

# Johnny Cash - Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie

Tom: G

G G Em Em7 Em G  
 "Oh bury me not on the lone Prairie"  
 G G Em Em7 Em Em G  
 These words came low and mourn - ful - ly  
 G (5 fr.) G Gm7  
 From the pallid lips of a youth who lay  
 G Em Em7 G  
 On his dying bed at the close of day.

G G Em Em7 Em G  
 He has wasted and pined 'til o'er his brow  
 G G Em Em7 Em Em G  
 Death's shades were slowly gathering now.  
 G (5 fr.) G Gm7  
 He thought of home and loved ones nigh,  
 G Em Em7 G  
 And the cowboys gathered to see him die.

G G Em Em7 Em G  
 "Oh bury me not on the lone Prairie,  
 G G Em Em7 Em Em G  
 Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free.  
 G (5 fr.) G Gm7  
 In a narrow grave just six by three  
 G Em Em7 G  
 Oh bury me not on the lone Prairie."

G G Em Em7 Em G  
 "It matters not, I've oft been told,  
 G G Em Em7 Em Em G  
 Where the body lies when the heart grows cold.  
 G (5 fr.) G Gm7  
 Yet grant, oh grant, this wish to me,  
 G Em Em7 G  
 Oh bury me not on the lone Prairie."

G G Em Em7 Em G  
 "I've always wished to be laid when I died  
 G G Em Em7 Em Em G

In a little churchyard on a green hillside.  
 G G (5 fr.) G Gm7  
 By my father's grave there let me be,  
 G Em Em7 G  
 Oh bury me not on the lone Prairie."

G G Em Em7 Em G  
 "I wish to lie where a mother's prayer  
 G G Em Em7 Em Em G  
 And a sister's tear will mingle there.  
 G (5 fr.) G Gm7  
 Where friends can come and weep o'er me.  
 G Em Em7 G  
 Oh bury me not on the lone Prairie."

G G Em Em7 Em G  
 "For there's another whose tears will shed  
 G G Em Em7 Em Em G  
 For the one who lies in a Prairie bed.  
 G (5 fr.) G Gm7  
 It breaks my heart to think of her now,  
 G Em Em7 G  
 She has curled these locks; she has kissed this brow."

G G Em Em7 Em G  
 "Oh bury me not..." And his voice failed there  
 G G Em Em7 Em Em G  
 But they took no heed to his dying prayer.  
 G (5 fr.) G Gm7  
 In a narrow grave, just six by three,  
 G Em Em7 G  
 They buried him there on the lone Prairie.

G G Em Em7 Em G  
 And the cowboys now as they roam the plain  
 G G Em Em7 Em Em G  
 For they marked the spot where his bones were lain,  
 G (5 fr.) G Gm7  
 Fling a handful of roses o'er his grave  
 G Em Em7 G  
 With a prayer to God, his soul to save.

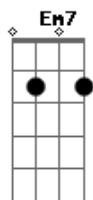
## Acordes



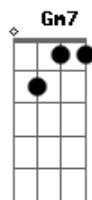
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