

Cisco Houston

"The Dying Cowboy"

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Oh bury me not on the lone prairie
These words came low and mournfully
From the pouted lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the coyote howls and the wind blows free
In a narrow grave just six by three
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
Bury me not on the lone prairie

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the coyote howls and the wind blows free
In a narrow grave just six by three
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie

He wailed in pain and o'er his brow

Death's shadows fast were gathering now
He thought of his friends and his home but nigh
As the cowboys gathered to see him die

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie
These words came low and mournfully
From the pouted lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day

We took no heed of his dying prayer
In a narrow grave we buried him there
In a narrow grave just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the coyote howls and the wind blows free
In a narrow grave just six by three
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie

