Sam McGee

There are strange things done under Duncan's sun By the men who love to bowl;
Duncan's trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Cowichan Valley has seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that day at CLBC
I defeated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where a bowling green's a rarity. Why he left his home in the South to roam the Cowichan Valley is a mystery. He was always cold, but our land of bowls seemed to hold him in a dream; Though he'd often say in his homely way that he hated to lose on our green.

On a cold Spring day in the midst of May we made our way to the Park. It rained all day and I hafta say that it seemed the green was awful dark. It rained so hard we could hardly see; And it wasn't much fun, But the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very day, as we tried to bowl in the dreary cold The spectators pleased as punch, enjoying the game we were told; Sam turned to me, and "Mark," says he, "I'm goin' to lose this game, I guess; And if I do, I'm asking you that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he says with a sort of moan: "It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chilled clean through to the bone. Yet 'taint this loss—it's that Ross, I guess, who's going to win as well; So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you my bowls will sell.

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail; And we carried on 'til the streak of dawn; but God! he looked ghastly pale. I bowled alright, but he raved all night of his home in Tennessee; And before daylight a ghost was all that was left of Sam McGee.

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