



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

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.

"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.