

SIT TALL IN THE SADDLE



"Sit tall in the saddle, son,"
Daddy said before he died,
"If you sit up proud and tall,
You'll have a good, long ride."

Through the years I've wondered
Exactly what he meant,
When he said don't sell your saddle,
Just what was his intent.



He knew all there was to know
About horses and their tack -
"Keep your horses fed and your tack well oiled -
They'll take you there and back."

He used to tell us, "Listen, boys,
Don't quit once you've begun;
Put your back into your work,
Keep workin' 'til you're done."



"A good day's work for a good day's pay.
Keep your boots in good repair;
If you're good as you can be to them,
They'll take you anywhere."

"A cowboy's hat is his best friend,
Keeps the sun off of his face -
Take it with you when you go,
Don't leave it anyplace."

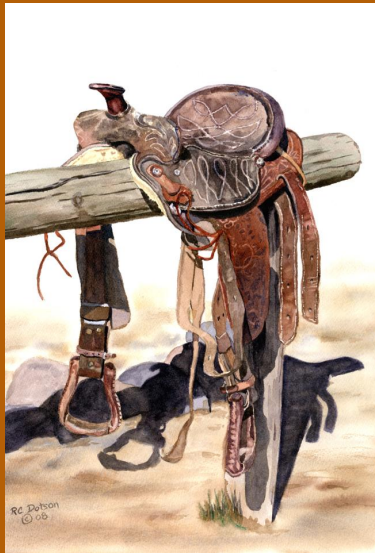


Now I've been thinkin' 'bout the things he said,

See, he wasn't just any man;
He loved the Lord with all his heart
And taught his little clan

About the things of this old world
And the one that is to come,
About a cowboy's life down here
And the Kingdom of the Son.

That saddle is relationship
That lets you ride with God,
Jesus and the Spirit,
Down here on common sod.



Those boots, why they're your walk with God,
To walk on holy ground,
Where life and light and glory
And manna all abound.



That cowboy hat's your covering,
The Spirit over you;
Make sure that you're well covered
In everything you do.



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And your work? Why, that's to know the Lord,
To make sure He's your friend,
To get your life in order
And all your fences mend.

Daddy was a smart man,
I paid mind to what he said,
I'm sittin' in the saddle,
Got my hat upon my head.

