## Bud & Travis "Ballad Of The Alamo"

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In the Southern part of Texas Near the town of San Antone Like a statue on his pony Rides a cowboy all alone

And he sees the cattle grazing Where a century before Santa Anna's guns were blazing And the cannons used to roar

You can hear a ghostly bugle As the men go marching by You can hear 'em as they answer To that roll call in the sky

Colonel Travis, Davy Crockett And a hundred eighty more Captain Dickenson, Jim Bowie Present and accounted for

Back in eighteen thirty-six Gouston said to Travis Get some volunteers and Go fortify the Alamo

You may never see your loved ones Travis told them that day Those that want to can leave now Those that fight to the death, let 'em stay

Indian scouts with squirrel guns Men with muzzle loaders Stood together heel and toe To defend the Alamo

With his banners a-dancing In the dawn's golden light Santa Anna came prancing on a horse That was black as the night

A hundred eighty-nine brave men Holding back five thousand Five days, six days, eight days, ten Travis held and held again

Then he sent for replacements
For his wounded and lame
But the troops that were coming
Never came, never came, never came

Twice he charged them to recall On the fatal third time Santa Anna breached the wall And he killed them one and all

Now the bugles are silent And there's rust on each sword And the small band of soldiers Lie asleep in the arms of the Lord

In the Southern part of Texas Near the town of San Antone Like a statue on his pony Rides a cowboy all alone

And he sees the cattle grazing Where a century before Santa Anna's guns were blazing And the cannons used to roar

And his eyes turn sorta misty And his heart begins to glow And he takes his hat off slowly To the men of Alamo

To the men of Alamo To the men of Alamo

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