

Ode To An Old Cowboy

*It was last Saturday morning
that he started his last long ride,*

*He crossed through the peaceful
valley and on to a great new divide,*

*As he passed amidst the shadows
he was not alone as he rode,*

*For he was stirrup to stirrup
with a Friend with whom he had long abode.*

*The trail will soon vanish,
but his memories no one will ever hide,*

*His earthly chores he had finished
and his work here was all done,*

*His Friend was softly speaking,
"your race was well run."*

*As he rides the hillsides of glory
old acquaintances he will renew,*

*His work now is in that "Big Roundup"
on that range beyond the blue.*

*For those of us still waiting
our "Golden Spurs" to receive,*

*His last chant still echoes
across the valley: "Only believe."*

*He has joined that "Big Outfit"
of old cowboys with hearts kind and true,*

*The "Head Foreman" said to him,
"Come, I've got greater things for you to do."*

*There is an empty spot in many hearts tonight
and somewhere a Pinto's head hangs low,*

*His old spurs and chaps hang on the wall –
he has gone where real cowboys go.*

*Someday he will return for that "Great Gathering,"
led by the "Champion of Love,"*

*And those of us who are watching and waiting
shall ride again forever with him above.*

By Walter Dale Miller
For his father, Walter Miller ~ March 1983

Wearin' The Brand

"Did it hurt much?" asked his buddy.

*"Naw, it just stung a little bit.
It's over in a matter of seconds,
Before you know it, they've done quit.*

*It was nothing compared to other times,
When I thought I'd nearly die.
Like when my mama had me,
On that cold and stormy night.*

*I came a little early,
And laid in the wind and snow.
I just knew I'd freeze to death,
I was shivering from the cold.*

*But, right away the cowboy found me.
You know, the one that feed us every day?
He picked me up so gently,
And put me inside in warm, dry hay.*

*He brought my mama, too.
And made sure I was alright.
I never was so thankful,
To see a cowboy than on that night!*

*Of course there was that time in spring,
When we started eating sweet, green grass.
My ears were dropping low,
And I sure got sick real fast.*

*That cowboy came a ridin',
On a big long-legged beast.
He saw that I was feelin' bad,
And rode over to doctor me.*

*Of course, he had to rope me,
Which my mama didn't like too much.
But I started feelin' better,
After he gave me those pills and stuff.*

*And do you remember a couple of weeks ago,
When they moved us a real, long way?
We all go sort of jumbled up,
As we walked along that day.*

*I lost track of my dear mama.
Boy I was one scared pup!
But that cowboy helped me find her,
And made sure we were all paired up.*

*So you can see, I've had many trials,
In my first few months of life,
But that cowboy's always been there,
To help me in my strife.*

*I feel I've earned this on my side,
Given to me by my special man.
And I am darned sure proud to wear
This cowboy's mark he calls a brand!"*

By Georgeann Sheets