

## Jane Siberry "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 young cowboy dressed up in white linen  
Dressed up in white linen as cold as the clay

He was a young cowboy in search of a homeland  
He rode 'cross the ranges in search of a bride  
His strength was his glory, so brave and so handsome  
His weakness was gambling, his downfall was pride

O beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly  
He's gone to his maker this fair windy day

Sing the hymns sweetly  
And place the flowers softly  
For the young cowboy that lies here today

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