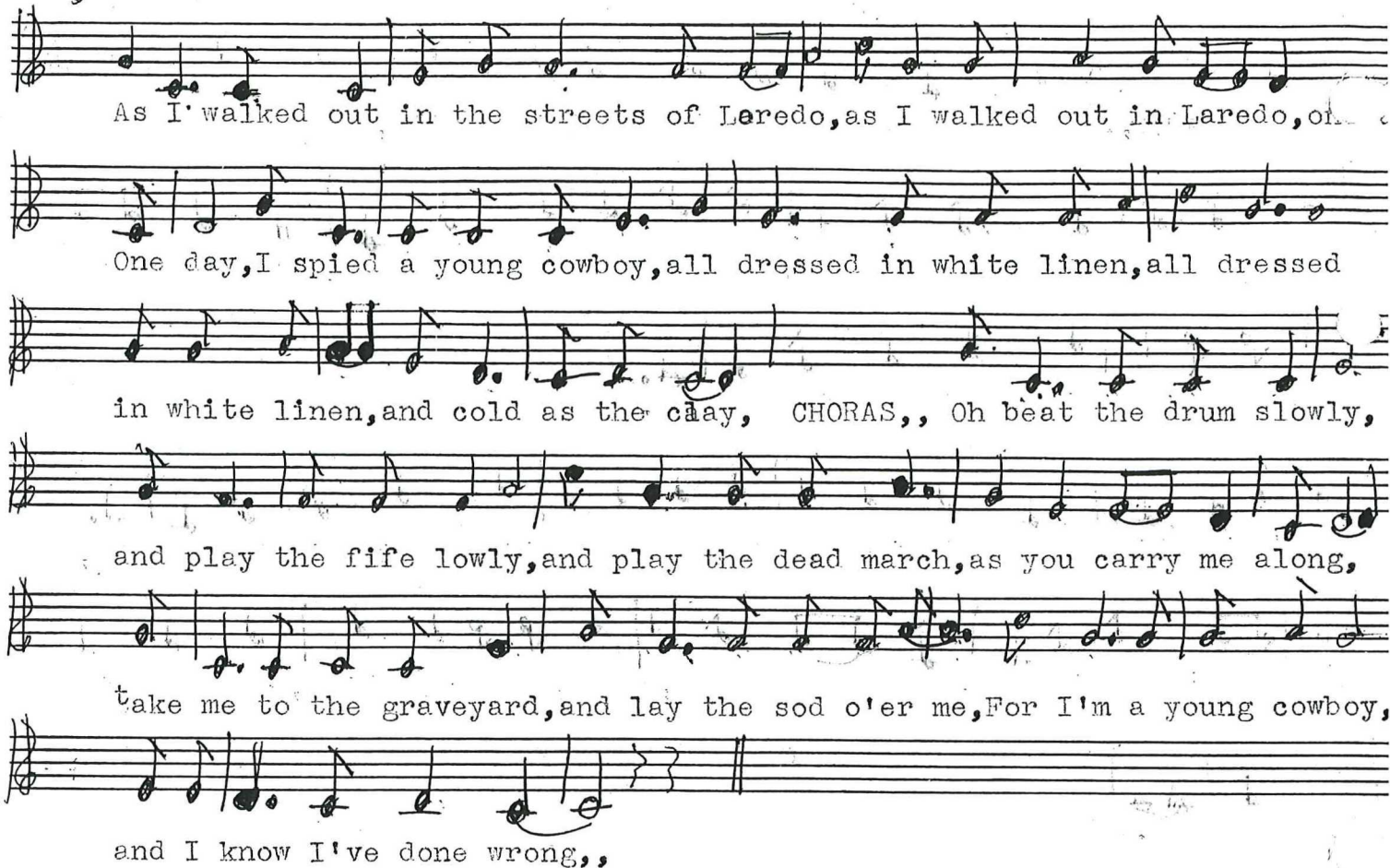


5
Streets Of Laredo..

Pop



As I walked out in the streets of Laredo, as I walked out in Laredo, oh
One day, I spied a young cowboy, all dressed in white linen, all dressed
in white linen, and cold as the clay, CHORAS,, Oh beat the drum slowly,
and play the fife lowly, and play the dead march, as you carry me along,
take me to the graveyard, and lay the sod o'er me, For I'm a young cowboy,
and I know I've done wrong,,

Oh once in my saddle, I used to go dashing, oh once in my saddle,
I used to ride gay, Till I got to drinking, and then to card playing,
Got shot in the body, now dying I lay,, CHORAS..

Go write a letter to my gray haired mother, and also one to,
My sister so dear, And then, there's another, far dearer than mother,
Who'll bitterly weep, when she hears I die here,, CHORAS,

Go bring me a glass of pure, cold water, of pure cold water,
The poor fellow said, But when I returned, his spirit had departed,
And gone, to the giver, the cowboy was dead,, CHORAS,,

We beat the drum slowly, and played the fife lowly,
And bitterly wept, as we bore him along, We took him to the grave-yard
And laid the sod o'er him, For he was a young cowboy, altho he'd done
wrong..

POP'S VERSION,,