

Then the strays and outlaws will all be rounded
in
With the bunch that's branded, who think they've
got no sin;
God alone will cut them out, on that round-up day,
But I think that, after all, He'll just leave in that
stray.

These were just the ones He loved best of all, we
know;
And whom He suffered most for in this world
below.
Will He let these stray ones go, that He loved so
well?
Did He die to send them to everlasting hell?

No! oh, no! He'll save them in His own grand
way;
He will hold the outlaw, and will brand the stray
At that last great round-up, where we all must
stand,
Waiting for our Master. We don't know His
brand.