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Big Iron
Camelia
The Cowboy In The Continental Suit
Devil Woman
Don’t Worry
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EL PASO

Words and Music by MARTY ROBBINS

Moderato

Out in the West Texas town of El Paso,
Night-time would find me in Rosío's cantina,
Music would

love with a Mexican girl.

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I was in Texas,
I was in Texas,
Silence, silence,
Wicked and evil while casting a spell.
I was in Texas,
I was in Texas,
Wicked and evil while casting a spell.

My love was deep for this Mexican maiden,
Manly thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there,
My love was deep for this Mexican maiden,
Manly thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there,

My love was in vain I could tell.
I had but one chance to run.
My love is stronger than my fear of death.

Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys,
Off to my left ride a dozen or more.

Back in El Paso so my life would be,
I stood there in silence,
I stood there in silence,
I stood there in silence,
One night a wild cow boy came in
Out through the back door and a way I did go,
Some thing is dread ful ly wrong for I feel a

Wild as the West Texas wind,
Out where the horses were tied,
Rol ling a lone in the dark,
Deep burn ing pain in my side.

Dash ing and dar ing, a drink he was shar ing with
I caught a good one, it looked like it could run,
May be to mor row a bul let will find me,
Though I am try ing to stay in, the sad die.

Wick ed Fe na, the girl that I loved
Up on its back and a way I did ride.
I'm get ting worse than this pain in my heart.
I'm un a ble to ride.
So in an instant as I could from the
I challenged his
gal. Just as fast as I could from the
And at last I am on the
But my love for Fe li na is

And at last here I am on the
The love is strong and it pushes me onward,
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle,

The challenge was answered in less than a heartbeat,
The love is strong and it pushes me onward,

Though I can see
Out to the can see

right for the
West Texas
hill
strong
and

the
love
of
this
maid
en,

Down went his

the

though I am

the

the

the


hand for the
bad
lands
of
New
Mex
can
tina
be
low.

My

wear
y
I
can't
stop
to
rest.

Dm
G7
C

Dm
G7
C

G7
G

F

C

Dm
G7

hand - some young strang - er lay dead on the floor.

CODA (after last verse)

D.S. al Coda

found me, die for,

From out of no - where Ferli - na has

Cra - dled by two lov - ing arms that I'll

One lit - tle kiss, then Ferli - na good - side.

by - e.
PADRE

Original French lyrics by JACQUES LARUE
Music by ALAIN ROMANS
English Lyrics by PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER

Moderately

Pa - dre, Pa - dre, In my
grief I turn to you.

The day that we wed
she came a-long
and sang him her song

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We shared our first embrace.
Now it's my heart that cries.
Our cottage was small but richer than all the places of a king.

Weary my heart has grown,
All day the birds would sing;
Wond'ring where love has flown,

Our hearts were full of Spring,
Counting my tears alone.
Pa dre, Pa dre,
What happened to our love so true?

In my grief I turn to you. Then

Pray for my love and me.
SINGING THE BLUES

Freely

Well I nev-er felt more like sing-ing the blues- 'cause I nev-er thought_ that

C7

I'd ev-er lose_ your love, Dear

Why'd you do me this way?

F  Bb  F  C7  F

way?

Well, I nev-er felt more like
I cry-ing all night 'cause ev-'ry thing's wrong and noth-ing ain't right with you

You got me sing-ing the blues

out you

The

moon and stars no long - er shine, the dream is gone

thought was mine There's noth-ing left for me to do but
I cry over you. Well, I never felt more like I run-ning a-way but why should I go 'cause I could-n’t stay with-

You got me sing-ing the blues.

Well, I blues.
A WHITE SPORT COAT

Words and Music by MARTY ROBBINS

Relaxed

A

white sport coat and a pink carnation

A

I'm all dressed up for the dance

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I'm all alone in romance.

Once you told me long ago, to the Prom with me you'd go.

