

## Canadian Pacific

Hank Snow

I rode your ocean liner to Newfoundland,  
Where I made a living in an iron mine.  
When I got my fill I went to Nova Scotia,  
And I fished the salty waters for a time.

Passing through Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick,  
I could see the rocks and cliffs of solid stone.  
Listening to the seagulls calling to each other  
Made me miss my darling and my distant home.

Canadian Pacific, carry me three thousand 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.

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

Man-itoba and Saskatchewan then followed,  
Where the wheat fields and the old Red River flowed.  
In the quiet hours your whistling on the prairie,  
Touched my heart and set my memories aglow.

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

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

Canadian Pacific, carry me three thousand 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.