

# Ballad of the Alamo

Marty Robbins

In the southern part of Texas, in the town of San Antonio  
There's a fortress all in ruins, that the weeds have overgrown

You may look in vain for crosses and you'll never see a one  
But sometimes between the setting and the rising of the sun

You can hear a ghostly bugle, as the men go marchin' by  
You can hear them as they answer to the roll call in the sky

Colonel Travis, Davy Crockett, and a hundred eighty more  
Captain Dickinson, Jim Bowie, present and accounted for

Back in eighteen thirty-six, Houston said to Travis  
Get some volunteers and go, fortify the Alamo

Well the men came from Texas and from ol' Tennessee  
And they joined up with Travis, just to fight for the right to be free

Indian scouts with squirrel guns, men with muzzle loaders  
Stood together heel and toe, to defend the Alamo

You may ne'er see your loved ones, Travis told them that day  
Those who want to can leave now, those who'll fight to the death, let 'em  
stay

In the sand he drew a line, with his army saber  
Out of a hundred and eighty-five, not a soul to cross the line

With his banners a dancin', in the dawn's golden light  
Santa Anna came prancin', on a horse that was black as the night

Sent an officer to tell Travis to surrender  
Travis answered with a shell, and a rousin' rebel yell

Santa Anna turned scarlet, "Play Deguello" he roared  
I will show them no quarter, every one will be put to the sword

One hundred and eighty-five, holdin' back five thousand  
Five days, six days, eight days, ten, Travis held and held again

Then he sent for replacements, for his wounded and lame  
But the troops that were comin', never came, never came, never came

Twice he charged and blew recall, on the fatal third time  
Santa Anna breached the wall, and he killed them one and all

Now the bugles are silent, and there's rust on each sword  
And the small band of soldiers, lie asleep in the arms of the Lord

In the southern part of Texas, near the town of San Antonio  
Like a statue on his pinto, rides a cowboy all alone

And he sees the cattle grazin', where a century before  
Santa Anna's guns were blazin', and the cannon used to roar

And his eyes turn sorta misty as his heart begins to glow

And he takes his hat off slowly...to the men of Alamo

To the thirteen days of glory...at the siege of Alamo