

"GATHERING STRAYS"

There's a cowboy I know - Who's a better hand than you and I

His ranch is really large - And He watches it from the Sky

This range boss sees all marks - Knows who needs salt or sacks of cake

His critters are well cared for - For this cow boss makes no mistakes

He's never soled His Horse - Never needlessly jerked his head

Always fed just enough grain - And bad words He has never said

He's never missed a loop - But He doesn't team rope

He spurs us when we need it - And His Word is our only hope

You'll never see Him at a rodeo or a show - But He is always there

To watch as we all compete - Cause His herd needs His constant care

He knows every single brand- Who belongs and who does not

And He longs for every stray - For with His life we were all bought

He wants to gather everyone - To hold us all in His salvation pen

So not a single soul should be lost - For He loves us and forgives all sins

A greater wrangler never walked the earth - And His name is called JESUS

His strays are badly scattered - But I pray none are eternally lost among us

The choice is for each person - Though narrow is the gate

The corral is solid gold - And hell's a deadly awful fate

God will sort on judgment day - He will either put us in or by

There will be no second looks - At that last great sort in the sky

JESUS will get the good bunch – Satan will get all the culls

There'll be no more chances – All excuses will be void and null

So don't remain a stray – be critter of the LORD

Listen when He calls your name – Meet God and not the sword!

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