

Tom Sherman's Bar Room traditional

An old song that was changed by Texas drovers to become "Streets of Laredo" and it is more famous by that name. Tom Sherman's barroom was a canvas covered building in Dodge City. The song points out the wages of riotous living in frontier Kansas.

As I passed by Tom Sherman's bar room
Tom Shermans bar room so early one day
I spied a young cowboy all dressed in his buckskins
Dressed like a picture and as cold as the clay

I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by
Come sit down beside me, and hear my sad story
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die

It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing
Once in the saddle I used to ride high
But I first turned to whiskey, and then to card playing
I'm just a young cowboy, but death is now nigh.

So, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly
Sing the death march as you carry me along
Take me to the prairie, and fire a volley o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy, who is dying alone

Would you please write to my gray headed mother
Send the sad message to mother so dear
But there is one, more dear than a mother
Who will bitterly weep when she learns I am here.

By my side place the medal I earned in the great war
My ring on my hand, and my gun at my side
And over my coffin lay a bottle of brandy
The cowboys may drink after they give my last ride

Oh fetch me a cup, a cup of cool water,
To cool my parched lips then the poor cowboy said
But ere I returned, his spirit had left him
He'd gone to his maker, the cowboy was dead.

So we beat the drum slowly, played the fife lowly
We sang the death march as we carried him along
We took him to the prairie, fired a volley o'er him
He was juat a young cowboy, and he died alone