

Allegro  $\text{♩} = 90$

# The Cremation of Sam McGee

Bob La Torre  
Lyrics by Robert Service

1 2 3 (Vamp) 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Narrator

Piccolo

Flute 1,2

Oboe

Clarinet 1,2,3

Alto Clarinet

Bass Clarinet

Alto Saxophone 1,2

Tenor Saxophone 1,2

Baritone Saxophone

Bassoon

Allegro  $\text{♩} = 90$

(Vamp)

Horn in F 1,2

Horn in F 3,4

Trumpet 1,2

Cornet 1,2,3

Trombone 1,2,3

Baritone (T.C.)

Tuba

Susp. Cym.

Percussion

11 12 (Spoken or sung) A 14 15 16

Narr. There are strange things done in the mid-night sun by the men who toil for gold; The

Picc. *f*

Flute 1,2 *f*

Oboe *f*

Clar. 1,2,3 *f*

Alto Cl. *f*

Bass Cl. *f*

Alto Sax 1,2 *f*

Ten. Sax 1,2 *f*

Bari Sax *f*

Bassoon *f*

Horn 1,2 *f*

Horn 3,4 *f*

Tpt. 1,2 *f*

Cor. 1,2,3 *f*

Trom. 1,2,3 *f*

Bari. *f*

Tuba *f*

Perc. *f*

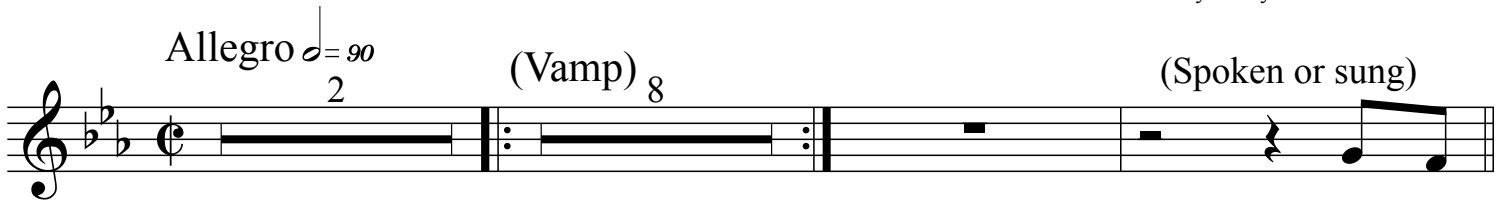
# The Cremation of Sam McGee

Bob La Torre

Narrator

Lyrics by Robert Service

Allegro  $\text{♩} = 90$   
2 (Vamp) 8 (Spoken or sung)



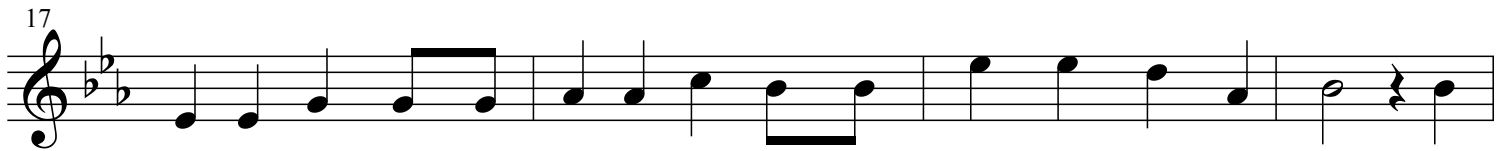
There are

13 **A**



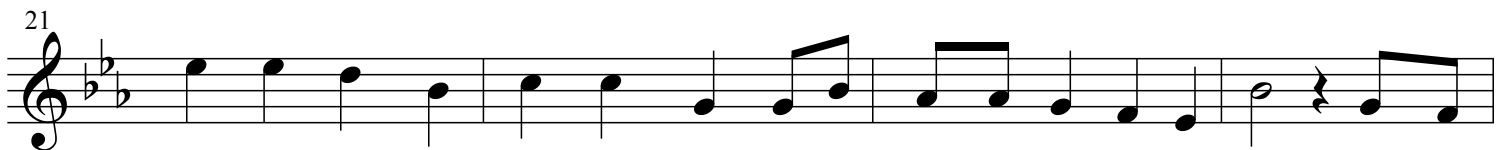
strange things done in the mid-night sun by the men who toil for gold; The

