

WE WERE THREE BROTHERS BORN BESIDE THE KELVIN
MA BROTHER ALLAN ,MA BROTHER JIM AND ME
WE CROSSED THE OCEAN AND TOOK PASSAGE ON THE RAILROAD
NEVER STOPPED UNTIL VANCOUVER AND THE SEA
I BROUGHT MA LAST , I BROUGHT MA COBBLER'S HAMMER
MA BROTHERS BROUGHT THEIR WILLINGNESS TO TOIL
THEY GOT WORK UNLOADIN' FREIGHT DOWN AT THE HARBOUR
I GOT THEIR BOOTS TO MEND, THEIR WORKMATES' ONES AS WELL
WE WERE RESOLVED TO MAKE OUR FORTUNE

ONE DAY I HEARD A BIG COMMOTION AT THE DOCKSIDE
ALL THE WORKMEN CROWDED ROUND A SINGLE MAN
HIS EYES WERE BURNIN' AS HE TOLD US OF THE KLONDIKE
GOLDEN NUGGETS YOU COULD PICK UP WITH YOUR HAND
WE LEFT THE SAWMILLS AND THE CHIMNEYS OF VANCOUVER
LEFT THE PINE WOODS OF THE COASTLINE FAR BEHIND
WE MET WITH ICE FLOWS IN THE COLD ALASKAN WATERS
SAILING NORTH IN THE HOPES THAT WE WOULD FIND
THE PRECIOUS ORE TO MAKE OUR FORTUNE

WE JOINED THE TREK OF SOULS ESCAPING OUT OF SKAGWAY
A LAWLESS TOWN OF GANGSTERS, WHORES AND THIEVES
WE CLIMBED THE DEAD HORSE TRAIL THAT LED UP TO THE BORDER
THE MOUNTIES WELCOMED US THEN SAID WE HAD TO LEAVE
WITH THE WHITE PASS WON WE STOOD BEFORE LAKE BENNETT
AND STILL 100 TRIALS AND DANGERS LAY AHEAD
WE FELL ON ANYTHING THAT MIGHT WELL FLOAT ON WATER
AND DOWN THE YUKON RIVER THEN WE SPED
TO RIDE THE GAUNTLET OF MISFORTUNE

THREE BATTERED BROTHERS STAGGERED INTO DAWSON
EXHAUSTED AND WASTED BY THE SUN
WE CROSSED A ROPE BRIDGE TO A SEA OF TENTS CALLED LOUSETOWN
AND IN THAT MADHOUSE LAY OUR WEARY BODIES DOWN
BUT THE FEVER OF THE GOLD SOON GRIPPED MY BROTHERS
THEY GRABBED THEIR PICKS AND PANS AND LEFT ME ON MY OWN
I TOOK MY TENT AND SET UP BUSINESS AS A COBBLER
AND SOON THE SNOW CLOUDS CAME TO CHASE THE AUTUMN RAIN
ANNOUNCING WINTER'S ICY CURTAIN

IT WAS A SEASON OF STARVATION ON THE YUKON
PEOPLE CAME TO COVET FOOD INSTEAD OF GOLD
AND THROUGH THE HUNGRY TIMES STILL DAWSON ACTED CRAZY
BUT I WORKED HARD TO FIGHT THE HUNGER AND THE COLD
IN THE SPRINGTIME I HAD NEWS OF BOTH MY BROTHERS
SOMEONE HAD FOUND THEIR FROZEN BODIES IN THE SNOW
I TOOK MY MONEY AND I HEADED FOR THE COASTLINE
ON TO VANCOUVER AND AN IRISH GIRL I KNOW
SUCH A FICKLE THING IS FORTUNE