

The Texas Rangers

Tex Ritter

Come all you Texas Rangers, wherever you may be
I'll tell you of some trouble that happened unto me
My name is nothing extra, so that I will not tell
But here's to all good Rangers, I'm sure I wish you well

When at the age of sixteen I joined this jolly band
We marched from San Antonio down to the Rio Grande
Our captain he informed us, perhaps he thought it right
'Before we reach the station, we'll surely have to fight!'

I saw the smoke ascending, it seemed to reach the sky
The first thought then came to me, 'My time has come to die!'
And when the bugles sounded, our captain gave command
'To arms, to arms,' he shouted, 'and by your horses stand'

I saw the Indians coming, I heard their awful yell
My feelings at the moment, no human tongue can tell
I saw their glittering lances, their arrows around me flew
Till all my strength had left me and all my courage too

We fought for five full hours before the strife was o'er
The likes of dead and wounded, I've never seen before
And when the sun had risen, the Indians they had fled
We loaded up our rifles and counted up our dead

Now all of us were wounded, our noble captain slain
And when the sun was shining across the bloody plain
Six of the noblest Rangers that ever roamed the West
Were buried by their comrades with arrows in the breasts

Perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister too
Perhaps you have a sweetheart, to weep and mourn for you
If this be your position, although you'd like to roam
I'll tell you from experience, you'd better stay at home