

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