The Cowboy's Lament - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT.
Copyright, 1887, by Henry J. Wehman.

As I rode down to Latern in Barin
So early one day,
'Twas there I espied a handsome young cowboy,
All dressed in white linen and clothed for the grave.

Chorus.
Then play your fife lowly, and beat your drum slowly,
And play the dead march as you carry me along;
Go take me to the graveyard and place the sod o'er me.
For I'm a young cowboy, I know I've done wrong.

'Twas once to my saddle I used to go dashing,
'Twas once to my saddle I used to be gay;
But I first took to drinking and then to card playing,
Got shot through the body, so now I must die.-Chorus.

Go gather all around you a crowd of young cowboys,
And tell them the history of this my fate;
Go tell them to stop their deep drinking
And all their wild ways before it's too late.-Chorus.

Go write a letter to my gray-headed mother.
And bear the news gently to my sister so dear;
But then there's another far dearer than a mother,
She'll bitterly weep when she knows I am here.-Chorus.

Go bring me a cup of pure cold water,
Of pure cold water, the poor fellow said,
But when I returned the spirit had departed
And gone to the Giver-the cowboy was dead.-Chorus.