

## **Ledoux Chris**

# **"Song Of The Yukon Rose"**

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There's a place on the Yukon river, called the Carriboux Saloon.

Where the miners go, to spend their gold,

An' listen to the sad, sweet tune.

Feast their eyes' upon the beauty of the lovely Yukon Rose,

They can look but they better not touch her, she belongs to Pierre

LeBoux.

They say he found down in Seattle, won her at a young and tender age.

Now she sings up here, while the men drink beer,

Like a bird in a gilded cage.

Well, one time a man from Tulsa challenged Pierre for her Rose's hand,

Now he lies below the the bitter snow in this wild and savage land.

Some nights when the Northern Lights are shinin'

And the cold north wind is howlin' across the snow.

Is it just the wind that you hear sighin'...or could it be the sound of

the Yukon Rose.

Then one night a bigfoot just happened to be passin' by.

And there in the dark his heart his lonely heart,

Was touched by Rose's lulaby.

So he walked into the bar room and every one turned to stare,

But he looked to them just like a bearded man, in a coat of grizzly

hair.

Bigfoot saw the Yukon Rose and their eyes meet through the gloom.

An' she was hypnotized by his gentle eyes, and was drawn across the room.

Now they say that love has no bounderies, an' I reckon that it's right,

'Cause beauty and the savage beast, fell in love that night.

Some nights when the Northern Lights are shinin',

An' the cold North winds are howlin' 'cross the snow,

Is it just the wind that you hear sighin'...  
Or could it be the song of the Yukon Rose...  
Now Pierre was in the back room, dealin' cards when  
the music stoped.  
He laid his hand down and looked around, and said  
nobody touch that pot.  
He walked out to the bar room and the trouble began,  
An' his blood ran cold when he saw the Rose, in the  
arms of the tall  
strange man.  
Pierre walked up and he grabbed her, an' shoved her  
t'wards the stage,  
And the gentle look in the strangers eyes, turned wild  
and red with  
rage.  
An' then with just one mighty blow, Pierre lay on the  
saw-dust floor.  
The tall strange man, took the ladies hand, an' walked  
out through the  
door.  
No one dared to follow, and where he took her no one  
knows,  
But we all jumped back, when we saw the tracks. Of  
bigfoot in the snow.  
Some say she probably died that winter, she must have  
I s'pose.  
But just last night under the Northern Lights,  
I heard the song of the Yukon Rose.  
Some nights when the Northern Lights are shinin',  
And the cold north wind is howlin' across the snow,  
Is it just the wind that you hear sighin'...  
Or could it be the song of the Yukon Rose?

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