

# Oh, Bury Me Not

Johnny Cash

[Recitation:]

Lord, I've never lived where churches grow  
I loved creation better as it stood  
That day you finished it so long ago  
And looked upon your work and called it good  
I know that others find you in the light  
That sifted down through tinted window panes  
And yet I seem to feel you near tonight  
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains  
I thank you, Lord, that I'm placed so well  
That you've made my freedom so complete  
That I'm no slave to whistle, clock or bell  
Nor weak eyed prisoner of Waller Street  
Just let me live my life as I've begun  
And give me work that's open to the sky  
Make me a partner of the wind and sun  
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high  
Let me be easy on the man that's down  
Let me be square and generous with all  
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town  
But never let them say I'm mean or small  
Make me as big and open as the plains  
And honest as the horse between my knees  
Clean as a wind that blows behind the rains  
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze  
Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget  
You know about the reasons that are hid  
You understand the things that gall or fret  
Well, you knew me better than my mother did  
Just keep an eye on all that's done or said  
And right me sometimes when I turn aside  
And guide me on that long, dim trail a head  
That stretched upward toward the great divide

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

Oh, bury me not and his voice failed there  
But we took no heed to his dying prayer  
In a shallow grave just six by three  
We buried him there on the lone prairie.