17



Arc-tic trails have their sec-ret tales that would make your blood run cold. The

21



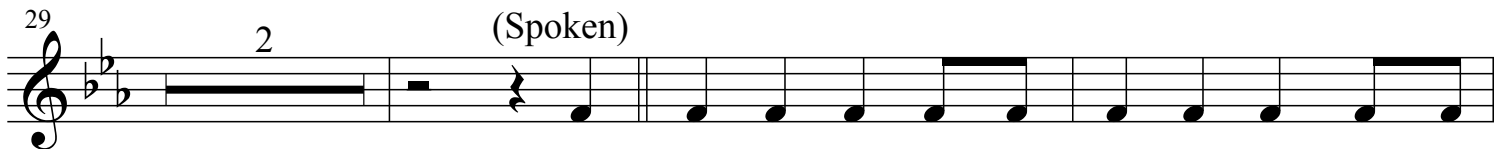
North ern Lights have seen queer sights, but the queer est they e'er did see Was that

25 **B**



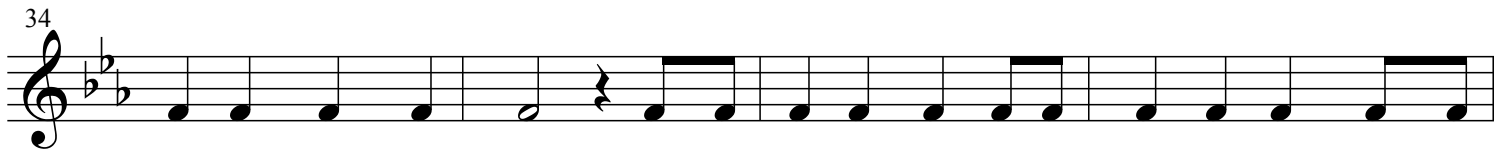
night on the marge of Lake La Barge when I cre mat ed Sam Mc Gee.

29 2 (Spoken)



Now, Sam Mc-Gee was from Ten-nes-see, where the

34



cot-ton blooms and blows. Why he left his home in the South to roam 'round the

38



Pole, God on-ly knows. He was al-ways cold, but the Land of Gold seemed to



80 ┌─── 3 ──┐ E



if I do, I'm as-king that you won't re - fuse my last re-quest."

84



Well, he seemed so low, I could-n't say no, and he says with a sort of

88



moan, "It's the curs ed cold, and it's got right hold 'til I'm chilled clean through to the

92



bone! Yet 'tain't be-ing dead, it's my aw-ful dread of the i - cy grave that

96



pains; So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cre - mate my last re mains." ┌─── 3 ──┐

100 F



Now, a pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I

104



swore I would not fail. And we start-ed on at the streak of dawn, but

108

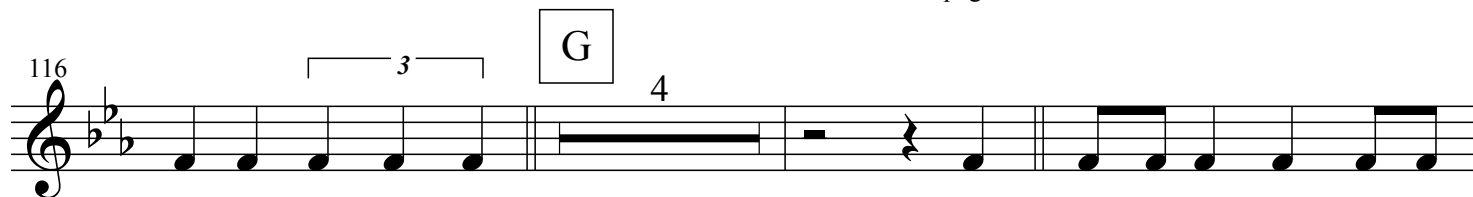


God! He looked gha-st ly pale! He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his

