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     C          G7          C                  G7
As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
     C          G7         C            G7
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
  C                 G7                    C              G7
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen,
     C                        F            G7            C
All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.
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"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"
These words he did say as I proudly stepped by,
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
Got shot in the breast and I know I must die.

" 'Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
'Twas once in the saddle I used to go gay;
'Twas first to drinkin', and then to card-playing,
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

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"Let six jolly cowboys come carry my coffin,
Let six pretty gals come carry my pall;
Throw bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Throw roses to deaden the clods as they fall.

"Oh, beat the drum slowly, and play the fife lowly,
And play the dead march as you carry me along,
Take me to the green valley and lay the earth o'er me,
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

Oh we beat the drum slowly and we played the fife lowly,
And bitterly wept as we carried him along,
For we all loved our comrade,
so brave, young and handsome,
We all loved our comrade although he done wrong.

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