

# Marty Robbins, Ballad Of The Alamo

In the southern part of Texas  
In the town of San Antone  
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 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 Dickinson, 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 ne'er see your loved ones,"  
Travis told them that day  
"Those who want to can leave now  
Those who fight to the death let 'em 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-dancin'  
In the dawn's golden light  
Santa Anna came prancing  
On a horse that was black as the night.

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  
Every one 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 and blew recall  
On the fatal third time  
Santa Anna breached the wall

And he killed 'em, 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 turn sorta 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 siege of Alamo...