**"Canadian Railroad Trilogy"**

ALL

There was a time in this fair land when the railroad did not run

When the wild majestic mountains stood alone against the sun

Long before the white man and long before the wheel

When the green dark forest was too silent to be real

But time has no beginnings and history has no bounds

As to this verdant country they came from all around

They sailed upon her waterways and they walked the forests tall

Built the mines, mills and the factories for the good of us all

SOLO 1:

And when the young man's fancy was turning to the spring

The railroad men grew restless for to hear the hammers ring

Their minds were overflowing with the visions of their day

And many a fortune won and lost and many a debt to pay

ALL

For they looked in the future and what did they see

They saw an iron road running from the sea to the sea

Bringing the goods to a young growing land

All up through the seaports and into their hands

Bring in the workers and bring up the rails

We gotta lay down the tracks and tear up the trails

Open her heart let the life blood flow

Gotta get on our way 'cause we're moving too slow

Gotta get on our way 'cause we're moving too slow

SOLO 2:

Behind the blue Rockies the sun is declinin'

The stars, they come stealin' at the close of the day

Across the wide prairie our loved ones lie sleeping

Beyond the dark oceans in a place far away

ALL

We are the navvies who work upon the railway

Swingin' our hammers in the bright blazin' sun

Livin' on stew and drinkin' bad whiskey

Bendin' our backs 'til the long days are done

SOLO 3:

We are the navvies who work upon the railway

swingin' our hammers in the bright blazin' sun

Layin' down track and buildin' the bridges

bendin' our backs 'til the railroad is done

ALL

So over the mountains and into the plains

Into the muskeg and into the rain

Up the St. Lawrence all the way to Gaspe

Swingin' our hammers and drawin' our pay

Layin' 'em in and tyin' 'em down

Away to the bunkhouse and into the town

A dollar a day and a place for my head

A drink to the livin' a toast to the dead

SOLO 4:

Now the song of the future has been sung

all the battles have been won

On the mountain tops we stand

All the world at our command

We have opened up the soil

With our teardrops and our toil

For there was a time in this fair land when the railroad did not run

When the wild majestic mountains stood alone against the sun

Long before the white man and long before the wheel

When the green dark forest was too silent to be real

When the green dark forest was too silent to be real

And many are the dead men\_\_\_\_ too silent\_\_\_\_ to be real