

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

There are                   midnight sun  
By the                   for gold;  
The Arctic               secret tales  
That would               run cold;  
The Northern             queer sights,  
But the               did see  
Was that               Sam McGee.

Now Sam                   and blows.  
Why he                   only knows.  
He was                   a spell;  
Though he'd               in hell".

On a                   Dawson trail.  
Talk of                   driven nail.  
If our                   couldn't see;  
It wasn't               Sam McGee.

And that                   the snow,  
And the                   and toe,  
He turned               I guess;  
And if                   last request."

Well, he                   of moan:  
"It's the               the bone.  
Yet 'taint               that pains;  
So I                   last remains."

A pal's                   not fail;  
And we                   ghastly pale.  
He crouched               in Tennessee;  
And before               Sam McGee.

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

Now a                   stern code.  
In the                   that load.  
In the                   a ring,  
Howled out               that thing.

And every               heavier grow;  
And on                   getting low;  
The trail               give in;  
And I'd                   a grin.

Till I                   there lay;  
It was                   "Alice May."  
And I                   frozen chum;  
Then "Here,"             my cre-ma-tor-eum."

Some planks               boiler fire;  
Some coal               fuel higher;  
The flames               seldom see;  
And I                   Sam McGee.

Then I                   sizzle so;  
And the                   to blow.  
It was                   know why;  
And the                   the sky.

I do                   grisly fear;  
But the                   ventured near;  
I was                   peep inside.  
I guess                   opened wide.

And there               furnace roar;  
And he                   the door.  
It's fine               storm --  
Since I                   been warm."

There are                   for gold;  
The Arctic               run cold;  
The Northern             did see  
Was that               Sam McGee.