

Tennessee Stud

Doc Watson

Along about eighteen twenty-five
I left Tennessee very much alive
I never would have got through the Arkansas mud
If I hadn't been a-ridin' on the Tennessee Stud

I had some trouble with my sweetheart's pa
And one of her brothers was a bad outlaw
I sent her a letter by my Uncle Fudd
And I rode away on the Tennessee Stud

The Tennessee Stud was long and lean
The color of the sun, and his eyes were green
He had the nerve and he had the blood
there never was a horse like the Tennessee Stud

We drifted on down into no man's land
We crossed that river called the Rio Grande
I raced my horse with the Spaniard's foal
'Til I got me a skin full of silver and gold

Me and a gambler, we couldn't agree
We got in a fight over Tennessee
We jerked our guns, and he fell with a thud
And I got away on the Tennessee Stud

Chorus

I got just as lonesome as a man can be
Dreamin' of my girl in Tennessee
The Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue
'Cause he was a-dreamin' of a sweetheart, too

We loped right back across Arkansas;
I whipped her brother and I whipped her pa
I found that girl with the golden hair
And she was a-riding on the Tennessee Mare

Chorus

Stirrup to stirrup and side by side
We crossed the mountains and the valleys wide
We came to Big Muddy, then we forded the flood
On the Tennessee Mare and the Tennessee Stud

A pretty little baby on the cabin floor
A little horse colt playing 'round the door
I love that girl with the golden hair
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare

Chorus

Chart - Intro

$\frac{4}{4}$ | D Am | D | D Am | D |

Chart - Verse

D	D	C	C	C	
D	D	D	$\frac{2}{4}$ Am	$\frac{4}{4}$ D Am	D
D	D	C	C	C	
D	D	D	$\frac{2}{4}$ Am	$\frac{4}{4}$ D	
D Am	D	D Am	D		

Chart - Chorus

| D | C D | G | $\frac{2}{4}$ F | $\frac{4}{4}$ A | A |
| D | D | D | $\frac{2}{4}$ Am |
 $\frac{4}{4}$ D Am | D | D Am | D |