

Stompin' Tom Connors

"Tribute To Wilf Carter"

Visit "[Tribute To Wilf Carter](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hello friends, This is Stompin' Tom Connors

And I'd like to dedicate this song to that old Alberta cowboy himself

Wilf Carter

(Yodeling)

In the year 1904, Upon a cold December morn

In Port Hillford, Nova Scotia Wilf Carter he was born

Went to work for the local farmers, at a very tender age

Til' the Bush Camps of New Brunswick hired Wilf for a better pay

And Wilf began to yodeleyaee in the back woods of Amdee

(Yodeling)

From the Maritimes to Boston now, the wheat fields of the West

The Plains of ol' Alberta they just seemed to suit him best

Punching cows and breaking horse was the life he loved to lead

And you'd always see Wilf Carter at the Calgary Stampede

And Wilf would always yodeleyaee on the streets of Calgary

(Yodeling)

When he sang, he'd play the guitar, tellin' stories that

were true

For the songs that he wrote, were always about people
that he knew

And he took his compositions down to Montreal by train

Where he made his first recording, and was on his way
to fame

And Wilf began to yodeleyaee on the radio CBC

(Yodeling)

Just the plain and simple cowboy, with that old familiar
grin

To the USA, Wilf Carter was now Montana Slim

From the hungary hobo jungles, to the top recording
star

And the people came by thousands, when he
strummed that old guitar

And Wilf would always yodeleyaee in a voice so young
and free

(Yodeling)

Now the message of my story won't be hard to
understand

And I think I speak for every hardcore country music
fan

Though the modern record players have replaced the
gramophone

I still love to here Wilf Carter singing play the cowboy
songs

And Wilf can still yodeleyaee any time he wants for me

(Yodeling)

Visit [Stompin' Tom Connors](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.