Charlie Rutledge

Charlie Rutledge
(D.J. O'Malley)

Another good cow-puncher has gone to meet his fate,
I hope he'll find a resting place within the golden gate
Another place is vacant on the ranch of the X I T
'Twill be hard to find another that's liked as well as he.

The first that died was Kid White, a man both tough and brave
While Charlie Rutledge makes the third to be sent to his grave
Caused by a cow-horse falling while running after stock;
'Twas on the spring round-up-a place where death men mock.

He went forward one morning on a circle through the hills,
He was gay and full of glee, and free from earthly ills,
But when it came to finish up the work on which he went,
Nothing came back from him; for his time on earth was spent

T'was as he rode the round-up, an X I T turned back to the herd
Poor Charlie shoved him in again, his cutting horse he spurred
Another turned; at that moment his horse the creature spied
And turned and fell with him, and, beneath, poor Charlie died.

His relations in Texas his face nevermore will see,
But I hope he will meet his loved ones beyond in eternity.
I hope he will meet his parents, will meet them face to face
And that they will grasp him by the right hand at the shining
throne of grace.

From Cowboy Songs, Lomax
tune: Lakes of Ponchartrain