

LAKE LeBARGE REVISITED

*We've heard it before, all The Yukon's great lore
and the strange things that often were done.
Of the miners strict code, and the stories oft told
in the land of the midnight sun.
But I'll sit here and say, that even today,
there's tales that'll make your blood run!*

It was eerily bright and the Northern light
did cast a greenish glow.
The dogs were hushed, as we quickly mushed,
pushing deep through the powdered snow.

'Twas our third long day, since making our way
from my claim near Tagish town.
We were pushing it hard, nearing Lake LeBarge,
when I heard the strangest sound.

The dogs dropped down, and they seemed to frown,
then sniffed at the midnight air.
And I thought, ol' pal, this is strange as hell,
I'm hoping it's only a bear.

I called to my lead, "get up, we need
to get to Dawson town."
We're out of supplies, and it's no surprise,
this trail is slowing us down.

I wanted to be in the sanc-tu-ary
of a town with a bed and a vault.
Because of the gold, and mostly the cold,
this wasn't the time for a halt.

Once more that sound seemed to float around
and it echoed back off of the trees
The dog's ears perked, and I kinda jerked
and got weaker way down in my knees.

I'd heard an old tale that would turn you pale,
'bout this lake and it's gruesome past.
The old timers tell, that it's all part of Hell,
and you want to be crossing it fast.

As I came near the marge of Lake LeBarge
the Northerns were bright as day.
But the only sight that stood out that night,
was the wreck of the "Alice May".

It seemed to flow with a spectral glow,
but that didn't raise my hair.
'Twas the ghostly moan, 'bout a Tennessee home,
that came floating around in the air.

Now everyone knew this old story was true,
'bout a deed that had once happened here.
Of the "queerest sight" neath the Northern light,
and a promise that someone held dear.

I stood still in awe, it felt like a thaw,
the air got suddenly warm.
As a door pushed open, and eerie words spoken,
"Come closer, I won't do no harm".

I was shaking with fear, but I slowly drew near
to that furnace from straight out of Hell.
Then the voice said to me," You can call me McGee,
and for years now I've bin doing well".

"I've a favor to ask, and it's not a big task
you won't find it overly hard".
But my heart slowed down, barely making a sound,
and my blood flowed as heavy as lard.

What could this thing want, was it seeking to haunt
 my dreams for the rest of my days?
 I was trembling in fear, just dreading to hear
 what manner of task it might say.

I remembered the tale, 'bout a man ghostly pale
 that died while mushing his sled.
 How he'd rant and rave 'bout an icy grave
 and pleaded cremation instead.

I had little doubt as I gazed all about
 this morbid and ghoulish old spot,
 this thing that I saw, (it defied every law),
 was the same soul that wanted it hot.

He spoke once more, and truly I swore
 his eyes had a burning desire
 "Please honor the "code"; and bring me a load
 of something to throw in my fire."

"I've been here for years and I seldom shed tears,
 but fate can be ever so cruel.
 It's not bein dead, it's that terrible dread
 that I'll one day run out of my fuel."

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