

Hank Snow, Chant Of The Wanderer

(The rippling rills the cataract spills the whippoorwill thrills)
Take a look at the sky where the whippoorwill thrills
And the mountains so high where the cataract spills
Take a look at the falls and the rippling rills
Hear the wanderlust call of the whispering hills
(The rippling rills the cataract spills the whippoorwill thrills)
Ooh ooh (the rippling rills the cataract spills the whippoorwill thrills)
Let me live on the range where the tumbleweeds grow
Let the silver sands change where the prairie winds blow
Let the wanderer sing where the wanderers go
Let the melody ring for he's happy I know
(The wanderers go the prairie winds blow the tumbleweeds grow)
Ooh ooh (the wanderers go the prairie winds blow the tumbleweeds grow)
Let me follow the trail where the buffalo roam
Let a silver cloud sail where the settin' sun shone
Let the lobo wolf wail in a broken heart tone
Let it storm let it gale still the prairie's my home
(A broken heart tone the seting sun shone the buffalo roam)
Ooh ooh (a broken heart tone the seting sun shone the buffalo roam)
The prairie's my home