

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.

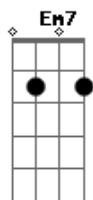
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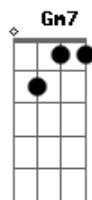
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