

Ridin' Herd & Gatherin' Strays

Gather, my people-- Bunch up!
Gather my people— Ride up!

God's folks are funny critters.
His love runs warm and deep.
Not quite as smart as cattle,
He often calls us sheep.

The Boss looks down from heav'n
From Headquarters above
Watchin' the herd in the darkness,
Night herders sing His love.

They're sheep with an assignment,
“Ride herd.” or “Gather strays.”,
Please help or just lay quiet
And stay out of their way.

Gather, my people-- Bunch up!
Gather my people-- Ride up!

A' riskin' life and family
While watchin' o'er God's herd,
Still holdin' their positions,
They're ridin' out the Word.

Ridin' Herd & Gatherin' Strays – pg 2

“Ride close to open graves,”
'Midst wolves these sheep are sent.
'Mongst “friends” with stones well aimed,
Their glass-housed lives are spent.

When storms in life are ragin'
The herd often stampedes,
Runs o'er and kills the riders,
Who try to meet their needs.

Gather, my people-- Bunch up!
Gather my people-- Ride up!

Cactus Jack McCarty