

Eddy Arnold

"The Streets Of Laredo"

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As I walked out in the streets of Laredo
As I walked out in Laredo one day
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped in white linen
Wrapped in white linen, as cold as the clay.

I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the pipe lowly
Play the dead march as you carry me along
Take me to the green valley there lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy I know I've done wrong.

Oh, fetch me a cup, a cup of cold water
To cool my hot lips the poor cowboy said
Before I returned the spirit had left him
And gone to its Maker the cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and play the pipe lowly
And bitterly wept as we bore 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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