Down by the mission
San Miguel is a great house
Wherein dwell Don Carlos
And La Dona Maria Elena Cantrell

I work at the ranch, I saddle her mare
I ride with the gun behind as she visits her friends here and there

She says, ?Thank you, Manuel? or ?Manuel, poor favor? Or ?Good evening, Manuel, La Dona Maria Elena Cantrell?

I dream of the mission San Miguel And it says to me, the mission bell ?She is married, Manuel, the wife of the rancher Don Carlos Cantrell?

You serve at the ranch, you hold her chair You carry her boxes, trunks, letters, and books here and there She says, ?Thank you, Manuel? or ?Manuel, poor favor? Or ?Good evening, Manuel, La Dona Maria Elena Cantrell?

But I hear with my heart
What she says with her eyes with
?Good evening, Manuel? or ?Manuel, poor favor?
Or ?The carriage, Manuel? or ?Manuel, close the door?