ALONG THE YUKON TRAIL

Words by
GRANT CLARKE

Music by
M. KAY JEROME

Moderato

TILL READY

I hear the Yu-kon,
Tonight I'm dreaming
of firelight gleaming.

The North is call-ing me;
Beneath the North-ern skies;
Again I've choos-en
Past crys-tal foun-tains,

the land that's froz-en,
'Cause some-one's yearn-ing
and o-ver moun-tains, I'll soon be glid-ing,
for my re-turn-ing;
the moon-beams guid-ing;

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For Al-ask-a Im-rat-ing forth, To a sweet-heart wait-ing up North,
I won’t feel the hun-ger and sting, Love will o-ver-come ev’ry-thing.

CHORUS

A-long the Yu-kon trail, Through snow-y hill and

vale,
I’ll urge my dog sled on at night,

Be-neath the bril-liant Nor-thern Light.

Along the Yukon.
Across the border line,
There's someone I call mine,
Someone is waiting who loved me of old,
Up in that beautiful country of gold,
That's why I'll battle the hunger and cold,
Along the Yukon trail.