

There are strange things
By the men who
The Arctic trails have
That would make your
The Northern Lights have
But the queerest they
Was that night on

Now Sam McGee was
Why he left his
He was always cold,
Though he'd often say

On a Christmas Day
Talk of your cold!
If our eyes we'd
It wasn't much fun,

And that very night,
And the dogs were
He turned to me,
And if I do,

Well, he seemed so
"It's the cursed cold,
Yet 'taint being dead
So I want you

A pal's last need
And we started on
He crouched on the
And before nightfall a

There wasn't a breath
With a corpse half
It was lashed to
But you promised true,

Now a promise made
In the days to
In the long, long
Howled out their woes

And every day that
And on I went,
The trail was bad,
And I'd often sing

Till I came to
It was jammed in
And looked at it,
Then "Here," said I,

Some planks I tore
Some coal I found
The flames just soared,
And I burrowed a

Then I took a
And the heavens scowled,
It was icy cold,
And the greasy smoke

I do not know
But the stars came
I was sick with
I guess he's cooked,

And there sat Sam,
And he wore a
It's fine in here,
Since I left Plumtree,

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done in the midnight sun
moil for gold
their secret tales
blood run cold;
seen queer sights,
ever did see
the marge of Lake Lebarge I cremated Sam McGee.

from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.
home in the South to roam 'round the Pole, God only knows.
but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell;
in his homely way that "he'd sooner live in hell."

we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.
through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.
close, then the lashes froze till sometimes we couldn't see;
but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,
fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe,
and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess;
I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

low that I couldn't say no; then he says with a sort of moan:
and it's got right hold till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
-- it's my awful dread of the icy grave that pains;
to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail;
at the streak of dawn; but God! he looked ghastly pale.
sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee;
corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

in that land of death, and I hurried, horror-driven,
hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise given;
the sleigh, and it seemed to say: "you may tax your brawn and brains,
and it's up to you to cremate those last remains."

is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its own stern code.
come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart how I cursed the load.
night, by the lone fire light, while the huskies, round in a ring,
to the homeless snows -- O God! how I loathed that thing.

quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow;
though the dogs were spent and the grub was getting low;
and I felt half mad, but I swore I would not give in;
to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.

the marge of Lake Labarge, and a derelict there lay;
the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the "Alice May."
and I thought a bit, and looked at my frozen chum;
with a sudden cry, "is my crema-tor-eum."

from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire;
that was lying around, and heaped the fuel higher;
and the furnace roared -- such a blaze you seldom see;
hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so;
and the huskies howled, and the wind began to blow.
but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, and I don't know why;
in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear;
out and they danced about ere again I ventured near;
dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take a peep inside.
and it's time I looked;" ... then the door I opened wide.

looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar;
smile you could see for a mile, and he said: "Please close the door.
but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold and storm --
down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."

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