TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO
THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Moderato

Words and Music
by IRVING BERLIN

Till ready

You see that

I oft-en

va-cant house, As qui-et as a mouse, It's chock full of mys-try,

have been told, That there's a bag of gold, In the house that's haunt-ed,

Be-sides, it has a his-tory. The man who oc-cu-pled That building,

I'm poor, but I don't want it. The doors are o pen wide, But no-one

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For sale by all dealers
ALONG THE YUKON TRAIL

Words by
GRANT CLARKE

Music by
M. KAY JEROME

Moderato

I hear the Yu-kon, I hear the Yu-kon,
Tonight I'm dreaming of fire-light's gleaming,

TILL READY

The North is calling me; Again I've chosen
 Beneath the North-ern skies; Past crystal foun-tains,

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

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For Ask-a Instart-ing forth, To a sweet-heart wait-ing up North.
I wont feel the hun-ger and sting, Love will o-ver-come ev'-ry-thing.

CHORUS
Along the Yu-kon trail, Through snow-y hill and

te, I'll urge my dog sled on at night,

Be-neath the bril-liant North-ern Light;

Along the Yukon.3
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.
**I was growing very fond of Molly**

**When a long came Ruth, a long came Ruth,**
I thought an awful lot of

**Dolly When Ruth came along, My head began to **"Merri-go-round,** I