

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.