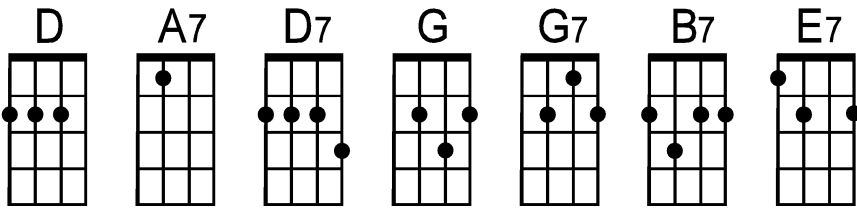


Don't Fence Me In

By Cole Porter & Robert Fletcher



D . . . |

D\ --- --- --- | D . . . | . . . | . . . | A7 . . .
 Oh give me land, lots of land under starry skies a-bove Don't fence me in

. . . | . . . | . . . | D . . .
 Let me ride through 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-ease 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