

## Sam Magee

Johnny Horton

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")  
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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")