

## My Nova Scotia Home

Hank Snow

There's a place I'll always cherish, 'neath the blue Atlantic sky  
Where the shores down in Cape Breton bid the golden sun to rise  
And the fragrance of the apple blossoms sprays the dew-kissed lawns  
Back in dear old Nova Scotia, a place where I was born

The Scotian and the Ocean Limited, and the Maritime Express  
Their mighty engines throbbing, make their way towards the west  
And the sturdy fishin' schooners, sways so laz'ly to and fro'  
Nova Scotia is my sanctuary, and I love her so

For across the great Dominion, I have traveled far and wide  
Where the shores out in Vancouver, kiss the blue Pacific tide  
I have crossed the snow-capped Rockies, saw the wheat fields' golden blaze  
Headed back to Nova Scotia, where contented cattle graze

Where the pretty robin red breast, seeks its' loved ones in the trees  
And the French di'lect in old Quebec, keeps callin' out to me  
It seems to say, be on your way, there's a welcome at the door  
Where the kinfolks are a-waiting on that gay Atlantic shore

Down through beautiful New Brunswick and across the P.E.I.  
To the rock-bound coasts of Newfoundland, I'll love them till I die  
But if God came here on Earth with us and asked if he could rest  
I'd take him to my Nova Scotia home, the place that I love best