

Henry Walker

Del McCoury

We're seeking information
About a man who's living here
His name is Henry Walker
Now don't you fret and fear
His crime is cold blood murder
He's wanted by the law
We'll take him back to face his crime
It's the worst you ever saw

Well we know Henry Walker
He lives way back in the woods
Where he hunts and traps and fishes
And his living ain't too good
But if you aim to catch him
You better learn his hunting ground
He'll hide just like an old white hare
And you know he can't be found

Yes the cold was splitting timber
With a crack like a 44
And the wind was whistling through the lonesome pines
It bit right through my parka
And froze me to the core
As the wolves were howling on the timberline

We reached ol' Henry's cabin
By noon of second day
He must have heard us coming
For he up and he ran away
We camped by the rocky rapids
While the moon was shining bright
We heard ol' Henry laughing
Way out in the night

We tracked him for a week or more
Through the swamp and through the hills
Till a rifle roared I cried "My God
My partner has been killed"
I propped him by an ol' jack pine
And swore a solemn vow
"Lookout Henry Walker
It's you and me right now"

So then I started thinking
He could not be found
Then one day by a frozen lake
Like a fox he went to ground
And he tried to run
But the ice was thin
And he fell on through
I watched him as he sank and swore
"I'll put a curse on you"

I dragged my frozen partner
Through the ice and through the snow
I lost three fingers and a toe
To the frostbite don't you know

Though the years have come, the years have gone
I think about those times
When Northern lights are dancing
It makes me feel like crying

As the wolves were howling on the timberline
As the wolves were howling on the timberline