

Johnny Hates Jazz

"Sam Maggee"

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Sam McGee

There's a valley
By the ol' North Pole
Where ol' Sam McGee
Died in search of gold
Where ever I wonder
In memories
I see the smoke from the pipe of Sam McGee

We had wondered way up there above the klondike
Where we found the mighty mountain made of gold
There old Sam he got sick and made me promise
That if he died I wouldn't leave him in that cold
(That if he died he wouldn't leave him in the cold)

The next morning he was cold and stiff and lifeless
So I dragged him forty days upon upon my sled
'Till I found a pine of ??? valley
It was there I got the notion in my head
(It was there he got the notion in his head)

I took out my matches and I builded a fire
And I laid old Sam upon the funeral pyre
He sat up a grinnin'
With his pipe in his mouth
He sang "Ho, ho this is mighty like the south"
(He sang "Ho, ho this is mighty like the south")

The flames around him had a heavenly glow
And the Northern Lights was just one big rainbow
He sat there a grinnin'
With his pipe in his mouth
He sang "Ho, ho this is mighty like the south"
(He sang "Ho, ho this is mighty like the south")

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