



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.