

The Cremation of Sam McGee

The Real McKenzies

Oh those old Northern Lights
Have seen the queerest sights
But the queerest sight that they ever did see
It was on the moonlit marge
Of that Old Lake Lebarge
On the night that I cremated Sam McGee

My friend Sam McGee
Was from old Tennessee
In the land where the cotton blooms and blows
But why Sam left his home
In the deep south to roam
Around the pole up north God only knows

In the long search for gold
He was always so cold
How he longed again to roam the southern plain
I would listen to him rave
How he feared an icy grave
And if I die cremate my last remains

Well a pal's last need
Is a thing we have to heed
So I promised and I swore I would not fail
And again we started on
At the first streaks of the dawn
But o god he was looking ghastly pale

He crouched on the sleigh
And he raved away all day
About the warmth of his home in Tennessee
Before the night did fall
I had a promise to recall
For a corpse was what's left of Sam McGee

Then I came upon the marge
Of that Old Lake Lebarge
Where a broken down derelict did lay
She was jammed there in a vice
20 feet of frozen ice
Was abandoned and left there to decay

Some planks I quickly tore
From it's old cabin floor
And I gathered up some chunks of scattered coal
Soon the blaze furnace red
Seeing that old McGee was dead
So I stuffed him in that old cremation hole

There sat my buddy Sam
Looking mighty cool and calm
In the heart of those furnace flames roar
And he wore a great big smile
You could see almost a mile
As he chuckled hurry up and close the door

She's a fine place in here

But I do greatly fear
You may let in that awful cold and storm
For since I left plumbtree
Down in old Tennessee
She's the first time that I've been really warm

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