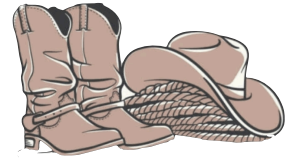


# Streets of Laredo

Writer: Frank H. Maynard



[C] As I walked [G7] out in the [C] streets of La-[G7]redo  
As [C] I walked [F] out in La-[C]redo one [G7] day  
I [C] spied a poor [G7] cowboy all [C] wrapped in white [G7] linen  
All [C] wrapped in white [F] linen as [C] cold [G7] as the [C] clay

I see by your [G7] outfit that [C] you are a [G7] cowboy  
[C] These words he did [F] say as I [C] boldly walked [G7] by  
[C] Come sit down be-[G7]side me and [C] hear my sad [G7] story  
Got [C] shot in the [F] breast and [C] I know [G7] I must [C] die

'Twas once in the [G7] saddle I [C] used to go [G7] dashing,  
[C] 'Twas once in the [F] saddle I [C] used to go [G7] gay.  
[C] First down to [G7] Rosie's, and [C] then to the [G7] card-house,  
Got [C] shot in the [F] chest, and [C] I'm dying [G7] to-[C]day.

Oh beat the drum [G7] slowly and [C] play the fife [G7] lowly  
[C] Sing the death [F] march as you [C] carry me [G7] along  
[C] Take me to the [G7] valley then [C] lay the sod o'er [G7] me  
I'm [C] a young [F] cowboy and I [C] know I've [G7] done [C] wrong

Get six jolly [G7] cowboys to [C] carry my [G7] coffin,  
[C] Get six pretty [F] maidens to [C] bear up my [G7] pall.  
[C] Put bunches of [G7] roses all [C] over my [G7] coffin,  
[C] Roses to [F] deaden the [G7] clods as they [C] fall.

Go fetch me some [G7] water a [C] cool cup of [G7] water  
To [C] cool my parched [F] lips then the [C] poor cowboy [G7] said  
[C] Before I re-[G7]turned his [C] spirit had [G7] left him  
Had [C] gone to his [F] Maker the [C] cowboy [G7] was [C] dead

We beat the drum [G7] slowly and [C] played the fife [G7] lowly  
[C] And bitterly [F] wept as we [C] bore him [G7] along  
[C] For we loved [G7] our comrade [C] so brave, young and hand-[G7]some  
We [C] all loved our comrade [F] although [C] he'd [G7] done [C] wrong