Now you've changed your mind, it seems...
Some-one else will hold my dreams A white sport
c
coat and a pink carnation

I'm in a blue, blue mood.

A mood.
DEVIL WOMAN

Words and Music by MARTY ROBBINS

I told Mary about us, told her about our great sin,

Mary just cried and forgave me, Mary took me back again,

said if I wanted my freedom I could be free ever more,
I don't want to be and I don't want to see Mary cry any more. Devil woman, devil woman, let go of me, devil woman, let me be. Just leave me alone, I want to go home.

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 coral 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

Slowly, With Expression

Words by EDGAR LESLIE
Music by HORATIO NICHOLLS

There's nothing left for me, Of days that used to be

I live in memory Among My Souvenirs.

Some letters tied with blue, A photograph or two, I see a rose from you A

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I among My Souvenirs. A few more tokens rest within my treasure chest, And tho’ they do their best To give me consolation, I count them all apart, And as the tear drops start, I find a broken heart Among My Souvenirs.
From where I stand I can see all the lights of the city.
If there was one ounce of man left in me, I'd excuse her.

For one man to know for certain one woman so much, it's a pity.
If I do, I'll love her.
From where I stand I can see the can-

It wouldn't do to let her know

ti-na she goes to,

Where she's not sup-

posed to,

But goes any way.

She'd never come back.

From where I stand I can see

Camelia, I almost de-
I hear the music and laughter,
spise the ground that you walk on,
Camelia keeps telling me that's all her young heart is after.

The reason I don't is it's me, not the ground, that you walk on.

After, I see it constantly differently, I see her there with a man,
toment ed, know in' you're just partly mine,
Camelia keeps lyin', I seen it
Camelia, I hate you and love you

from where I stand.

at the same time.
WHAT IF I SAID I LOVE YOU

Easy Country Swing

Words and Music by CHARLIE BLACK and TOMMY ROCCO

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What can I say to keep you from going away?

What if I said I need you? Is there really no changing your mind?

What if I said I love you just one more time?
Casually

I left you this morning... couldn't take any more.

You laughed and dared me to walk out the door. You said that I'd

come back. You knew what I'd do. And you know you were
right, 'cause I'm back here to-night, beg-ging to you. I won't dis-ap-point you, I'm beg-gin' to stay, but that's what you want-ed to hear any-way. It must make you hap-py to make me so blue, what a pit-i-ful sight I must be to-night, beg-ging to you.
You don't want my loving, but you let me stay 'round. I guess just to walk on, so you don't touch the ground. To you it don't matter what you cause me to do, as long as you keep me begging to you.
I've never seen that woman you look quite so sad, and you miss him too, but,

I've never felt a lot we can do, but

I know we both feel 'til the hurt is through but, the
wo-man and you lost your man-
wo-man and I'll be your man,-
who knows who's right and who's wrong,-
even if just for a while,-

G7
guess can only last so strong.
C7
So, I lost my-
Bb

F
A
Dm
Bb
F
A
But I've still got my guitar and I've got a plan,-

Dm
Bb
F
C
F

arms 'round this honky tonk man.
arms 'round this honky tonk man.
and we'll get through this night-
and we'll get through this night-
Eli arms 'round this honky-tonk man. I arms 'round this honky-tonk man. Now I - 

Throw your arms 'round this honky-tonk man. Throw your arms 'round this honky-tonk man. Now

arms 'round this honky-tonk man. Now
TOMMAYE CARMEN

Words and Music by MARTY ROBBINS

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To - night I am aching, my
lips that have kissed her, that's
body is shaking, To - night Carmen's com - ing back
loved her and missed her, Are lips that have cursed her at
bright - en the ho - urs, I've put brand new sheets on the
home; To - night there'll be no room for
bed; To - night I'm nerv - ous, I'm trem - bling, re -

Call - in', re - mem - b'ring the way that she toss - es her
in my bed - room, to - night Carmen's com - ing back
cursed, as the night went from dark - ness to dawn's gold - en
Tonight, as I stand here, I've thought of just taking these
two hands and breaking the body I'm waiting to
fact that I ought to have more control over my
touch; My feelings I can't hide, resisting, there's no time for
life; How can I fight it, how can I de-

united, my pride will rush outside, the moment she walks thru the
hat ing, while antici pat ing the woman I've wanted so
it, there's no way to hide it, the love that I have for my
I've much. wife.

