

Utah Carroll

G
 Oh, kind friend you may ask me
 C G
 what makes me sad and still,
 Em A7 D
 And why my brow is darkened like clouds upon a hill,
 G C G
 Run in your pony closer and I'll tell you a tale,
 Em G C D7 G
 Of Utah Carroll, my partner, and his last ride on the trail.

In a grave without a headstone, without a date or name,
 Quietly lies my partner in the land from which I came,
 Long, long we rode together, had ridden side by side,
 I loved him like a brother, I wept when Utah died.

While rounding up one morning,
 our work was almost done,
 The cattle quickly started on a wild and maddening run,
 The boss's little daughter who was riding on that side,
 Rushed in to stop the stampede,
 'twas there poor Utah died.

Lenore upon her pony tried to turn the cattle right,
 Her blanket slipped beneath her,
 but she caught and held on tight.
 But when we saw that blanket each cowboy held his breath,
 For should her pony fail her,
 none could save the girl from death.

When the cattle saw the blanket
 almost dragging on the ground,
 They were maddened in a moment
 and charged with deafening sound,
 The girl soon saw her danger; she turned her pony's face,
 And bending in her saddle, tried the blanket to replace.

Just then she lost her balance in front of that wild tide.
 Carroll's voice controlled the round up,
 "Lie still, little girl," he cried.
 And then close up beside her came Utah riding fast,
 But little did the poor boy know
 that ride would be his last.

Full often from the saddle had he caught the trailing rope,
 To pick her up at full speed was now his only hope.
 He swung low from his saddle to take her to his arm,
 We thought that he'd succeeded,
 that the girl was safe from harm.

Such a strain upon his saddle had never been put before,
 The cinches gave beneath him and he fell beside Lenore.
 When the girl fell from her pony,
 she had dragged the blanket down,
 It lay there close beside her where she lay upon the ground.

Utah took it up again and to Lenore he said,
 "Lie still," and quickly running
 waved the red thing o'er his head.
 He turned the maddened cattle from Lenore,
 his little friend,
 As the mighty herd rushed toward him,
 he turned to meet his end.

And as the herd came on him his weapon quickly drew,
He was bound to die defended as all brave cowboys do.
The weapon flashed like lightning,
it sounded loud and clear,
As the cattle rushed and killed him,
he dropped the leading steer.

When I broke through that wide circle
to where poor Utah lay,
With a thousand wounds and bruises
his life blood ebbed away,
I knelt down close beside him
and I knew that all was o'er,
As I heard him faintly whisper,
"Good-bye, my sweet Lenore."

Next morning at the churchyard I heard the preacher say,
"Don't think our kind friend Utah
was lost on that great day,
He was a much-loved cowboy, and not afraid to die,
And we'll meet him at the round up
on the plains beyond the sky."