

## Utah Carol

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 trail

We 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 run

Underneath 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 end

The 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 place

But 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 ground

But the weight upon the saddle had not been felt before  
His backcinch 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 said

When 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 steer

On 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