

The Streets of Laredo (traditional)

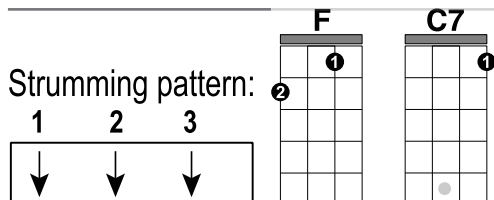
1 As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
 As I walked out in Laredo one day,
 I spied a young cowboy wrapped up in white linen,
 Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay.

2 "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;
 Got shot in the breast and I know I must die!"

3 "Now once in the saddle I used to go dashing:
 Yes 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 to - day."

4 "Go fetch me some water, a cool cup of water
 To cool my parched lips," the poor cowboy then said.
 Before I could get it his soul had departed,
 And gone to his Maker, the cowboy was dead.

5 We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,
 And bitterly wept as we bore him along.
 For we loved that young cowboy, so brave and so handsome,
 We loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.



A traditional American cowboy ballad probably derived from the Irish folk song *The Unfortunate Rake*.



Streets of Laredo