

Land of the Navajo

Peter Rowan

Intro
e m

Chorus
C G

Oh, — the wind blows cold — on the

5 D e m C G
trail — of the buf-fa-lo. — Oh, — the wind blows cold in the

9 D e m C D e m
land — of the Na-va-jo, — in the land — of the Na-va-jo. —

13 *To Coda Verse* G C
A hund-red miles from no-where, out on the des-ert, sand,
gam-bled ev-ry-thing he owned to lead this wan'drin' life, He

16 D G
One eyed Jack, the trad-er held some tur-quoise in his hand, wife, but, his
might have had a hap-py home, and ten-der lov-ing

19 C
By his side sat Run-ning Elk, his, long-time In-dian friend. He'd
hun-ger was for trad-ing trap-pers' furs for tur-quoise stone.

21 D 1 G
vowed that he would stay by Jack un-til the bit-ter end. Jack had
Any-thing that the In-dians had, Jack want-ed for his —

24 2 G D.S. e m D
own.