

The Night Rider

Worn from riding through dark hours
circling the herd,
Daring not to light a match
Or speak a sudden word.

The night rider gazes 'cross the range
seeking dawn's first light,
And listens to the bunchgrass sway
while toiling through the night.

He pulls his Stetson hat down low
against the cold spring rain,
And starts to hum a lonesome tune
as he circles 'round again.

He weaves a song from stories mustered
'long the dusty trail,
Of cowboys brave and dangers faced
and heroes who prevail.

At last the sky begins to lighten
marking this night's end,
The bitter smell of cookie's coffee
wafts around the bend.

With cattle safe and night's work done
he heads back to the fire,
To share a meal and spin a tale
and, at long last, retire.

Content to spread his bedroll
across the rocky ground,
And dream of hardships overcome
and new adventures found.

