

# Oh Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie

Folk song



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2. He had wasted and pined 'til o'er his brow  
Death's shades were slowly gathering now  
He thought of home and loved ones nigh,  
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.
3. "O bury me not on the lone prairie  
Where coyotes howl and the wind blows free  
In a narrow grave just six by three—  
O bury me not on the lone prairie"
4. "It matters not, I've been told,  
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold  
Yet grant, o grant, this wish to me  
O bury me not on the lone prairie."
5. "I've always wished to be laid when I died  
In a little churchyard on the green hillside  
By my father's grave, there let me be,  
O bury me not on the lone prairie."
6. "I wish to lie where a mother's prayer  
And a sister's tear will mingle there.  
Where friends can come and weep o'er me.  
O bury me not on the lone prairie."
7. "For there's another whose tears will shed.  
For the one who lies in a prairie bed.  
It breaks me heart to think of her now,  
She has curled these locks, she has kissed this brow."
8. "O bury me not..." And his voice failed there.  
But they took no heed to his dying prayer.  
In a narrow grave, just six by three  
They buried him there on the lone prairie.
9. And the cowboys now as they roam the plain,  
For they marked the spot where his bones were lain,  
Fling a handful o' roses o'er his grave  
With a prayer to God his soul to save