

(Let's see, what was the song?)

The Lone Prairie.

(How did that thing go?)

We'll bear the night on the lone prairie.

(Sings: Night on the lone prairie.)

Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free.

(Sings: Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free--what's the rest of it?)

I don't know, I forgot.

(Let's see. Sings: Oh bury me not on the lone prairie.

I want to be buried when I die in the old church yard on
the green hillside by the side of my mother I would be.

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie where the rattlesnakes
lives and the coyotes howl in a narrow grave just six
by three.

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie.

It matters not so I've been told where the body lies when
the heart grows cold in a narrow grave just six by three
they buried him there on the lone prairie.

There's one in there we didn't get, says, I want to be laid by mothers prayer.
And I want my sister to be there.

(I remember laying my head in your lap long time ago and you'd sing and sing
and sing that all the time.)

I used to have to sing that all the time. I'd get to rocking you and you
was little. And you'd say, "prairie, mama. Prairie, mama."

(Prairie, mama.)

I'd rock you and carry you around until you was five or six years old then
put you gone to bed. And they'd just get so mad at me.