

Bury Me Not On the Lone Prairie

William Elliott Whitmore

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie."
Where the coyotes wail and the wind blows free.
And when I die, don't bury me
beneath the western sky, on the lone prairie."Oh bury me not on the lone prairie."
This words came soft and painfully
from the pallid lips of a youth who lay
on his dyin' bed, at the break of day. But we buried him there, on the lone prairie
where the rattle snakes hiss and the wind blows free.
In a shallow grave, no one to grieve
beneath the western sky, on the lone prairie."Oh bury me not on the lone prairie."
These words came soft and painfully
from the pallid lips of a youth who lay
on his dyin' bed, at the break of day.
On his dyin' bed, at the break of day.

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