

# 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)