

A Cowboy's Character

His face was wrinkled by the wind and the sun
Hands were gnarled and stiff from all the roping he'd done.
His dimming eyes that saw the land,
traveled by him, the hired hand.

His molded and sweat-banded hat was made of beaver the
mountain men trapped.
His paisley kerchief worn around his neck came in handy
to wipe his sweat or wipe the tears when he wept.

His faded jeans covered by tough chaps protected his legs
that were bowed from riding down that long road.

His worn and soft boots fit him like a glove,
as he rode many a mile under the sky above.

His old friend Varney, the name of his horse
who carried his saddle worn shiny from trails he rode on his
daily course.

His breed was one of many who worked the land and rode for
the brand.
And we have the cowboys to thank for the character and growth
of our western land.