

The Streets Of Laredo

Words & Music:
Traditional American

C F C G
As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
C F C G
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
C F C G
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
Am Dm G C
Wrapped up 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 walked 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,
Was once in the saddle I used to go gay.
First to the dram-house and then to the card-house,
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today."

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin,
Get six pretty maidens to carry my pall.
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the dead march as you carry me along.
Take me to the green valley and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

"Go fetch me a cup, a cup of cold water,
To cool my parched lips," the cowboy then said.
Before I returned, the spirit had left him,
Gone to his Maker, the cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum 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.