

# Oh, Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie  
 Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,  
 I always wished that I would lie,  
 Oh, bury me not and his voice failed there,  
 And the cowboys now as they roam the plain.

These words came low and mournful-ly.  
 where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free.  
 in the old churchyard on the green hillside.  
 and we gave no heed to his dying prayer.  
 when they reach the spot where his bones were lain,

From a wounded youth who dying lay  
 In a little grave just six by three,  
 By my father's grave let there mine be,  
 In a little grave just six by three,  
 lay a prairie rose on his humble grave,

So far from home at the close of day.  
 Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.  
 Oh bury me not on the lone prairie.  
 We buried him there on the lone prairie.  
 with a prayer to him who his soul will save.