

There are strange
By the men
The Arctic trails
That would make
The Northern Lights
But the queerest
Was that night

Now Sam McGee
Why he left
He was always
Though he'd often

On a Christmas
Talk of your
If our eyes
It wasn't much

And that very
And the dogs
He turned to
And if I

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

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

There wasn't a
With a corpse
It was lashed
But you promised

Now a promise
In the days
In the long,
Howled out their

And every day
And on I
The trail was
And I'd often

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

Some planks I
Some coal I
The flames just
And I burrowed

Then I took
And the heavens
It was icy
And the greasy

I do not
But the stars
I was sick
I guess he's

And there sat
And he wore
It's fine in
Since I left

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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