

## THE GREENHORN

*"I'll tell you a story", he said that night,  
as we huddled around the campfire light.  
"A story that's true so help me I swear,  
'bout a tenderfoot greenhorn and an old Grizzly bear".*

Now the greenhorn was fresh from the southern town,  
and he'd just come north to have a look around.  
"Seeking his fortune", he was you see  
and figured the Yukon was his "cup-a-tea".

One night when the mercury dropped down to the floor,  
the greenhorn came stumbling right through the bar door.  
Each face in the room jerked round with a fright,  
to see what the Devil had thrown them that night.

He stood there a moment then cleared out his throat,  
and shook off the snow from his hat and his coat.  
He started to speak, kinda stuttered at first,  
"I'd like a wee gin, I've a terrible thirst".

"Gin", they all laughed with unreserved glee,  
who'd drink that slop but one such as he.  
Then Pete, the old timer, sauntered up to his side,  
said, "It's time we made a sourdough out of your hide".

"It's really quite easy," he said with a flicker,  
(the rest of the barroom suppressed a loud snicker).  
"To make a true sourdough from one such as you,  
there's only three things that you'll have to do".

"The three things you do in their order of taking,  
(I'll tell them all to you, just stop your shaking)".  
"The first one is easy, it's really no feat,  
drink a barrel of whiskey while still on your feet".

"The second's no harder than working the mines,  
just wrestle a Grizzly and pin it three times".  
"Now stop all your trembling I'll promise you this,  
the last of your trials will bring you sweet bliss".

“The last, as I promised you one time before,  
will be waiting to please you behind that red door”.  
“It’ll give you much pleasure, for this I do know,  
she’ll be waiting to greet you, her skin all aglow”.

So they brought up a barrel of whiskey so neat,  
he drank it all down and stayed up on his feet.  
With a lurch and a stagger he made off in the night,  
to find that old Grizzly and be done with his fight.

Long into the night they all partied and talked,  
and laughed at the greenhorn and the way that he walked.  
They laughed at his manners and habits so fair,  
said, “He’ll sure be done for when he wrestles that bear”.

Late the next night as they gathered once more,  
came a half-dead collection right through the front door.  
He was torn and ragged and he bled from his face,  
and his eyes were still bloodshot as they stared into space.

Not a sound was there heard in the barroom just then,  
not even a snicker from but one of the men.  
They stared at the greenhorn their eyes wide with fear,  
and each one drew back as he slowly came near.

He stood there a while, then softly he spoke,  
and his voice had the sound of a man that’s just woke.  
“I’ll admit that the Grizzly was a bit of a hassle,  
now I want you to show me that woman I’ll wrestle”.

*“This story is true, said the man by the fire,  
and I’ll curse any one that will call me a liar”.  
“For I was right there, at the time, you see,  
and that tenderfoot greenhorn, was no one but me”.*