

The Dying Cowboy

Frank Fairfield

As I went out walking through Austin's fair city
Through Austin's fair city one morning in May
Was there I spoke to a handsome cowboy
All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy
These words he did speak as I boldly stepped by
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad fortune
For I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die Was once in the saddle, I used to go dashing
Was once in the saddle I used to ride on
But then turned to drink and then to card playing
Was shot by a gambler and now I must die Oh Beat the drum slowly, oh play the fife lowly
Play the dead march as you carry me along
Take me to the graveyard and throw the sod o'er me
For I'm just a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong Go break the news gently to my gray haired mother
Whisper it softly to my sister so dear
But there is yet one far dearer than mother
Who'd fairly weep if she knew I were here Come gather round me that set of jolly cowboys
To listen to me softly as I live my sad fate
And each of you ride and take warning
And quit the wild roving before it's too late Six jolly cowboys to balance my coffin
Six pretty girls Lord to sing me a song
Take me to the graveyard and throw the sod o'er me
For I'm just a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong Beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly
Play the dead march as you carry me along
Take me to the graveyard and throw the sod o'er me
For I'm just a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong

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