

Cowboy's Carnival
C. W. Byron, 1900.
Walter Rose.

I've been thinking today as my thoughts began to stray;
Your memory to me's worth more than gold;
As you ride upon the plain midst the sunshine and the rain,
You'll be rounded up within the Master's fold.

Refrain

We'll be rounded up in glory by and by;
We'll be rounded up in glory by and by;
When the milling time is o'er,
And we stampede no more,
We'll be rounded up in glory by and by.

Refrain

May we lift our voices high till the glorious by and by,
And be known by all thro' God's own brand of love;
For His property we are, and He'll know us from afar,
And will round us up in glory by and by.

Refrain

As we look upon the plain to the cowboys who have fain
While the raging storm and lightning flashes by;
We will meet to part no more on that happy golden shore
When we're rounded up in glory by and by.

Refrain