

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin
Get six pretty maidens to bear up my pall
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin
Put roses to deaden the sods as they fall

"Then swing your rope slowly and rattle your spurs lowly
And give a wild whoop as you carry me along
And in the grave throw me and roll the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong

"Go bring me a cup, a cup of cold water
To cool my parched lips," the cowboy then said
Before I returned his soul had departed
And gone to the round-up, the cowboy was dead

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly
And bitterly wept as we bore him along
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young, and handsome
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong