

The Gospel Chariot/The Dying Cowboy

The Gospel Chariot

AFS 1609 B1

I'm a soldier of the Lord, and I have signed up for life, No matter what the field or whatever be the strife. His service, oh, I love it and find things rare and rife, And it's there I love to shine.

So we'll roll the old gospel chariot along, We will roll the old gospel chariot along, We will roll the old gospel chariot along, And we'll all get in and ride.

The King's Highway is quite a place, it's equal can't be found, His loving kindness, tender mercies, rich grace abounds. Give it out where e'er you go, let all hear the joyful sound, Yes, and we go rolling on.

So we'll roll the old gospel chariot along, We will roll the old gospel chariot along, We will roll the old gospel chariot along, And we'll all get in and ride.

Oh, the sin, sick, lost and dying, we always take them in, No matter who or where they are, if they call out to Him. There's room for all, so now get in, escape the storm of sin, Now as we go rolling on.

There's nothing can withstand her, she is ever rolling on, Oh, hear the music, laughter, also the joyful song. Everybody's clean and happy, jump in and come along, Yes, as we go rolling on.

So we'll roll the old gospel chariot along, We will roll the old gospel chariot along, We will roll the old gospel chariot along, And we'll all jump in and ride.

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The Dying Cowboy

AFS 1609 B2

So early one morning, I rode o'er the ranches, So early one morning I rode o'er the ???.

I saw a young cowboy, All dressed in white linen, With coal black eyes and waving black hair.

“My friends and relations, I left them in Boston, My parents knew not where I had roamed.”

“I first went to Texas, And hired as a ranch man, I got shot in the bosom and death is my doom.”

“Please write me a letter, To my gray haired mother, And break the news to my sister so dear.”

“But there is another, As dear as my mother, Who'd weep if she knew I was dying out here.”

“Now take me to the graveyard, And place this ??? o'er me, And play the dead march as they carry me on.”

“Just beat the drum o'er me, And play the fife slowly, For I'm a dead cowboy I know I've done wrong.”