Utah Carol (Remastered)

Marty Robbins

And now, my friends, you've asked me what makes me sad and still
And why my brow is darkened like the clouds upon the hill
Run in your ponies closer and I'll tell to you my tale
Of Utah Carol my partner and his last ride on the trailWe rode the range together and rode it side by side
I loved him like a brother and I wept when Utah died
We were rounding up one morning when work was almost done
When on his side the cattle started on a frightened runUnderneath the saddle that the boss's daughter rode
Utah, that very morning had placed a bright red robe
So, the saddle might ride easy for Lenore, his little friend
And it was this red blanket that brought him to his endThe blanket was now dragging behind her on the ground
The frightened cattle saw it and charged it with a bound
Lenore then saw her danger and turned her pony's face
And leaning in the saddle tied the blanket to its placeBut in leaning lost her balance, fell in front of that wild tide
"Lay still Lenore, I'm coming", were the words that Utah cried
His faithful pony saw her and reached her in a bound
I thought he'd been successful and raised her from the groundBut the weight upon the saddle had not been felt before
His back cinch snapped like thunder and he fell by Lenore
Picking up the blanket he swung it over his head
And started cross the prairie, "Lay still Lenore" he saidWhen he got the stampede turned and saved Lenore his friend
He turned to face the cattle and meet his fatal end
His six gun flashed like lightning, the report rang loud and clear
As the cattle rushed and killed him he dropped the leading steerOn his funeral morning, I heard the preacher say
I hope we'll all meet Utah at the roundup far away
Then they wrapped him in a blanket that saved his little friend
And it was this red blanket that brought him to his end

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