

# Bury Me Not On the Lone Prairie

Traditional American

F



1."O bury me not \_\_\_\_\_ on the lone prair - ie." \_\_\_\_\_  
 2.He had wasted and pined \_\_\_\_\_ 'til \_\_\_ o'er his brow \_\_\_\_\_  
 3."O bury me not \_\_\_\_\_ on the lone prair - ie" \_\_\_\_\_

4

G m7                      C7                      F



— These words came low \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_ mourn - ful - ly \_\_\_\_\_  
 — Death's shades were slow - ly gath - er - ing. now \_\_\_\_\_  
 — Where coyot - es howl \_\_\_\_\_ and the wind blows free \_\_\_\_\_

8

F



— From the pal - lid lips \_\_\_\_\_ of the youth who lay \_\_\_\_\_  
 — He \_\_\_\_\_ thought of home \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_ loved ones nigh, \_\_\_\_\_  
 — In a nar - row grave \_\_\_\_\_ just \_\_\_ six by three \_\_\_\_\_

12

G m7                      C7                      F



— On his dying bed \_\_\_\_\_ at the close of day. \_\_\_\_\_  
 — As the cow - boys ga - thered to see him die. \_\_\_\_\_  
 — O bury me not \_\_\_\_\_ on the lone prair - ie" \_\_\_\_\_

## Bury Me Not On the Lone Prairie

**F**  
O bury me not on the lone prairie  
**G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F**  
These words came low and mournful - ly  
**F**  
From the cold pale lips of a youth who lay  
**G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F**  
On his dying bed at the close of day

He'd wasted time til upon his brow  
The shadowed clouds were gatherin' now  
He thought of his home and his friends so nigh  
Oh the cowboys gathered to see him die

I fancy I'll listen to the well known word  
Of the free wild wind and the song of birds  
He thought of his home and the cottonwood there  
And the songs her learned in his childhood hour

I often thought I'd be laid when I die  
In the old churchyard by the green hillside  
By the side of my father let my grave be  
O bury me not on the lone prairie

O bury me not on the lone prairie  
Where the wild coyotes may howl over me  
Where the buffalo roams and the winds blow free  
O bury me not on the lone prairie

I want to be laid where mothers prayers  
And sisters tears will mingle there  
Where friends will come and weep over me  
O bury me not on the lone prairie

O bury me not and his voice fell there  
We heeded not 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 rattlesnakes rattle and the tumbleweeds  
Blow across his grave on the lone prairie

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D



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Em7                      A7                      D



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8

D



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Em7                      A7                      D



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Traditional American

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 3."O bury me not \_\_\_\_\_ on the lone prair - ie \_\_\_\_\_

4

F#m7



B7



E




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 — Death's shades were slow - ly gath - er - ing \_\_\_\_\_ now \_\_\_\_\_  
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8

E




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12

F#m7



B7



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# Bury Me Not On the Lone Prairie

Traditional American

B $\flat$

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C m7                      F 7                      B $\flat$

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B $\flat$

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C m7                      F 7                      B $\flat$

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# Bury Me Not On the Lone Prairie

Ukulele

Traditional American

F



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G m7                      C7                      F



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 \_\_\_\_\_ Death's shades were slow - ly gath - er - ing. now \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Where coyot - es howl \_\_\_\_\_ and the wind blows free \_\_\_\_\_

F



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