

MOUNTAINSIDE FELLOWSHIP COWBOY CHURCH

**Spirit of the West**

By Barb Berg

Come celebrate the Spirit of the West! I'll take ya back in time!  
It's called a cowboy gathering made up of music, stories, and rhyme!  
As we listen to the tales, wheels are spinnin' in my head,  
my mind is where it's happenin', the yarns are where it's shed.

Traditions of the cowboy, who rode the range all day,  
he gathered "little doggies", fixed fence for darn little pay!  
The cowboy built the "American West", with grits and mighty force,  
honoring all that enriched his vision, including the cow-dog and the horse.  
Indians were his enemies, at times they were his friend,  
this divert culture of creature had purpose and pretend.

A yarn was spun about a wild stallion, this cowboy's dream unfold,  
deep in the prairie slopes of Colorado, a horse so fine and bold.  
The creature had wild proud freedom, without work or man's restraint;  
Enticed the wild horse hunters, a picture they knew to paint!  
Hunting instinct grew in this lone wrangler; he had to have this horse!  
But yet a still small voice inside, "Let nature take it's course".  
The stallion aged with beauty, grace, and wild as a keen eyed hawk;  
He became a steady legend at campfire in music poetry and talk.

The stallion one day was captured at the end of a narrow canyon in a deep purplish pool,  
as he bobbed with a noose firm around his neck; the wrangler knew he was a darn lucky  
fool!

This proud beast had flaming black eyes, his spirit incompatible with man.  
The cowboy finally recognizing something within himself;  
hard, violent action had become his span!  
The wrangler looked hard with an explicable thought,  
he knew now that this noblest horse flesh would never really be caught.

I maybe broke to my master, for he I could never love,  
a fallen monarch of a stallion, his soul never ever free to gov.  
With conflict and emotion, the wrangler was killing something  
the like which dwelt in his own heart,  
the supreme handy work of nature, too noble, too wild, this cowboy gave unconditional  
freedom the creature's blessing to impart.

The wheels are spinnin' in my head, wagon wheels and such,  
the Spirit of the West embedded in my soul, the cowboy way and touch.