

## Hank Snow

# "His Message Home"

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Recorded by Hank Snow

As the night softly fell down upon the old corral  
And the moon into the blue sky made its way  
Not a sound could be heard but the song of some wild  
bird

As it hovered where the dying cowboy lay  
Then he whispered goodnight to his cowboy pals so  
dear

As his head up on his saddle they did lay  
"If you ever go home, you can tell them that I've gone  
And am sleeping in a lonely western grave"

"Mother begged me not to stray, from the old home go  
away,  
Though I loved her still her pleadings were in vain

Dry those tears boys please, don't cry, one more  
roundup we will ride  
Where we'll know no heartaches, sorrows, tears or  
pain."

"Oh that dear old shady stream where oft times I used  
to dream

It was there I used to meet the girl I loved.  
But I'll never see her more till we reach that golden  
shore.

Way up there we'll meet in that bright land above."

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