

Stompin' Tom Connors

"Polka Playin' Henry"

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Come and listen to the music of the Northern Land
The hootin, rootin, tootin Henry Kelnic Band
From the boogie, to the oohmpas and the Oompapa
halls
Polka Playin' Henry was the king of them all!

From the picnic, to the wedding and the big parade
Dancning and romancing to the music he played
The people and the children all became his fans
Waltzing down the avenue they followed the band

With a twist and the jig
The street was alive
Rockin and a Rollin to the jitterbug jive
He played the accordion, the saxophone, the fiddle
and the trumpet
And the Slide Trombone!

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(bridge)

In the cities of the country, how they took to the sound
The music of the miners up in Timmins town
Where he packed the old pavilion to the clapping of
hands,
Of the doctors and the lawyers and the lumberjack man

With a magical smile just as clear as a bell
Mr. Henry Kelnic will remember you well
And we'll raise another glass up in the Northern Land
To Henry and the members of a mighty fine band

With a twist and the jig
The town was alive
Rockin and a Rollin to the jitterbug jive
He played the accordion, the saxophone, the fiddle

and the trumpet,
And the Slide Trombone

Come and listen to the music of the Northern Land
The hootin, rootin, tootin Henry Kelnic Band
From the boogie, to the oohmpas and the Oohmpapa
halls
Polka Playin' Henry was the king of them all!
Polka Playing Henry was the king of them all!

(instumental to the end)

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