

# 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