

Ballad of the Alamo

Marty Robbins

Dm

C

In the southern part of Texas, in the town of San Antone

Dm

There's a fortress all in ruins, that the weeds have overgrown

Dm

C

You may look in vain for crosses and you'll never see a one

Dm

C

F

But sometimes between the setting and the rising of the sun

C

F

C

F

You can hear a ghostly bugle, as the men go marchin' by

C

Dm

You can hear them as they answer to the roll call in the sky

C

F

C

F

Colonel Travis, Davy Crockett, and a hundred eighty more

E7

A7

E7

A7

Captain Dickinson, Jim Bowie, present and accounted for

Dm

Back in eighteen thirty-six, Houston said to Travis

Dm

C

Dm

Get some volunteers and go, fortify the Alamo

F

C

Well the men came from Texas and from ol' Tennes see

F

C

F

C

A7

And they joined up with Travis, just to fight for the right to be free

Dm

Indian scouts with squirrel guns, men with muzzle loaders

Dm

C

Dm

Stood together heel and toe, to defend the Alamo

F

C

You may ne'er see your loved ones, Travis told them that day

F

C

F

C

A7

Those who want to can leave now, those who'll fight to the death, let 'em stay

Dm

In the sand he drew a line, with his army saber

Dm

C Dm

Out of a hundred and eighty-five, not a soul to cross the line

F

Dm

F

C

With his banners a dancin', in the dawn's golden light

F

C

F

C

A7

Santa Anna came prancin', on a horse that was black as the night

Dm

Sent an officer to tell Travis to surrender

Dm

C

Dm

Travis answered with a shell, and a rousin' rebel yell

F **Dm** **F** **C**
Santa Anna turned scarlet, "Play Deguello" he roared
F **C** **F** **C** **A7**
I will show them no quarter, every one will be put to the sword

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

F **Dm** **F** **C**
Then he sent for replacements, for his wounded and lame
F **C** **F** **C** **A7**
But the troops that were comin', never came, never came, nevercame

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

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

Dm

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

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

C **F** **C** **F**
And his eyes turn sorta misty as his heart begins to glow
C **Dm**
And he takes his hat off slowly...to the men of Alamo

C **Dm** **Dm**
To the thirteen days of glory...at the siege of Alamo