

My Nova Scotia Home

Hank Snow

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 kinfolds 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