

As I walked out in the streets of La - redo, as I walked out in La - re-do one day, I

9 spied a young cowboy wrapped up in white linen, wrapped in white linen 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.

"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."

"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."

"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."

"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."

"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.