

The horses and cattle know her,
Out on the prairie far;
She talks to them in a wild, strange way,
And sings to the evening star.
She calls to the birds at twilight,
In the misty evening hour;
Do you wonder that I loved her,
My own little Prairie Flower?

We stood by the river at evening,
When the mists crept in from the plain,
And I told her I'd love her forever,
And kissed her again and again.
She wound her soft arms around me;
She was mine for one short hour,
And then I lost her forever;
My own little Prairie Flower.

The mists have filled the valley,
And all the plain is gloom,
For up by the yonder hillside
Lies my darling's snow-white tomb;
And my heart is lonely and broken,
And lies in that leafy bower
Up by the yonder hillside grave
With my little Prairie Flower.