

# The Streets Of Laredo

# M

Keyboard - Play arpeggiated chords throughout ala strummed guitar

Keyboard

(Sax) Dm Gm7 C7 F

5 F C7 F C7 F/A Bb As

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

11 C C7 F C7 F C7

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

17 Dm Gm C7 F F/C F F/C

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

24 F C7 F C7 F/A Bb

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

24 (Sax)

30 C C7 F C7 F C7

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

30

36 Dm Gm C7 F C7

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

36

41 F C7 F C7 F/A B $\flat$

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

47 C C7 F C7 F C7

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

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

58 F C7 F C7 F/A B $\flat$

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

64 C C7 F C7 F C7

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

70 Dm Gm C7 F C7

stop their wild roving — 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 Bb 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 Bb

97 C C7 F C7 F C7

103 Dm Gm C7 (Keyboard) F