



~~Where the prickly pear and mesquite, roam the mustangs wirey band,  
Where the cattle roam in thousands, many bunches, marks and bands,  
In that far southwestern country, from the land from which i came,  
Lies a grave without a headstone, without neither date or name.~~

~~There Utah Carl my partner, sleeps beneath the daisy's white,  
And he died to save a maiden, killed by cattle mad with fright,  
He died as died a cowboy, gun in hand and smiling face,  
And the soil that holds his body, is to me a sacred place,~~

~~We rode the range together, together cut and burned the brand,  
And when stormy weather found us, joined the nightherds weary band,  
We slept neath the same blanket, drank from the same canteen,  
The last cent we shared together, closer friends were seldom seen,~~

~~We were rounding up one morning, and our work was nearly done,  
On the side the cattle started, in a wild and frenzied run,  
Our foreman's little daughter, was holding on that side,  
And she tried to stop the cattle, was for her my partner died,~~

~~On the saddle of the pony, that the forman's daughter graced,  
Utah Carl that very morning, a red blanket there had placed,  
That the saddle would ride easy, for Lenore his little friend,  
But the blanket that he placed there, brought my partner to his end,~~

~~Lenore rushed in with her pony, tried to turn them to the right,  
The red blanket slipped beneath her, but caught in the stirrip tight,  
The cattle saw the blanket, as it trailed along the ground,  
They were maddened in an instant, and they charged it with a bound,~~

~~Lenore sensed the threatened danger, quickly turned her horses head,  
And leaning from the saddle tried to loose the blanket red,  
While leaning from the saddle, fell in front of that wild tide,  
Still, Lenore i'm coming, were the words my partner cried,~~



Not fifty feet behind her, Utah Carl was coming fast,  
Little thinking at that moment, that ride would be his last.  
Many times from out the saddle, he had caught the trailing rope,  
And to raise her as he passed her, was his sole and only hope,

The horse approached the maiden, fleet of foot and steady bound,  
Utah leaning from the saddle, tried to raise her from the ground,  
Such a strain upon the cinches, had ne'er been put before,  
And the back one snapped asunder, and he fell beside Lenore.

Then he picked up that red blanket, and he raised it o'er his head,  
And he started o'er the prairie, just lie still Lenore he said,  
As he started o'er the prairie, every cowboy held his breath,  
For the run that he was taking, for Lenore meant life or death.

Then quickly from his scabbard, Utah Carl his pistol drew,  
Determined to die fighting like a cowboy tried and true,  
His pistol flashed li ke lightening, it's report rang loud and clear,  
And as the cattle charged upon him, dead dropped the leading steer,

As the cattle charged upon him, my young partner had to fall,  
Never more to ride a bronco, or to give the cattle call,  
he must die out on the ranges, and his fate was mighty hard,  
For i could not make the distance, in time to save my pard,

Then we broke into that circle, on the ground poor Utah lay, from his many wound  
From his many wounds and gashes, his life blood ebbed away,  
I quickly knelt beside him, for i knew his life was o'er,  
And i heard him faintly murmur, lie still i'm coming Lenore,

These were Utah's last words, like a cowboy brave he died,  
While our tears rolled down in silence, he passed to the other side,  
I closed poor Utah's eyes, he was willing there to die,  
And i know my brave young pardner has a home beyond the sky.

And upon one future morning, when i heard the preacher say,  
I am sure we'll all meet Utah, on that roundup, far away,  
Then we wrapped him in a blanket, sent him by his little friend,  
And it was that same red blanket, that had brought him to his end.