

Santiana

The Plains Of Mexico



Oh, Santiana's day is o'er,
Santiana will fight no more.

Oh, Santiana's gone away,
Far from the fields of Molley-del-rey.

Oh, Santiana's dead an' gone,
An' all the fightin' has bin done.

Santiana was a damn fine man,
Till he fouled hawse with Old Uncle Sam.

Now Santiana shovels his gold,
Around Cape Horn in the ice an' cold.

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade,
An' mark the spot where he was laid.

Oh, Santiana now we mourn,
We left him buried off Cape Horn.

We left him deep 'way off Cape Horn,
Close by the place where he was born.