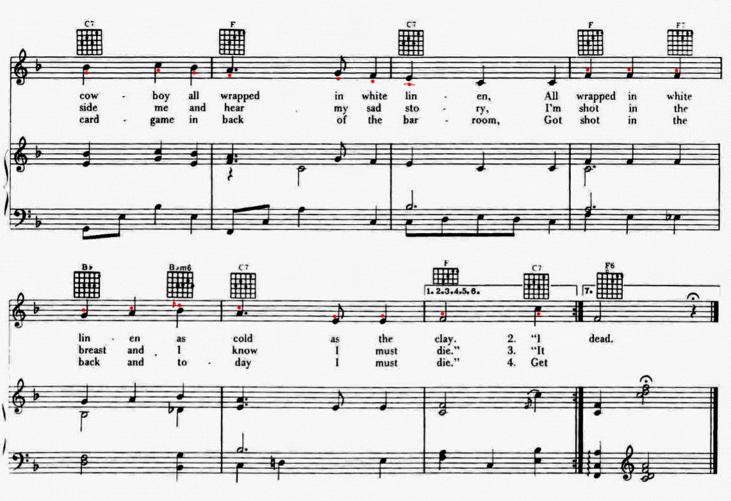
THE STREETS OF LAREDO





- 4. Get six of my buddies to carry my coffin, And six pretty maidens to sing a sad song, Take me to the valley and lay the sod o'er me, For I'm a young cowboy who played the game wrong."
- "Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly, And play the dead march as they carry my pall. Put bunches of roses all over my coffin, The roses will deaden the clods as they fall."

- "Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys, And tell them the story of this my sad fate. Tell one and the other before they go further, To stop their wild roving before it's too late."
- "Go fetch me a cup, just a cup of cold water,
 To cool my parched lips," the cowboy then said.
 Before I returned, his brave spirit had left him,
 And, gone to his maker, the cowboy was dead.