Matterhorn

D B

We started out from Bern one sunny August morn

G D

there was just the four of us against the Matterhorn.

B D

There was Albert the Australian and John the Irishman

G D

me and Bill from Britain, mad dogs in the sun.

**Chorus:**

B D

Matterhorn, Matterhorn, men have tried men have died to

G D G D

climb the Matterhorn, that mighty Matterhorn.

D B

Two miles up we lost John and the ration fell below.

G D

Al and Bill are lying beneath an avalanche of snow.

B D

Now here I am alone and I know I cannot stop.

G D

Two more yards in front of me before I reach the top.

**Chorus**

D B

Well here I am a dying upon the Matterhorn

G D

not a thing for me to lie in nor a thing to keep me warm.

B D

The Queen would surly knight me if I could get back down,

G D

but its closer here to heaven than it is back to the ground.

**Chorus**