

Hank Snow

"My Nova Scotia Home"

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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

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