

# The Bard of Armagh (the Streets of Laredo)

Michael Martin Murphey  
Adaptation

C G C G

Oh, listen to the tale of the old Irish Harper

C F C G7

Scorn not the strains of his old, withered hands

C G C G

Remember those fingers, they once could move sharper

C F G7 C

To raise up the strains of his dear native land

C G C G

How I love to muse on the days of my boyhood

C F C G7

Four score and three years have fled by then

C G C G

It's a keen, sweet reflection, at every young joy,

C F G7 C

For the merry hearted boys make the best of old men

C G C G

At a fair or a wake, I would twist my shillelagh

C F C G7

Dance through the fields with me brogues tied with straw

C G C G

And all the pretty colleens around me would gather

C F G7 C

And call me Bold Phelim Brady, The Bard of Armagh

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Adaptation

## CHORUS

C F  
Then beat the drum slowly, and play the fife lowly,

C G  
Play the dead march as you carry me along

C F  
Take me to the green valley, and lay the sod o'er me

C G7 C  
I am Bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh

C G C G  
And when Sergeant Death, in his cold arm's embraces

C F C G7  
And lulls me to sleep with an Erin Go Bragh

C G C G  
By the side of sweet Kathleen, my dear bride o' place me

C F G7 C  
And forget Phelim Brady the Bard of Armagh

C G C G  
For in truth, I have wandered this wide world over,

C F C G7  
Yet Ireland's my home and a blessing to me

C G C G  
And let the old sod that my old bones shall cover

C F G7 C  
Be the sod that is trod by the feet of the free.

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Take me to the green valley, and lay the sod o'er me  
C G7 C  
I am Bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh

## The Streets of Laredo (The Bard of Armagh)

C G C G C F C G7  
As I walked out on the streets of Laredo, as I walked out in Laredo one day  
C G C G C F  
I spied a young cowboy all dressed in white linen. Wrapped up in white linen  
G7 C  
...and cold as the clay  
C G C G  
I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy  
C F C G7  
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by  
C G C G  
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story  
C F G7 C  
I'm shot in the breast, and I know I'm to die

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Adaptation

## CHORUS

C F  
Then beat the drum slowly, and play the fife lowly,

C G  
Play the dead march as you carry me along

C F  
Take me to the green valley, and lay the sod o'er me

C G7 C  
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong

C G C G  
Oh, once in the saddle, I used to go dashin'

C F C G7  
Once in the saddle, I used to go gay

C G C G  
First to the dram house and then to the card house

C F G7 C  
I got shot in the breast and I'm dying today

C G C G  
Go gather around you a group of young cowboys

C F C G7  
Tell them the story of this my sad fate

C G C G  
Tell one and the other, before they go further

C F G7 C  
*Stop your wild rovin' boys, before it's too late.*

# The Bard of Armagh (the Streets of Laredo) Michael Martin Murphey Adaptation

## CHORUS

C F  
And we beat a drum slowly, and we played the fife lowly

C G  
And we bitterly wept as we bore him along

C F  
We all loved our comrade, so brave, young and handsome

C G7 C  
We all loved our comrade, although he'd done wrong.