

# Walter Brennan, Dutchman's Gold

(Dutchman's gold,)  
(Oh, Dutchman's gold.)

Brennan:  
In The Arizona desert  
Stands a giant of earth and stone  
Mighty superstition mountain  
With it's mystery and it's gold.

A miner, out prospectin'  
Found his fortune and his fame  
Found the gold of superstition  
Just plain Dutchman, was his name.

Chorus:  
Oh, the Dutchman was a gambler  
And a party was his fun  
But he kept his precious secret  
Never trusting anyone.

And in death, he still is laughing  
For the grave his secret holds  
And the mighty superstition  
Keeps the Dutchman's yellow gold.

Yello gold.

Brennan:  
Mighty superstition mountain  
Standing high and all alone  
Once you told your precious secret  
And you gave your soft, pure gold.

'Pache indians know the story  
And in legend there is told  
Many takes of the beginnin'  
When you gave your yellow gold.

Now I'd like to dream and wonder  
If someday you'll give again  
The bounty of your treasure  
To some lonely, strugglin' man.

And if you, in all your splendor  
May choose me to be the one  
To find your precious treasure  
Shinin' yella, in the sun.

Chorus:  
Oh, the Dutchman was a gambler  
And a party was his fun  
But he kept his precious secret  
Never trusting anyone.

And in death, he still is laughing  
For the grave his secret holds  
And the mighty superstition  
Keeps the Dutchman's yellow gold

Yellow gold.  
Yellow gold.  
Yellow gold.  
Dutchman's gold!...