

Hank Snow, Canadian Pacific

Recorded by Hank Snow

(D) I rode your ocean liner to New (EM) foundland,
Where I (BM) made a living in an iron (A) mine.
When I (G) got my fill I went to Nova (A) Scotia,
And I (E) fished the salty waters for a (A) time.

Passing (D) through Prince Edward Island and New Bruns (EM) wick,
I could (BM) see the rocks and cliffs of solid (A) stone.
Listening to the seagulls calling to each (A) other
Made me miss my darling and my distant (D) home.

(D) Canadian Pac (EM) ific, (A) carry me 3,000 (D) miles,
Through the valleys and the (G) forests,
(A) To the sunshine of her (D) smile,
'Cross the plains and the rugged (EM) mountains,
(A) Keep this wandering boy from (D) harm.
Canadian (G) Pacific, (A) take me to my baby's (D) arms.

(D) The Atlantic disappeared on the (EM) horizon,
And (BM) Quebec lay waiting for me down the (A) track.
For a (G) while I drove a truck to keep from star-(A)-ving.
In (E) Ontario I was a lumber-(A)-jack.

Man-(D)-itoba and Saskatchewan (EM) then followed,
Where the (BM) wheat fields and the old Red River (A) flowed.
In the (G) quiet hours your whistling on the (A) praire,
Touched my heart and set my memories (D) aglow.

(D) I could feel the nearness of her warm, sweet (EM) kisses,
When you (BM) rolled into Alberta westward (A) bound.
I worked (G) on an oil rig to make some (A) money,
For a (E) ticket to the sweetest girl (A) around.

(D) Pushing on past Lake Louise in all it's (EM) splendor,
Where the (BM) trees and Rockies touch the sky (A) above,
I got (G) to British Columbia and (A) heaven,
On your track I made it back to my true (D) love.

Canadian Pacific, carry me 3,000 miles,
Through the valleys and the forests,
To the sunshine of her smile.
'Cross the plains and the rugged mountains,
Keep this wandering boy from harm.
Canadian Pacific, take me to my baby's arms.