

The Country Gentleman "Matterhorn"

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We started out from Bern one sunny August morn
There was just the four of us against the Matterhorn.
There was Albert the Australian and John the Irishman
Me and Bill from Britian, mad dogs in the sun.

Chorus:

Matterhorn, Matterhorn, men have tried men have died
to
Climb the Matterhorn, that mighty Matterhorn.

Two miles up we lost John and the ration fell below.
Al and Bill are lying beneath an avalanche of snow.
Now here I am alone and I know I cannot stop.
Two more yards in front of me before I reach the top.

(Chorus)

Well here I am a dying upon the Matterhorn
Not a thing for me to lie in nor a thing to keep me
warm.
The Queen would surly kinght me if I could get back
down,
But it's closer here to heaven than it is back to the
ground.

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