PIANO/VOCAL/GUITAR

MARTY ROBBINS songbook

Among My Souvenirs

Begging To You

Big Iron

Camelia

The Cowboy In The Continental Suit

Devil Woman

Don't Worry

El Paso

Girl From Spanish Town

Honkytonk Man

It's Your World

Padre

Singing The Blues

Tonight Carmen

What If I Said I Love You

A White Sport Coat

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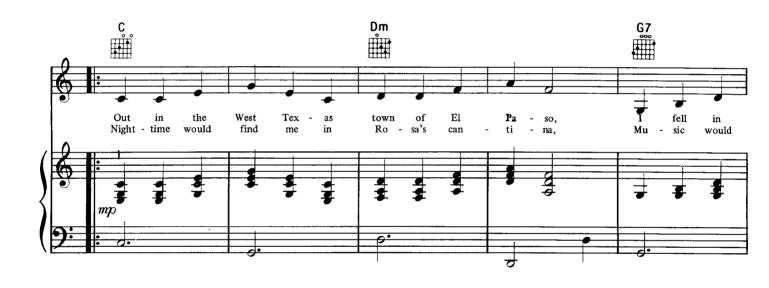
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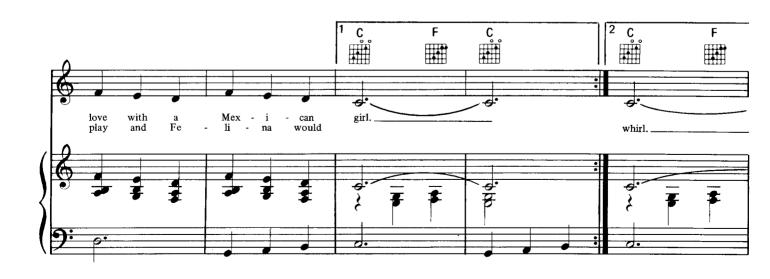


EL PASO

Words and Music by MARTY ROBBINS

















PADRE







SINGING THE BLUES







A WHITE SPORT COAT

Words and Music by MARTY ROBBINS







DEVIL WOMAN





- 2. Mary is waiting and weeping alone in our shack by the sea, Even after I hurt her, Mary's still in love with me, Devil woman, it's over, trapped no more by your charms, I don't want to stay, I want to get away, woman, let go of my arms.
- 3. Devil woman, you're evil like the dark corral reef, Like the winds that bring high tides, you bring sorrow and grief, You made me ashamed to face Mary, barely had the strength to tell, Skies are not so black, Mary took me back, Mary has broken your spell.
- 4. Running alone by the seashore, running as fast as I can. Even the sea gulls are happy, glad I'm coming home again, Never again will I ever cause another tear to fall. Down the beach I see what belongs to me, the one I want most of all.

Last Chorus

Devil woman, devil woman, don't follow me, Devil woman, let me be, just leave me alone, I want to go home.

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS





CAMELIA









WHAT IF I SAID I LOVE YOU





BEGGING TO YOU







HONKYTONK MAN

Words and Music by DEWAYNE BLACKWELL **Easy Country Waltz** Now Am F look quite you miss I've I you and so him sad, and seen nev er but, miss that wo - man F ВЬ and but feel lot quite_ bad, me_ nev do, not can F Ab7-5 ВЬ ů. Ė been had. that the both feel. know we we 'til in through. but, the hurt cling_ to each ther. is 0







TONIGHT CARMEN

Words and Music by MARTY ROBBINS









DON'T WORRY







BIG IRON



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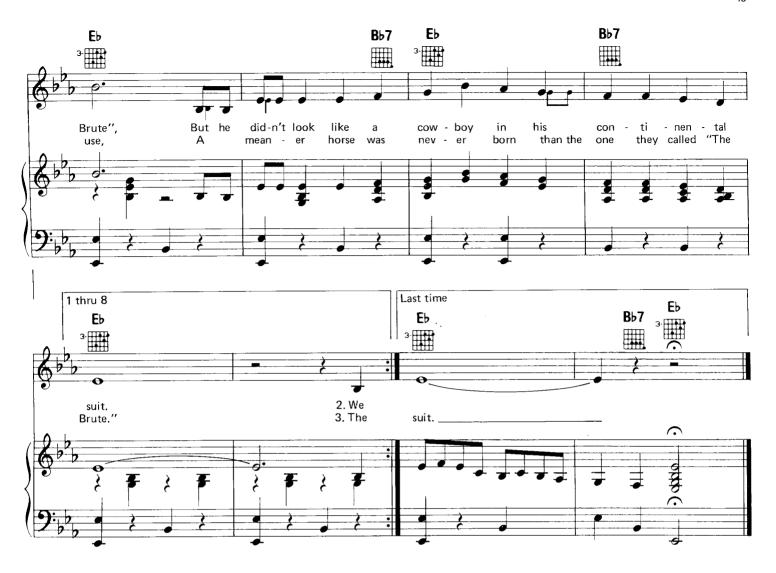




- 3. Wasn't long before the story was relayed to Texas Red,
 But the outlaw didn't worry, men that tried before were dead,
 Twenty men had tried to take him, twenty men had made the slip,
 Twenty one would be the ranger with the Big Iron on his hip, Big Iron on his hip.
 The morning passed so quickly it was time for them to meet,
 It was twenty past eleven when they walked out in the street,
 Folks were watching from the windows, ev-'rybody held their breath,
 They knew this handsome ranger was about to meet his death, About to meet his death.
- 4. There was forty feet between them when they stopped to make their play, And the swiftness of the ranger is still talked about today. Texas Red had not cleared leather for a bullet fairly ripped. And the ranger's aim was deadly with the Big Iron on his hip, Big Iron on his hip. It was over in a moment and the folks had gathered 'round, There before them lay the body of the out-law on the ground. Oh he might have went on living but he made a fatal slip When he tried to match the ranger with the Big Iron on his hip, Big Iron on his hip.

THE COWBOY IN THE CONTINENTAL SUIT





- 3. The horse that he was looking for was in chute number eight, He walked up very slowly, put his hand upon the gate; We knew he was a thoroughbred when he pulled a sack of Dukes, From the inside pocket of his continental suit.
- 4. He rolled himself a Quirley and he lit it standing there, He blew himself a smoke ring and he watched it disappear; We thought he must be crazy when he opened up the gate, Standing just inside was fifteen hundred pounds of hate.
- 5. The buckskin tried to run him down, but the stranger was too quick, He stepped aside and threw his arms around the horse's neck; He pulled himself upon the back of the horse they called "The Brute," And sat like he was born there in his continental suit.
- 6. The Brute's hind end was in the air, his front end on the ground, A-kickin' and a-squeelin', trying to shake the stranger down; But the stranger didn't give an inch, he came to ride The Brute, And he came to ride the buckskin in a continental suit.
- 7. I turned around to look at Jim and he was watching me, He said, "I don't believe the crazy things I think I see; But I think I see the outlaw, the one they call "The Brute," Ridden by a cowboy in a continental suit."
- 8. The Brute came to a standstill, ashamed that he'd been rode, By a city cowboy in some continental suit; The stranger took his money, we don't know where he went, We don't know where he came from, and we haven't seen him since.
- 9. The moral of this story, never judge by what they wear, Underneath some ragged clothes could be a millionaire; So everybody, listen, don't be fooled by this galoot, The sure enough bronc-buster in the continental suit.

IT'S YOUR WORLD





GIRL FROM SPANISH TOWN







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