

Hank Snow, His Message Home

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."