C

door.

F6

much.

C

wife.

F6

The

C

I've

-men.

-men.

men.
DON’T WORRY

Words and Music by MARTY ROBBINS

With a beat

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it can't be controlled. One day it's your sweet memory,
It's all over warm, now, don't worry 'bout me,
Don't pity me 'cause I'm feeling free,
blue, bye,
One heart is ashamed,
Don't be a free,
it might happen to you.  
Oh, oh, oh,

one heart will cry.  
Oh, oh, oh,

kiss me one time,  
then baby

go, love, I'll understand,  
Don't worry 'bout

sweet, it's all right,  
me.

Sweet, sweet, sweet me.
BIG IRON

Moderately Bright

Words and Music by MARTY ROBBINS

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dared to make a slip
For the stranger there among them had a Big Iron on his
youth of twenty four
And the notches on his pistol numbered one and nineteen

hip, more,
Big Iron on his hip, One and nineteen more.

It was
Now the

early in the morning when he rode into the town,
stranger started talking, made it plain to folks around,

He came riding from the South Side slowly looking all around.
Was an Arizona Ranger wouldn't be too long in town,
"He’s an outlaw loose and running" came the whisper from each
He came here to take an outlaw back alive or maybe
And he’s here to do some bus’ness with the Big Iron on his hip,
And he said it didn’t matter, he was after Texas Red,
Big Iron on his hip. In this
After Texas Red. Wasn’t there
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 arm 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 outlaw 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

With a beat

Words and Music by MARTY ROBBINS

1. He walked out in the arena, all dressed up to the snick-er-ed at the way he dressed, but he never said a word.

He said he just came down from a place called Highland; Well, he said he came to ride the horse, the one they called "The Rim;"

A thousand bucks went to the man that could ride this wild cay-

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But he didn’t look like a cowboy in his continental use, A meaner horse was never born than the one they called “The Brute.”

We knew he was a thoroughbred when he pulled a sack of Dukes, From the inside pocket of his continental suit.

We thought he must be crazy when he opened up the gate, Standing just inside was fifteen hundred pounds of hate.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.”

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.

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

Words and Music by MARTY ROBBINS

Moderately slow

F C7 F Bb

It's your world and your smile turns on my sunshine, You have foolish...

C7 F C7

all the power it takes to make me blue, You control the way I...

F Bb C7

feel plain that you don't need me. It's your world and I'm just passing.

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through; Let me live, let me live, let me live,-

world, if only for part of the time. There

must be, there must be oh, sweet love in your world, 'Cause there just isn't

any in mine. It's your mine.
GIRL FROM SPANISH TOWN

Moderately, with a Latin feeling

Words and Music by MARTY ROBBINS

Way beyond the Gulf of Mexico is an island.
Said goodbye to all my island friends, even said we'd roam;
left a year ago, disappointed in love I decided to roam;

Ev'ry dream I dream takes me again to the island down;
In the Caribbean, I'd find happiness and my Spanish town;

So I signed up, But that part thing
To the brown skin.

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with a tanker and

a year ago

a girl that's causing me
to be filled with

the anchor and
grief and misery,

stood and waved goodbye to my Spanish town home.

I'm so miserable, I've just got to go see.

If she takes me back I will never more roam.

Brown skin girl from Spanish town lives

in my heart,

I've tried to for
get her, but how do I start;

Constantly she's on my mind, both night and day,

I've known only sorrow since I've sailed away.
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
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A White Sport Coat