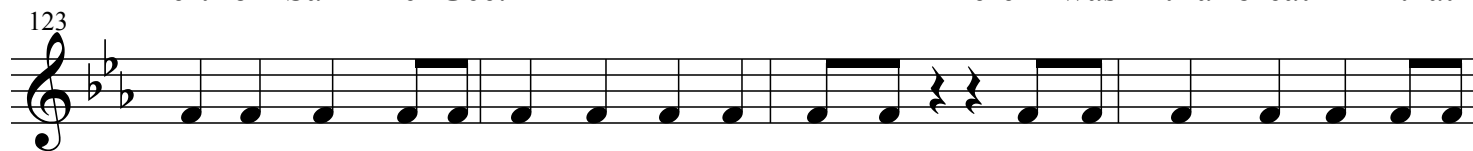
112



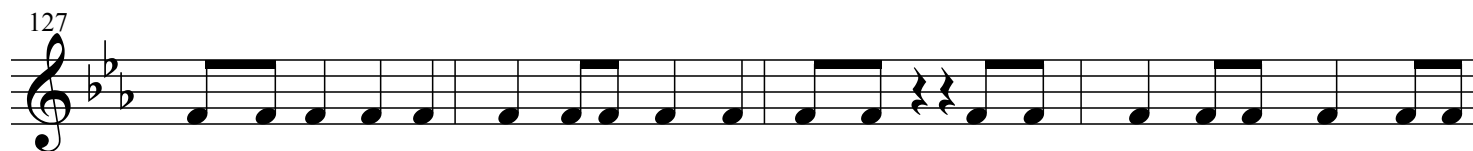
home in Ten-nes - see, And be - fore night-fall, a corpse was all that was

116 

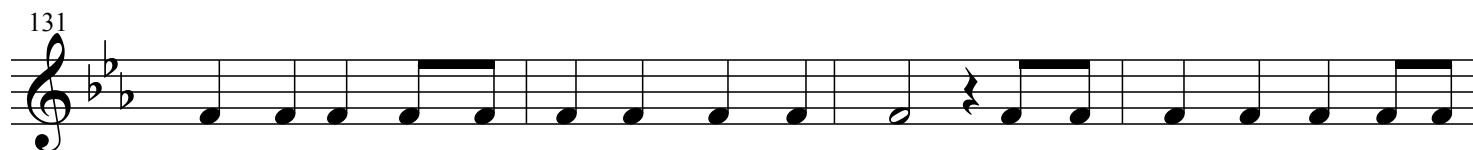
left of Sam Mc-Gee. There was-n't a breath in that

123 

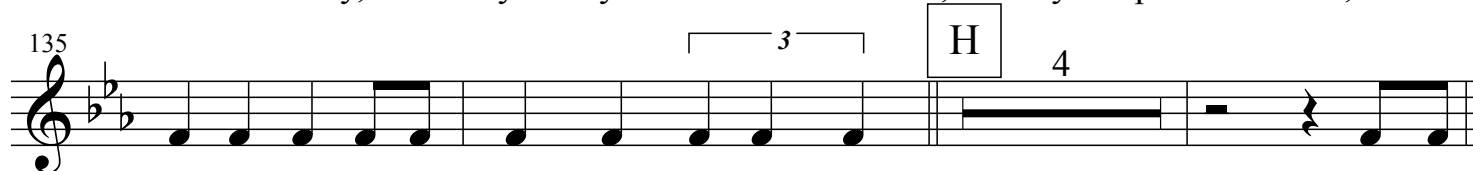
land of death, and I hur-ried, hor-ror driv-en. With a corpse half hid that I

127 

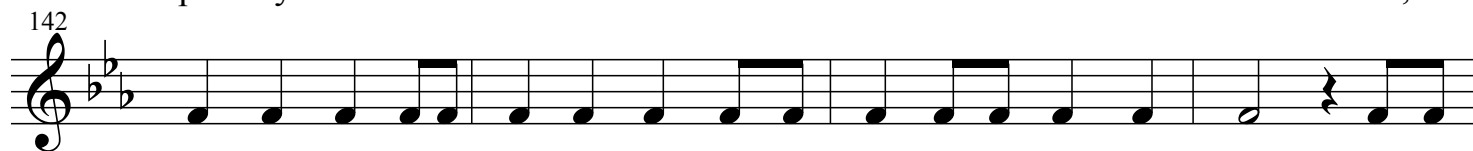
could n't get rid, be - cause of a prom ise giv-en. It was lashed to the sleigh, and it

131 

seemed to say, "You may test your brawn and brains, But you promised true, and it's

135 

up to you to cre - mate these last re-mains." Now, a

142 

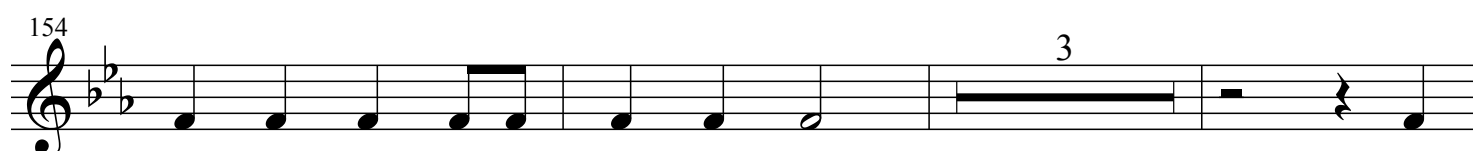
prom-ise made is a debt un-paid, and the trail has its own stern code. In the

