

Where Legends are Born

Hobo Jim

In the Caribou Tundra
In the wild Barren Land
on the fierce arctic ice
Where the Polar Bear stands
Where the trail of the Eskimo Hunter is worn,
This is the country where Legends are born.

Where the Nothern Light blaze
above an cold arctic haze
and a Caribou come to an old shamans drum

In Saloons and in Dance Halls
they talked of the Gold
There were stories of fortune
and stories of cold.
The trail of the weary gold miner is worn,
This is the country where Legends are born.

Where they measured a man by the Gold in his hand
and the speed of his gun, and the dogs he would run
They came here to settle, to build a new land
Entered mountains and valleys, in the cabins they stand.
The trail of the hardy home setter is worn,
This is the country where Legends are born.

These fields you see now would broke by the plow
the children have grown, build homes of their own
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on the fierce arctic ice
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Lyrics Submitted by Uwe F.

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