

Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie (traditional)

“Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie”
These words came low and mournfully
From the cold pale lips
Of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day

He wasted and pined till upon his brow
Death’s shades came slowly gathering now
He thought of his home
And his loved ones nigh
As the cowboys gathered to see him die

“Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the coyotes howl, and the wind blows free
In a narrow grave
Just six by three
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie

How oft I’ve listened to the well-known words
The wild winds and the sound of birds
The thought of my home
In the cottonwood boughs
And the scenes I loved in my childhood hours

I’ve often wished to be laid when I die
By the old churchyard on the green hillside
By my father’s grave
Let my grave be
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie

I want to lie where a mother’s prayer
And sister’s tears can mingle there
Where friends can come
And weep for me
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie”

“Oh, bury me not” and his voice failed there
But we took no heed of his dying prayer
In a narrow grave
Just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie

We buried him there on the lone prairie
Where the buzzards fly and the wind blows free
Where the rattlesnakes rattle
And the tumbleweeds
Blow across his grave on the lone prairie