

And before nightfall a corpse was all that
was left of Sam McGee.

There was'ut a breath in that land of death
and I hurried, horror driven,
With a corpse half-hid that I could'nt get rid
because of a promise given;
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to
say: You may tax your brawn and
brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you to
cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and
the trail has its own stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were
dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight
while the huskies, round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows;
O God! how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to
heavy and heavier grow;
And on I went, though the dogs were spent
and the grub was getting low;
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I
swore I would not give in;

And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it
hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge,
and a derelict there lay;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice
it was called the "Alice May."
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I
looked at my frozen chum:
Then, "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is
my cre ma- tor-eum!"

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and
I lit the boiler fire;
Some coal I found that was lying around,
and I heaped the fuel higher;
The flames just soared, and the furnace
roared—such a blaze you seldom see;
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal,
and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear
him sizzle so;
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies
howled, and the wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down
my cheeks, and I don't know why;

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