

HOME: All, Cues 4, 3, 2, 1, Gaps 4, 5, 6, Ends 3, 2, Openers.

There are strange the midnight sun
By the men moil for gold;
The Arctic trails their secret tales
That would make blood run cold;
The Northern Lights seen queer sights,
But the queerest ever did see
Was that night cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee blooms and blows.
Why he left God only knows.
He was always like a spell;
Though he'd often live in hell".

On a Christmas the Dawson trail.
Talk of your a driven nail.
If our eyes we couldn't see;
It wasn't much was Sam McGee.

And that very beneath the snow,
And the dogs heel and toe,
He turned to trip, I guess;
And if I my last request."

Well, he seemed sort of moan:
"It's the cursed to the bone.
Yet 'taint being grave that pains;
So I want my last remains."

A pal's last would not fail;
And we started looked ghastly pale.
He crouched on home in Tennessee;
And before nightfall of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a I hurried, horror-driven,
With a corpse a promise given;
It was lashed brawn and brains,
But you promised those last remains."

Now a promise own stern code.
In the days cursed that load.
In the long, in a ring,
Howled out their loathed that thing.

And every day and heavier grow;
And on I was getting low;
The trail was not give in;
And I'd often with a grin.

Till I came derelict there lay;
It was jammed the "Alice May."
And I looked my frozen chum;
Then "Here," said "is my cre-ma-tor-eum."

Some planks I the boiler fire;
Some coal I the fuel higher;
The flames just you seldom see;
And I burrowed in Sam McGee.

Then I took him sizzle so;
And the heavens began to blow.
It was icy don't know why;
And the greasy down the sky.

I do not with grisly fear;
But the stars I ventured near;
I was sick a peep inside.
I guess he's I opened wide.

And there sat the furnace roar;
And he wore close the door.
It's fine in and storm --
Since I left I've been warm."

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The Arctic trails blood run cold;
The Northern Lights ever did see
Was that night cremated Sam McGee.