

Folk Celtic

"Heading For Halifax"

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Heading for Halifax

G D G C

Late spring the leaves have turned green,

G Em D

And there's sheep on the hill side, there's birds on the wing.

G D C G

Over my shoulder the last time I'm seeing,

D C G

The old home all weathered and grey

G D G C

We talked till three, my father and me,

G Em D

And the fiddle tunes flowed like the pure Margaree,

G D C G

"Never forget who you are, son", said he.

D C G

As I followed my brothers away.

CHORUS:

Em

And I'm heading for Halifax to see what's to spare,

D

In the way of some work and if there's nothing there,

Em

It's Toronto, Out west, to God only knows where,

C G D

But there's bound to be friends from back home.

G D G C

One thing I know, wherever I go,

G Em D

My heart's in Cape Breton it will always be so.

G D C G

Whenever the fiddler he rosens his bow,

D C G

My first and last thoughts are of home.

Cho.

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