

Lightfoot Gordon

"Crossroads"

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When first I did appear upon this native soil
All up and down this country at labor I did toil
I slumbered in the moonlight and I rose with the sun
I rambled through the canyons where the cold rivers
run

When first I did come down where the land meets the
sea
The people said Who are you and what would your
name be
I said I have no home and I am no man's son
'Twas inland I was born and from inland that I come

In the good land I was young and I was strong
No one dared to call me son
Happy just to see my day's work done
See my day's work done

So I swung an axe as a timberjack
And I worked the Quebec mines
And on the golden prairie I rode the big combines
I sailed the maritime waters of many a seaport town
Built the highways and the byways to the western
salmon grounds

I've gazed upon the good times I've seen the bad times
too
Felt many a cold and bitter wind and many a mornin'
dew
I've watched the country growin' like a fair and mighty
thing
And on the still of a summer night I've heard the
mountains ring

In the good land I was young and I was strong
No one dared to call me son
Happy just to see my day's work done
See my day's work done

But now the seeds are planted and the gates are open
wide

The old ways are forgotten there's no place left to hide
And the legacy I'm leavin' you is not very hard to find
You'll see it all around you at this crossroads of time
In the sweet soil it's a-growin' At the crossroads of time

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