

Streets Of Laredo

US trad.

As I walked out in the streets of La - re - do, as
I walked out in La - re - do one day, I
spied a young cow - boy wrapped up in white lin - en,
wrapped in white lin - en as cold as the clay.

As I walked out
In the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a young cowboy
Wrapped up in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen
As cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit
That you are a cowboy",
These words he did say
As I boldly stepped by,
"Come sit down beside me
And hear my sad story:
I'm shot in the breast
And I know I must die."

"It was once in the saddle
I used to go dashing,
Once in the saddle
I used to go gay,
First down to Rosie's
And then to the card-house,
Got shot in the breast
And I'm dying today."

"Get sixteen gamblers
To handle my coffin,
Let six jolly cowboys
Come sing me a song,
Take me to the graveyard
And lay they sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy
And I know I've done wrong."

"Oh, beat the drum slowly
And play the fife lowly,
Play the dead march
As you carry me along,
Put bunches of roses
All over my coffin,
Roses to deaden the
Clods as they fall."

"Go, bring me a cup,
A cup of cold water,
To cool my parched lips,"
The cowboy then said;
Before I returned
His soul had departed
And gone to the round-up,
The cowboy was dead.
We beat the drums slowly
And played the fife lowly,
And bitterly wept
As we bore him along;
For we all loved our comrade
So brave, young and handsome,
We all loved our comrade
Although he'd done wrong.