

Ballad Of the Alamo

Asleep At The Wheel

In the southern part of Texas
In the town of San Antone
There's a fortress all in ruin
That the weeds have overgrown
You may look in vain for crosses
And you'll never see a one
But somewhere between the setting
And the rising of the sun
You can hear a ghostly bugle
As the men go marching by
You can hear them as they answer
To that roll call in the sky

Colonel Travis, Davy Crockett
And a hundred eighty more
Captain Dickenson, Jim Bowie
Present and accounted for

Back in 1836
Houston said to Travis
"Get some volunteers and go
Fortify the Alamo"
Well, the men came from Texas
And from old 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 never see your loved ones"
Travis told them that day
"Those that want to can go now
Those who'll fight to the death, make them stay"

In the sand he drew a line
With his army sabre
Out of a hundred eighty five
Not a soldier crossed the line
With his banners a-dancing
In the dawn's golden light
Santa Anna came prancing
On a horse that was black as the night

He sent an officer to tell
Travis to surrender
Travis answered with a shell
And a rousing rebel yell
Santa Anna turned scarlet
"Play Deguello" he roared
"I will show them no quarter
Everyone will be put to the sword"

One hundred and eighty five
Holding 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 coming
Never came, never came, never came

Twice he charged, then 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 Antone
Like a statue on his Pinto
Rides a cowboy all alone
And he sees the cattle grazing
Where a century before
Santa Anna's guns were blazing
And the cannons used to roar
And his eyes get kind of misty
And 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 seige of Alamo