

Gordon Lightfoot

"Railroad Trilogy"

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ALBUM:

By Gordon Lightfoot

@TITLE: RAILROAD TRILOGY

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 beginning and history has no bound
As to this verdant country they came from all around
They sailed upon her waterways and they walked her
forests tall
Built the mines, the mills and the factories for the good
of us all

And when the young man's fancy had turned into his
brain
The railroad men grew restless for to hear their
hammers ring
Their minds were overflowing with the visions of their
day
With many a fortune won and lost and many a debt to
pay

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 on the seaboards and into their hands

Look away, said they
Across this mighty land
From the eastern shore
To the western strand

Bring in the workers and bring up the rails
We've gotta lay down the tracks and tear up the trails
Open her heart, let the lifeblood flow

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

Bring in the workers and bring up the rails
We've gotta lay down the tracks and tear up the trails
Open her heart, let the lifeblood flow
Gotta get on our way 'cause we're moving too slow
Get on our way 'cause we're moving too slow

Behind the blue Rockies the sun is declining
The stars they come stealing like the blows of the day
Across the wide prairie our loved ones lie sleeping
Beyond the dark oceans in a place far away

We are the navvies who work on the railway
Swinging our hammers in the bright blazing sun
Living on stew and drinkin' bad whiskey
Bending our backs 'til the long days are done

We are the navvies who work upon the railway
Swinging our hammers in the bright blazing sun
Laying down track, and building the bridges
Bending our backs 'til the railroad is done

So over the mountains and over the plains
Into the muskeg and into the rain
Up the St Lawrence all the way to Gaspe
Swinging our hammers and drawin' our pay

Driving 'em in and tying 'em down
Away to the bulkhouse and into the town
A dollar a day and a place for my head
A drink to the living, a toast to the dead

Oh the song, ah 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

Oh 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

