



Waltz of the Yukon

The Waltz of the Yukon blows through the trees,
Listen to the music of the wind in the leaves.
It tells of the beauty as it blows across the land,
The Waltz of the Yukon played by nature's own hand.

It whispers the beauty of the lakes and the streams,
So touched by the richness of the blues and the greens,
It tells of the secret that northern lights hold,
The Waltz of the Yukon they're dancing I'm told.

The Waltz of the Yukon blows through the trees,
Listen to the music of the wind in the leaves.
It tells of the beauty as it blows across the land,
The Waltz of the Yukon played by nature's own hand.

It tells of the beauty of the crystal white snow,
It tells how the starlight sets the heavens aglow,
It tells of the beauty as it blows across the land,
The Waltz of the Yukon played by nature's own hand.

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It tells of the beauty as it blows across the land,
The Waltz of the Yukon played by nature's own hand.