

## Hank Snow

# "Spell Of The Yukon"

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I wanted the gold and I sought it I scabbled and  
mucked like a slave  
Was it famine or scurvy I fought it I hurled my youth  
into a grave  
I wanted the gold and I got it came out with a fortune  
last fall  
Yet somehow life's not what I thought it and somehow  
the gold isn't all

No there's the land have you seen it it's the cussedest  
land that I know  
From the big dizzy mountains that screen it to the deep  
death-like valleys below  
Some say God was tired when he made it some say it's  
a fine land to shun  
Maybe but there's some that would trade it for no land  
owner and I'm one

You come to get rich that's a good reason you feel like  
an exile at first  
You hate it like hell for a season and then you're worse  
than the worst  
It grips you like some kinds of sinning it twists you from  
foe to a friend  
It seems it's been since the beginning it seems it will be  
to the end

I've stood in some mighty mouthed-hollow that's plumb  
full of hush to the brim  
I've watched the big husky sun wallow in crimson and  
gold and grow dim  
Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming and the  
stars tumbled out neck and crop  
And I thought that I surely was dreaming with the peace  
of the world piled on top

The summer no sweeter was ever the sunshiny woods  
all a thrill  
The grayling a leap in the river the bighorn asleep on a  
hill  
The strong life that never knows harness the wilds  
where the caribou call

The freshness the freedom the farness oh God how I'm  
stuck on it all

The winter the brightness that blinds you the white land  
locked tight as a drum  
The cold fear that follows and finds you the silence that  
bludgeons you dumb  
The snows that are older than history the woods where  
the weird shadows slant  
The stillness the moonlight the myst'ry I'd bade them  
goodbye but I can't

There's a land where the mountains are nameless  
And the rivers all run God knows where  
There are lives that are erring and aimless and deaths  
that just hang by a hair  
There are hardships that nobody reckons there are  
valleys unpeopled and still  
There's a land oh how it beckons and beckons and I  
want to go back and I will

They're making my money diminish I'm sick of the  
taste of champagne  
Thank God when I'm skinned to a finish I'll pike to the  
Yukon again  
I'll fight and you bet it's no sham fight it's hell but I've  
been there before  
And it's better than this by a damn sight so me for the  
Yukon once more

There's gold and its haunting and haunting it's luring  
me on as of old  
Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting so much as just  
finding the gold  
It's the great big broadland way up yonder it's the  
forest where silence has lease  
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder it's the  
stillness that fills me with peace

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