



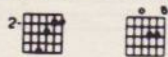
O Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie

Arranged by Pete Dino

TRADITIONAL

Rhythmically

E \flat 7+9 Dmaj9



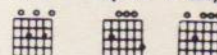
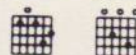
1. "Oh, Bur - y Me Not On The Lone Prai -

p

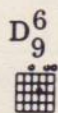
Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

B \flat 7+5 Em7/A

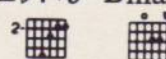
A7 G/B Em/A



rie," These words came low and mourn - ful -

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

E \flat 7+9 Dmaj9



R.H. ly From the pal - lid lips

p

3

Musical notation for the third system, including a right-hand (R.H.) section and a triplet of eighth notes.



— of a youth who lay — On his dy - ing

Em7/A



A7



Bdim G/B Em/A

D⁶₉*D. C. for additional verses*

bed — at the close of day. —

He had wasted and pined till 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.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
 Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free.
 In a narrow grave just six by three —
 O 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, o grant, this wish to me,
 O bury me not on the lone prairie."

"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."

"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."

"For there's another whose tears will shed
 For the one who lies in a prairie bed.
 It breaks my heart to think of her now,
 She has curled these locks; she has kissed this brow."

"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.

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 God, his soul to save.