

Cold Grey Ground

Diana Jones

Em **Am**

When I die don't bury me

Em **Am** **Em**

In the cold dirt of the north country.

Em **Am**

In the cold gray ground, cold gray ground,

Em **Am**

Don't leave me here in the cold gray

Em

ground.

I can't fly to heaven above

If I am bound here in this mud

Take me south carry me there

To the red clay that my soul can bear

Cradle me, cradle me

In the warm hills of my family.

Blood red stains upon my hand

My Saviour knows me where I stand.

From those hills I will fly

When my earthly tears have dried

Father's face I will behold

Shining on the streets of gold.