

# Matterhorn

## Egadz!

We started out from Bern one sunny August morn  
There was just the four of us against the Matterhorn  
There was Albert the Australian and John the Irishman  
Me and Bill from Britain, mad dogs in the sun

Matterhorn, Matterhorn  
Men have tried and men have died to climb the Matterhorn  
That mighty Matterhorn

Two miles up we lost John and our rations fell below  
Now Al and Bill are lying beneath an avalanche of snow  
Now here I am alone and I know I cannot stop  
Two more yards in front of me before I reach the top

Now here I am a dying upon the Matterhorn  
Not a thing for me to lie in or a thing to keep me warm  
The Queen would surely knight me if I could get back down  
But it's closer here to heaven than it is back to the ground

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