

Johnny Horton

"Sam Magee"

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(Jimmie Driftwood)

There's a valley by the ol' North Pold
Where ol' Sam McGee died in search of gold
Where ever I wander in memories
I see the smoke from the pipe of Sam McGee
(He sees the smoke from the pipe of Sam McGee.)

We had wandered 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 die I wouldn't leave him in that cold
(That if he die wouldn't leave him in that 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 pile of driftwood in the valley
It was there I've 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...

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