

He saw the dance dens gleaming bright,  
The red wine flowing free;  
A painted harlot queen of night  
In wildest revelry,  
While honored men in mad delight  
Applauded in their glee.

He saw the green cloth laden high,  
The games all open wide;  
He heard the winner's cheering cry  
For friends with him to bide;  
He saw the loser lifeless lie,  
A wretched suicide.

He saw pale virtue drooped in shame,  
While sin-flushed, flaunting vice,  
Held forth in every form and name,  
Its shield official price;  
He saw in dance and wine and game,  
Sufficient to suffice.

A sign unto each spirit bright  
His stern commands convey;  
From stream and hill they tore that night  
The richest golden pay,  
And through the heavens in fiery flight  
They bore it far away.

Across the mountain, over plain,  
Their serried hosts I saw,  
In ceaseless never ending train  
Towards the Tanana,  
Where loved of God—the poor—might gain,  
And right, not might, was law.

The old men oft now tell the tale  
How never more since then,  
Has gold been known in Klondyke vale,  
In streaks so rich, as when  
The Miner's Justice did prevail  
'Tween man, and honest men.