The Cowman's Prayer

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Lord, pleaae help me, lend me Thine ear,
The prayer of a troubled cowman to hear.
No doubt my prayer to you may seem strange,
But I want you to bless my cattle range.

Bless the roundups year by year;
Please then don't forget the growmg steer.
Water the land with brooks and rills
For my cattle that roam on a thousand hills.

Now O Lord, if you'll be so good,
See that my stock has plenty of food.
Our mountains are peaceful, the prairies serene,
Oh Lord, for the cattle, please keep them green.

Prairie fires, won't you please stop?
Make thunder roll and water to drop,
It frightens me to see the dread smoke,
Unless it is stopped, I'm bound to go dead broke

As you, O Lord, my fine herds behold
They represent a sack of pure gold,
I think that at least five cents on the pound
Would be a good price forbeef the year round.

One thing more, and then I'll be through,
Instead of one calf let my cows have two,
I may pray different from all other men
But I've had my say, and now, amen.

From He was Singin' This Song, Tinsley