

Texas Rangers

Rebecca Pidgeon

Come all you Texas Rangers, wherever you may be,

F C Bb C

I'll tell you of some trouble that happened unto me.

Bb F

My name is nothing extra, so that I will not tell,

Bb C F Ab Bb C

But here's to all good rangers, I'm sure I wish you well.² When at the age of sixteen I joined this jolly band,

We marched from San Antonio down to the Rio Grande.

Our captain he informed us, perhaps he thought it right,

"Before we reach the station, we'll surely have to fight!"³ I saw the smoke ascending, it seemed to reach the sky.

The first thought then came to me, "My time has come to die!"

And when the bugles sounded, our captain gave command,

"To arms, to arms," he shouted, "and by your horses stand."⁴ I saw the Indians coming, I heard their awful yell.

My feelings at the moment, no human tongue can tell.

I saw their glittering lances, their arrows around me flew,

Till all my strength had left me, and all my courage too.⁵ We fought for five full hours before the strife was o'er.

The likes of dead and wounded, I've never seen before.

And when the sun had risen, the Indians they had fled.

We loaded up our rifles and counted up our dead.⁶ Now all of us were wounded, our noble captain slain.

And when the sun was shining across the bloody plain,

Six of the noblest rangers that ever roamed the West,

Were buried by their comrades with arrows in the breasts.⁷ Perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister too.

Perhaps you have a sweetheart, to weep and mourn for you.

If this be your position, although you'd like to roam,

I'll tell you from experience, you'd better stay at home.

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