

Sift Along, Boys

Sift along, boys, an' don't ride slow;
 Hain't got time, but a long ways to go.
 Quirt 'em on the shoulders an' rake 'em on the hip;
 I've cut out the T B X; now scatter out—zip!

Bunch the herd, boys, all in the rail;
 Hog-tie an' brand 'em, then beat 'em on the tail;
 Quirt 'em on the shoulders an' rake 'em on the hip;
 Whip 'em up an' down the sides; now scatter out—zip!

Bunch the herd, boys, an' don't ride slow;
 Hog-tie an' brand 'em an' don't let any go;
 Then hit the trail for grub an' watch the pancakes flip;
 Lay aside your chaps an' quirt; now scatter out—zip!

THE COWBOYS' LAMENT

Andante

The musical score for 'THE COWBOYS' LAMENT' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are: 'As I walked out in the streets of La-redo, As I walked out in La-re-do one day, I'.

As I ——— walked out in the streets of La - redo, As

I ——— walked out in La - re - do one day, I

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen, Wrapped up in white linen and cold as the clay." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with some grace notes.

The Cowboy's Lament

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
 As I walked out in Laredo one day,
 I spied a poor cowboy, wrapped up in white linen,
 Wrapped up in white linen and cold as the clay.

O beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly!
 O play the Dead March as you carry me 'long!
 Take me to the valley; there turn the sod o'er me;
 For I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"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 was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"My friends and relations, they live in the Nation;
 They know not where their boy has gone.
 I first came to Texas and hired to a ranchman,
 O I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"O there is another more dear than a sister;
 She'll bitterly weep when she hears I am gone.
 And there is another who'll win her affections,
 For I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys,
 And tell them the story of this my sad fate;
 Tell one and the other before they go further
 To stop their wild roving before 'tis too late."

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