

Ayla Nereo, The Cowboy's Lament

as I passed by Tom Sherman's barroom,
Tom Sherman's barroom so early one morn,
I spied a young boy all dressed in his buckskins,
dressed like a picture, all fit for his grave,

CHORUS

so beat the drum lowly and play the fife slowly,
beat up the death march that carries me along,
take me to the prairie and fire a volley o'er me,
for I'm a young cowboy dying alone

Once in my saddle I used to go dashing,
once in my saddle I used to ride high,
but these things are behind me,
left there behind me
my brother, he fell in my arms! the boy cried.

Someone please write to my grey-headed mother,
her heart to the flag, her hand placed in fear,
then to the other far dearer than mother,
who will bitterly weep when she finds I am here

Quick cast me a net, my hours are leaving,
I've felt the cold lead in my side where I lay,
oh mother, my brothers are falling around me,
they say I'm a cowboy, and dying today

Oh bury beside me my gold-colored medal,
my ring in my hand and gun at my side,
Over my coffin lay a bottle of brandy
That the cowboys may drink as they carry me down
(CHORUS)