

## Leaving Old Texas (The Cowman's Lament)

*Traditional*

I'm bound to leave old Texas now  
They've got no use for the long-horn cow  
They've plowed and fenced my cattle range  
And the people there are all so strange

I'll take my horse, I'll take my rope  
And hi the trail upon a lope  
Say adios to the Alamo  
And turn your head toward Mexico