## **NIVEL INTERMEDIO**

| It was in all the                                | at the time.                     |                      |       |
|--|----------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| Men  | in the Arctic had found a yellow |                      | Gold. |
| A mad fever spread as far as word can travel and |                                  | more rushed to the N | North |
| to try their                                     |                                  |                      |       |
| These men needed dogs. Big dogs with             |                                  | to pull their sleds. |       |
| Good morning there, Buck!                        |                                  |                      |       |
| Buck was neither                                 | dog nor                          | dog.                 |       |
| His master was Santa Clara C                     | County                           |                      |       |
| In this realm, Buck was                          |                                  |                      |       |
| Damn it,   | !                                |                      |       |
| Careful! That's Judge Miller's                   | s dog.                           |                      |       |
| You wish the judge a happy l                     | birthday from me.                |                      |       |
| Thanks,  | Come on, Buck! Let's go.         |                      |       |
| Thousands of gold rushers co                     | onverge in Dawson City!          |                      |       |
| News of the Klondike! Oh.                        |                                  |                      |       |
| Here you go,                                     |                                  |                      |       |
| Buck, stop! Buck!                                |                                  |                      |       |
|  | in the Arctic had found          | Gold                 |       |
| A mad fever spread as far as word can travel and |                                  |                      | to    |
| the North to try their                           |                                  |                      |       |
| These men  |                                  |                      |       |
|  | to pull                          |                      |       |
| Good morning there, Buck!                        |                                  |                      |       |
| 0T   | nor                              |                      |       |
|  | was Santa Clara County           |                      |       |
|  | Buck was                         |                      |       |
| Damn it,   |                                  |                      |       |
| !т   |                                  |                      |       |
|  | a happy birthday from me.        |                      |       |
|  | Come on, Buck! Let's go.         |                      |       |
|  | converge in Dawson City!         |                      |       |
| News of the Klondike! Oh.                        | 35 5                             |                      |       |
| Here you go,                                     |                                  |                      |       |
| Buck, stop! Buck!                                |                                  |                      |       |