

## Lightfoot Gordon

### "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

