

The Dying Cowboy

Oh, bu-ry me not on the lone prair-ie: Where the coy - otes
howl and the wind blows free. In a nar - - row grave Just
six by three; Oh — bu - ry me not on the lone prair- ie

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.

It matters not I've oft been told,
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold.
Yet grant, oh grant, this wish to me
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

I've always wished to be laid when I died
In the little churchyard on the green hillside;
By my father's grave there let mine be,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

Let my death-slumber be where my mother's prayer
And a sister's tear will mingle there;
Where my friends can come and weep o'er me;
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"O 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.

And the cowboys now as they roam the plain
For they marked the spot where his bones were lain
Fling a handful of roses o'er his grave
With a prayer to Him who his soul will save.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wolves can howl and growl o'er me.
Fling a handful of roses o'er my grave
With a prayer to Him who my soul will save."