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YUKON GOLD

- 1 In the goldrush day's on the Yukon,
many long year ago.
Gold was the word, and the cry was heard,
let's find that Yukon gold.
- 2 They came from the wide world over,
they fought with the wind, and the cold.
Down the river they came chanting the name,
of gold, Yukon gold.
- 3 Where CARMACKS and OLD TAGISH CHARLEY,
and another man called SKOOKUM JIM.
On Bonanza they made the Discovery,
of Gold, and the miners came in.
- 4 They staked every hill in the Klondike,
looking for old mother lode.
They fought and they tried, and many man died,
for gold, Yukon gold.
- 5 On the Klondike they build Dawson City,
all the town did grow.
The fever went high, and this was the cry,
it's gold, Yukon gold.
- 6 With Dancehalls and music and gambling,
the whiskey like water did flow.

Em C G
And a fortune was made by the gambler sufflee,
D G
for gold, Yukon gold.

7 Well the goldbottom creek and bonanza,
 a fortune lay there in the sand.
 They came by the thousands to find it,
 with shovel's they dug up the land.

8 They staked every hill in the Klondike,
 looking for old mother lode.
 They fought and they tried, and many man died,
 for Gold Yukon gold.

9 Now the goldrush in the Klondike is over,
 the Dancehalls are in chent and old.
 Everywhere you can see a true memory,
 of gold, Yukon Gold.

PADDLEWHEELER

- 1 In 1899, she came on up the line,
she's gone to make the Dawson City run.
300 miles or so, where the Yukon waters flow,
he's gone to search the land of the midnight sun.
- 2 In the Klondike land of gold, he'll sail the river boat,
her whistle blowing steam, what ever you turn.
Where the smoke are rising high, right through the northern sky,
all listen to that paddlewheeler turn.
- 3 Paddlewheeler - paddlewheeler waiting on the Yukon
River shore.
Paddlewheeler - paddlewheeler, I hear the captain
calling all a Bord.
- 4 There's a beardet sourdough, then the greenhorn Cikakoo,
their landing deck with a undred man or more.
As the paddles hiven turn, their dreams so brightly burn,
all take them to that land of yello gold.
- 5 A Paddlewheeler told, where the rapids rolling boats,
take the cargo save to journey's end.
When the whistle are be blows, then every miner knows,
that Dawson City is just around the bend.
- 6 Paddlewheeler - paddlewheeler, turning on the river
pround and grand.

Am C F
Paddlewheeler - paddlewheeler, they say you're the
G C
queen of this land.

WHERE LEGENDS ARE BORN

1 In a Cariboo tundra, in the wild barren land,
on a first arctic ice, where the pole of her stand.
Where the trail of the Eskimo hunter is worn.
This is the country, where legends are born.

2 Where the northern lights plays, above a coat out a case,
and cariboo come to, an old shaman's drum.
In saloons and in Dancehalls they talked of the gold,
there where storys of fortun, storys of cold.
The trail of the weary goldminers is worn.
This i the country, where legends are born.

3 Where they measure the man, by the gold in his hand,
speed of his gun, by the dogs he would run.
They came here to settle, to build a new land,
in the mountains and valleys, in the cabins they stand.
The trail of the hardy home steader is worn.
This is the country, here legends are born.

4 This field to see now, where broke by the flower,
new children have grown, to build homes of theyr own.
And in the cariboo tundra in the will barren land,
on a first arcric ice, where the pole of her stand.
Where the trail of the Eskimos hunter is worn.
All this ist the country, where legends are born.

WILD AND FREE

1 There's a part on me, wild and free,
in my heart is a wild wolf howling to the top on tree.
It's a long cold trail, that I've been on,
just doesn't see'n to be an end till this way I've been gone.

2 I can see that road, spreaten over the land,
I see a young boy standing with a suitcase in his hand.
It was long ago, the boy was me,
and I was running like a wolf in the mountain wild an free.

3 I've got it in my mind, that it must to be the times,
so made my to wander away from a family.
That I love and I won't move above,
but everybody raum it does say it was just me, been wild and free.

4 I didn't care at all witch way I did go,
I didn't mind the hunger, the wind or the rain or the snoe.
'cos I was on the road to rather wanna to be,
just another man moving down the highway wild and free.

5 Whell I've got it on my mind that it must to be the times,
of made me to wander away from a family that I love,
and I won't move above, but everybody raum it does say.
It was just me, been wild and free.

6 There's a part on me, still wild and free,
in my heart is a wild wolf howling to the top on tree.
It's a long cold trail, that I've been on,

G **D** **C** **G**
just doesn't see'n to be an end till this way I've been gone.

The Days of '49



"Days of '49" came originally from "Old Put's Golden Songster." put together by "Old Put" himself in Gold Rush Days. While there wasn't much money in the mines, he found that there were plenty of miners willing to pay for any kind of music or entertainment, this being a scarce commodity.

I'm old Tom Moore from the bummer's shore
In the good old golden days.
They call me a bummer and a gin sot, too
But what cares I for praise?
I wander around from town to town
Just like a roving sign,
And all the people say "There goes Tom Moore,
In the days of '49."

CHORUS:

In the days of old, in the days of gold,
How oftentimes I repine
For the days of old
When we dug up the gold,
In the days of '49.

My comrades they all loved me well,
A jolly saucy crew.
A few hard cases I will recall
Though they all were brave and true.
Whatever the pinch they never would flinch,

**They never would fret or whine.
Like good old bricks they stood the kicks
In the days of '49.**

CHORUS

**There was New York Jake, the butcher's boy,
He was always getting tight.
And every time that he'd get booked (?)
He was spoiling for a fight.
Then Jake rampaged against a knife
In the hands of old Bob Syne,
And over Jake they held a wake
In the days of '49.**

CHORUS

**There was Poker Bill, one of the boys
Who was always in a game,
Whether he lost or whether he won,
To him it was always the same.
He would ante up and draw his cards
And he would you go hatful blind.
In a game with death, Bill lost his breath
In the days of '49.**

CHORUS:

**There was Ragshag Bill from Buffalo,
I never will forget.
He would roar all day and he'd roar all night
And I guess he's roaring yet.**

**One day he fell in a prospect hole,
In a roaring bad design,
And in that hole roared out his soul
In the days of '49.**

CHORUS

**Oh, the comrades all that I've had,
There's none that's left to boast.
And I'm left alone in my misery
Like some ol' poor wandering ghost.
And I pass by from town to town,
They call me the rambling sign.
There goes Tom Moore, a bummer sure,
In the days of '49.**

FINAL CHORUS:

**In the days of old, in the days of gold,
How oftentimes I repine
For the days of old
When we dug up the gold,
In the days of '49.
In the days of old
When we dug up the gold,
How ofttimes I repine,
In the days of old,
In the days of gold,
In the days of '49.
Oooh!**