146 

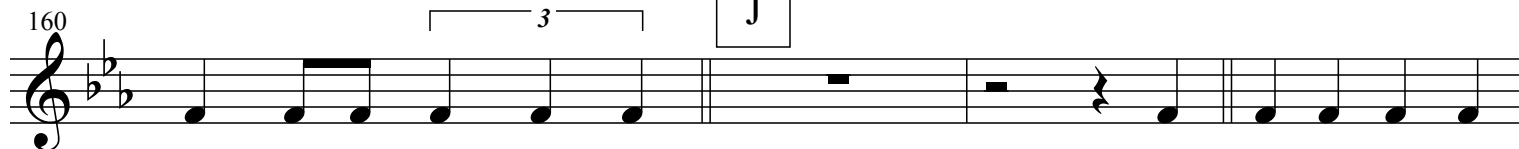
days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load! In the

150 


long, long night, by the lone fire light, while the hus kies, 'round in a ring, Howled

154 

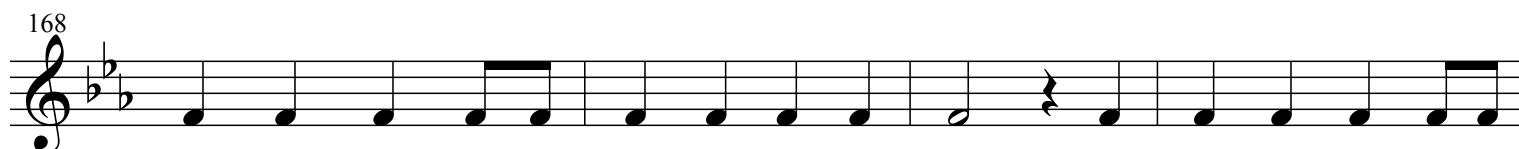
out their woes to the home-less snows, Oh

160  J


God, how I loathed that thing. And ev-'ry day that

164 


qui-et clay seemed to hea-vy and hea-vi-er grow. But on I went, though the

168 

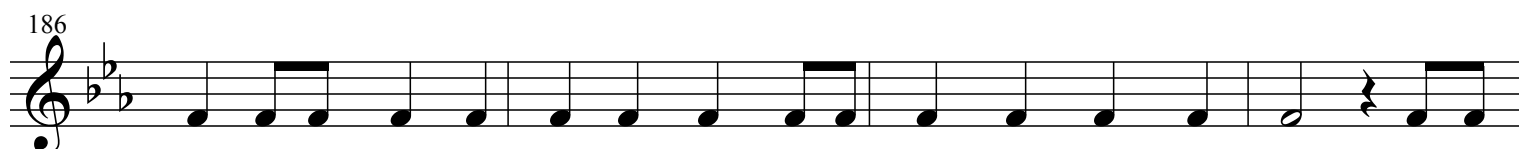
dogs were spent, and the grub was get-ting low. The trail was bad, and I

172 

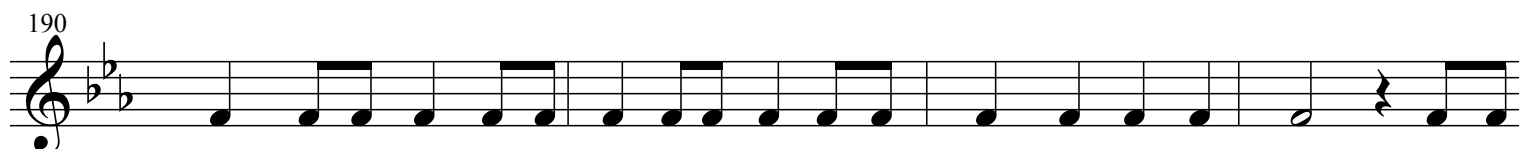
felt half mad, but I swore I would not give in, And I'd of-ten sing to the

