

# The Streets Of Laredo

M

Keyboard - Play arpeggiated chords throughout ala strummed guitar

Keyboard

(Sax)

Dm

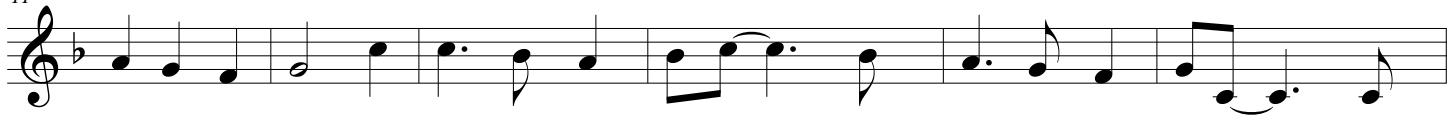
Gm7

C7

F



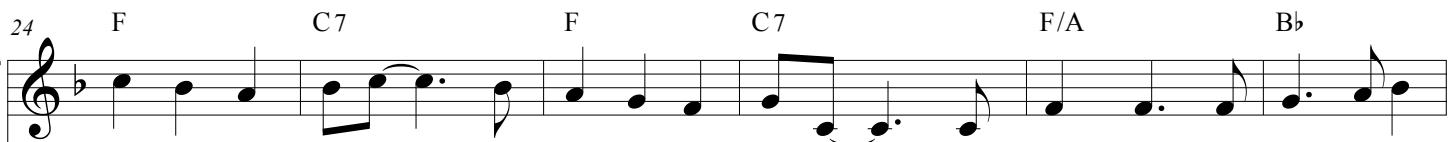
I walked out on the streets of La-re-do, as I walked out in La-



re-do one day, I spied a young cow-boy wrapped up in white lin-en, wrapped

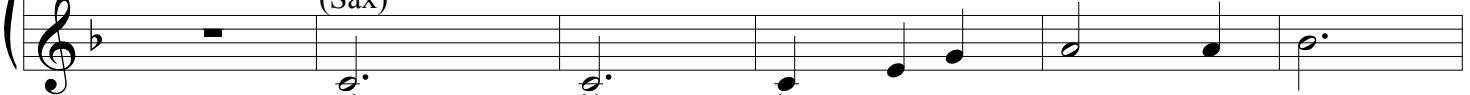


up in white lin-en and cold as the clay. "I

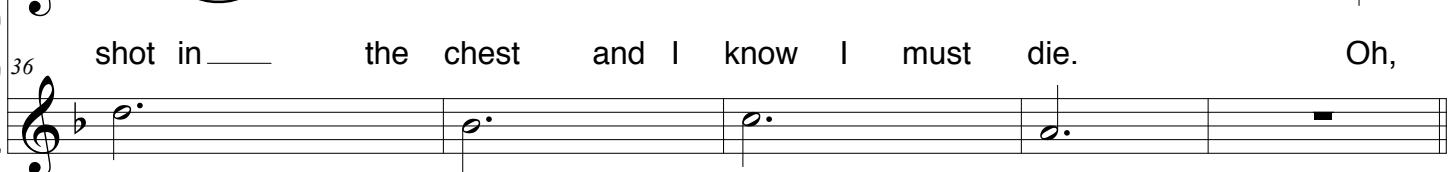
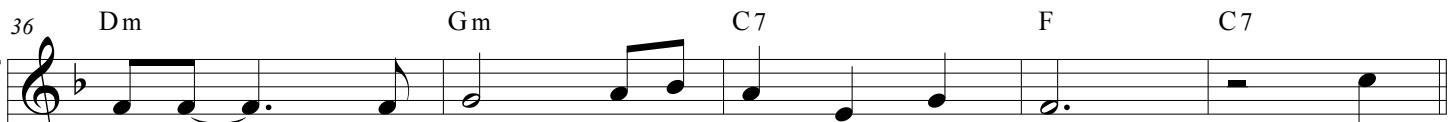
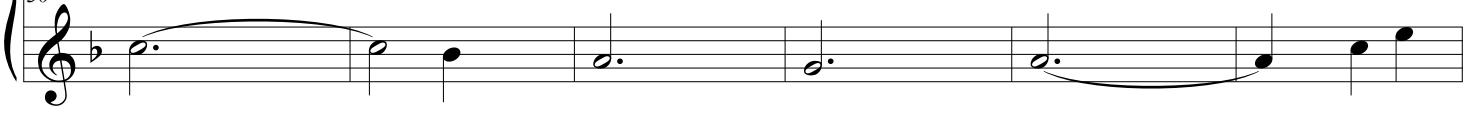


see by your out-fit that you are a cow-boy." These words he did say as I

(Sax)



bold-ly walked by. "Come sit down be-side me and hear my sad sto-ry. I'm



shot in the chest and I know I must die. Oh,

41 F C7 F C7 F/A B♭

41 beat the drum slow-ly, and play the fife low-ly; play the dead march as you

47 C C7 F C7 F C7

47 car-ry me a-long. Take me to the green val-ley and lay the sod o'er me, for

53 Dm Gm C7 F

53 I'm a young cow-boy, and I know I've done wrong. So

58 F C7 F C7 F/A B♭

58 gath-er a-round you a group of young cow-boys. Tell them the sto-ry of

64 C C7 F C7 F C7

64 this, my sad fate. Tell one and the oth-er, be-fore they go fur-ther, to

3

70 Dm Gm C7 F C7  
stop their wild rov-ing — be - fore it's too late." We

75 F C7 F C7 F/A  
beat the drum slow - ly, and played the pipe low-ly, — and bit-ter - ly

80 B♭ C C7 F C7  
wept as we bore him a - long. — Oh, we all loved our com-rade, so

85 F C7 Dm Gm C7 F  
brave, young, and hand-some. We all loved our com-rade — al-though he'd done wrong.

91 F C7 F C7 F/A B♭  
97 C C7 F C7 F C7

103 Dm Gm C7 (Keyboard) F  
F