

# The Great Round-up - song lyrics

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THE GREAT ROUND-UP.

By A. W. Wilson.

Last night as I lay on the prairie,  
Looking up to the clouds in the sky,  
I wondered if ever a cow-boy  
Had got to the sweet bye-and-bye.

The road to that bright mystic region,  
Both narrow and dim, so they say,  
Whilst the one that leads to perdition  
Is posted And blazed all the way.

They say there will be a great round-up,  
And the cow-boys like cattle will stand,  
Mavericked out by the riders of Jordan,  
Who are posted and know every brand.

And if there is one stray cow-boy,  
Unchanged or unseen by an eye,  
He'll be cut out by the riders of Jordan,  
And shipped to the sweet bye-and-bye.

I Wonder whose fault there's so many  
Will be lost at that great final sale;  
While they might have been rich and had plenty  
Had they known of the dim narrow trail.

Though the cow-boy lives out on the prairie,  
And his way through temptation does wind,  
Still a kind eye that never grows weary,  
Looks down his dark rough way to find.

He may go on the way that is narrow,  
And leads to green pastures above,  
Away from this reign of sorrow,  
To the dwellings of joy, peace and love.

So now while salvation is offered  
Let the cow-boy look for the right brand.  
Nor reject the great mercy that's proffered,  
Then acquitted at the round-up he'll stand.