176  K 7

hate-ful thing, and it hear-kened with a grin. 'Til I

186 

came to the marge of Lake La Barge, and a steam-boat wreck there lay. It was

190 

jammed in the ice, and I saw in a trice it was called the "Al-ice May." And I

194 

looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my fro-zen chum, Then

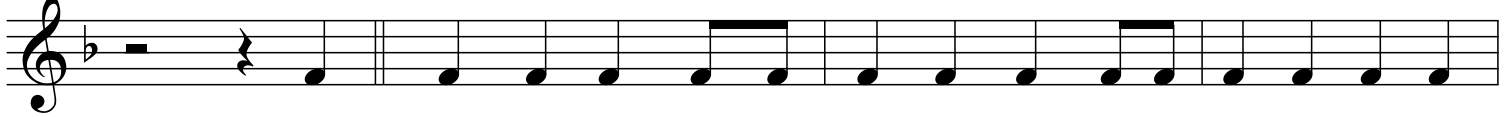
L

198



"Here!" said I, with a sud-den cry, "is my cre-ma-tor-i-um!"

202



Some planks I tore from the cab - in floor, and I lit the boil - er

206



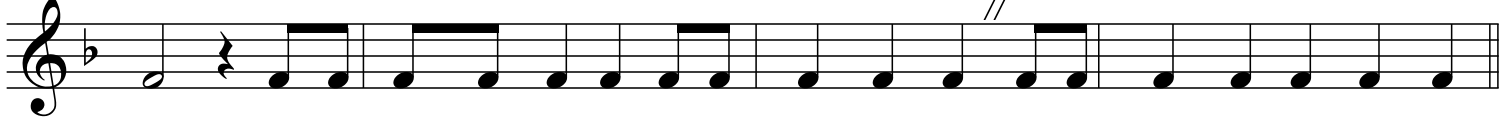
fire. Some coal I found that was ly-ing a-round, and I heaped the fu - el

210



high-er. The flames just soared and the fur-nace roared, such a blaze you sel-dom

214

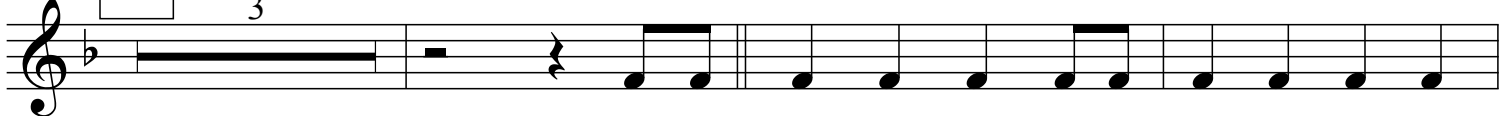


see! And I bur-rowed a hole in the glow-ing coal, and I stuffed in Sam Mc-Gee.

218

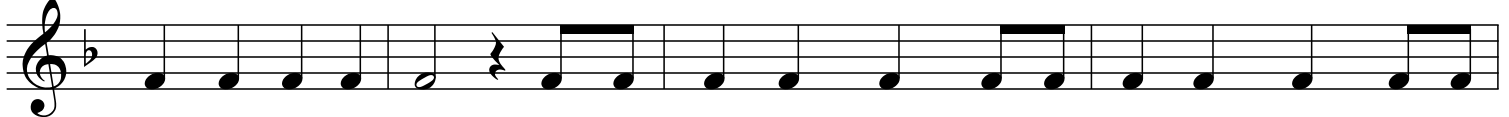
M

3



Then I made a hike, for I did - n't like to

224



hear him siz-zle so. And the heav-ens scowled, and the hus-kies howled, and the

228



wind be-gan to blow. It was i - cy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my

232

cheeks, and I don't know why, And the greas-y smoke, in an ink-y cloak, went

236

streak - ing down the sky. I

258

do not know how long in the snow I wrest-led with gris-ly fear. But the

262

stars came out and danced a - bout ere a - gain I ven-tured near. I was

266 *poco rit.*

sick with dread, but I brave-ly said, "I'll just have a peep in - side. I

270

guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked." Then the door I o-pened wide!

275

And there sat Sam, look-ing cool and calm in the heart of the fur-nace

279

roar. He was wear ing a smile you could see a mile, and he said, "Please close that

283

door. It's fine in here, but I great - ly fear you'll let in the cold and

287

storm. Since I left Plum tree, down in Ten nes see, it's the first time I've been warm!"

291

Q (Spoken or sung)

There are strange things done in the mid-night sun by the

295

men who moil for gold; The Arc-tic trails have their sec-ret tales that would

299

make your blood run cold. The North-ern Lights have seen queer sights, but the

303

queer-est they e'er did see Was that night on the marge of Lake La Barge when I

307

cre - mat - ed Sam Mc - Gee.