

Streets of Laredo traditional

F *C7* *F* *C7*
As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
F *C7* *F* *C7*
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
F *C7* *F* *C7*
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen,
Dm *C7* *F*_(½) *C7*_(½) *F*
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 proudly stepped by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die."

"'Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Was once in the saddle I used to go gay,
First led to drinkin', and then to card playin',
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.
Take me to the green valley and lay the earth o'er me,
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

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

"Then swing your rope slowly and rattle your spurs lowly,
And give a wild whoop as you carry me along;
And in the grave throw me and roll the 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 roundup—the cowboy was dead.
comrade although he'd done wrong.