Utah

Ed McCurdy

UTAH CURRALL
sung by Ed McCurdy

And now, my friends, you ask me what makes me sad and still,
And why my brow is darkened, like clouds upon the hill
Run in yer pony closer and Iâ€™ll tell you all the tale
Of Utah Currall, my partner, and his last ride on the trail

Mid the cactus and the mesquite of Mexicoâ€™s fair land
Where the cattle roam in thousands, many a heard and many a brand
Thereâ€™s a grave with neither headstone, neither date nor name
There lies my partner sleeping in the land from which I came

We rode the range together, and rode it side by side
I loved him as a brother, I wept when Utah died
We were rounding up one morning, our work was almost done
When away the cattle started, on a mad and fearful run

The Bossâ€™s little daughter was holding on that sign
She started in, to turn them, thatâ€™s where my partner died
She used the saddle blanket, given her by a friend
It was this bright red blanket brought Utah to his end

As Baryl rushed her pony at the cattle on the right
The blanket slipped beneath her and caught the stirrup tight
When the cowboys saw the blanket, they all held their breath
If now should the pony fail her, none could save her from her death

When Baryl saw the cattle, she turned her ponyâ€™s face
She leaned from out her saddle, tied the blanket in its place
But in leaning lost her blanket, fell in front that wild tide
â€œLie still! Baryl .. Iâ€™m coming!â€• were the words my partner cried

â€˜Bout fifteen yards behind her, Utah come riding fast
Though he never saw that moment, the ride would be his last
His pony reached Baryl with firm and steady bound
He swung from out the saddle to catch her from the ground

But the cinches of his saddle had not been felt before
And his back cinch snapped asunder and he fell beside Baryl

He now picked up the blanket, and swung it over his head
And started across the prairie, â€œLie still! Barylâ€• he said

His six-gun flashed like lightening, the report rang loud and clear
As the cattle rushed to kill him, he dropped the leading steer
And when we broke the circle, where Utahâ€™s body lay
With many a wound and bruise his young life had ebbed away

And in some future morning, I heard the Preacher say
â€œI hope weâ€™ll all meet Utah at the round-up far awayâ€•
Then we wrapped him in a blanket, set him by his little friend
And was that very blanket that brought Utah to his end.

Lyrics Submitted by Bob Sontrop (.. from London, Ontario, Canada)

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