur of the cotton-wood tree-ees
D . . . | B7 . . . | E7 . . . A7 . . . | D
Send me off for-ever but I ask you ple-ase Don't— fence me in
. . . | G . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . |
Just turn me loose let me straddle my old saddle under-neath the western skies—
. . . | G . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . |
On my Cay-use let me wander over yonder till I see the mountains rise—
A7\ --- --- --- | D . . . | D7 . . . |
I want to ride to the ridge where the west com-men-ces
| G . . . | G7 . . . |
And gaze at the moon un-til I lose my sen-ses
| D . . . | B7 . . . | E7 . . . A7 . . . | D
I can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fenc-es Don't— fence me in
. . . | G . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . |
Just turn me loose let me straddle my old saddle under-neath the western skies—
. . . | G . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . |
On my Cay-use let me wander over yonder till I see the mountains rise—
A7\ --- --- --- | D . . . | D7 . . . |
I want to ride to the ridge where the west com-men-ces
| G . . . | G7 . . . |
And gaze at the moon un-til I lose my sen-ses
| D . . . | B7 . . . | E7 . . . A7 . . . | D . . . |
I can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fenc-es Don't— fence me in
E7 . . . A7 . . . | D . . . | E7 . . . A7 . . . | D\ A7\ D\
Don't— fence me in Don't— fence me in