

The Streets of Laredo

Edward Fowler, guitar; Nellie W. Fink, flute

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo
As I walked out in Laredo one day
I spied a young cowboy wrapped all in white linen
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay
Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly
Sing the dead march as you carry me along
Take me to the valley then lay the sod o'er me
I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong
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
Go fetch me some water a cool cup of water
To cool my hot lips then the poor cowboy said
Before I return his spirit had left him
Had gone to his Maker the cowboy was dead
Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly
Sing the dead march as you carry me along
Take me to the valley then lay the sod o'er me
I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong

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