

Introduction

We would like to begin by acknowledging that we are in Mi'kma'ki (MEEG-MA-GEE), the traditional and unceded territory of the Mi'kmaq people. This land is governed by the treaties of Peace and Friendship, first signed in 1726. Nova Voce recognizes that we are all treaty people and have responsibilities to each other and this land. We offer this concert in recognition of our responsibilities.

This concert is a celebration of Canada as depicted in song. It celebrates people, culture, history and environment. Of course, we have had to be selective as we move from east to west across the country and north to the Arctic, choosing songs that feature each province and territory. As we go along you will realize that the train plays an important role in what we sing; it is so very important in the folklore and history of this country. Songs like The Train, Canadian Railway Trilogy, the Royal Hudson, and Canadian Pacific are all part of the program, but I'm getting ahead of myself here. All of the songs were composed or arranged by Canadian artists. They all tell us something about Canada. Some are love songs; some are nonsense. But all are Canadian.

First, though, please rise and sing O Canada with us.



Canadian Pacific



To start our journey, we embark on a trans-Canada trip from East to West aboard the Canadian Pacific Railway train. On our journey we see features of the land or take up various occupations in the provinces: in Newfoundland we are iron miners; Nova Scotia features salt water and fishermen (what else!); in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island we encounter rocks and cliffs; in Quebec we take up truck driving; in Ontario we're lumberjacks. In Manitoba and Saskatchewan, we come upon the Red River and wheat fields; Alberta has oil rigs, Lake Louise and the Rockies; and finally we reach British Columbia, the home to our true love. The song was written by Canadian Ray Griff, and first recorded in 1969. All aboard!

Canadian Pacific Ray Griff, arr. Larry Nickel

I rode your ocean liner to Newfoundland
Where I made a living in an iron mine.
When I got my fill I went to Nova Scotia,
And I fished the salty waters for a time.

Passing through Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick
I could see the rocks and cliffs of solid stone
Listening to the seagulls calling to each other
Made me miss my darling and my distant home.

Canadian Pacific, carry me 3,000 miles,
Through the valleys and the forests,
To the sunshine of her smile,
'Cross the plains and the rugged mountains,
Keep this wandering boy from harm.
Canadian Pacific, take me to my baby's arms.

The Atlantic disappeared on the horizon,
And Quebec lay waiting for me down the track.
For a while I drove a truck to keep from starving.
In Ontario I was a lumberjack.

Manitoba and Saskatchewan then followed,
Where the wheat fields and the old Red River flowed.
In the quiet hours your whistling on the prairie,
Touched my heart and set my memories aglow.

I could feel the nearness of her warm, sweet kisses,
When you rolled into Alberta westward bound.
I worked on an oil rig to make some money,
For a ticket to the sweetest girl around.

Pushing on past Lake Louise in all its splendor,
Where the trees and Rockies touch the sky above,
I got to British Columbia and heaven,
On your track I made it back to my true love.

Canadian Pacific, carry me 3,000 miles,
Through the valleys and the forests,
To the sunshine of her smile.
'Cross the plains and the rugged mountains,
Keep this wandering boy from harm.
Canadian Pacific, take me to my baby's arms.

Let Me Fish Off Cape St. Mary's



We visit Newfoundland and Labrador with our next song Let Me fish off Cape St. Mary's. This is a song of longing for the island, especially Cape St. Mary's, and life associated with the sea and everything it embodies: Atlantic combers, rip tides, wild ducks, glistening beaches, spawning capelins, snug green coves, "where the stars shine out their wonder and the seas roll up their thunder." Cape St. Mary's itself is, today, an ecological reserve on the southwest tip of the Avalon Peninsula. The song was written by Otto Kelland, a noted Newfoundland author, poet and songwriter.

Let Me Fish Off Cape St. Mary's Otto Kelland, arr. Jim Duff
Michael Pottie, Tenor

Take me back to my Western boat,
Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's,
Where the hogdowns sail and the foghorns wail,
With my friends the Browns and the Clearys,
Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's.

Let me feel my dory lift,
To the broad Atlantic combers,
Where the tide rips swirl and the wild ducks whirl,
Where Old Neptune calls the number,
'Neath the broad Atlantic combers.

Let me sail up Golden Bay,
With my oilskins all a streamin',
From the thunder squall when I hauled me trawl,
And my old Cape Ann a gleamin',
With my oil skins all a streamin'.

Let me view that rugged shore,
Where the beach is all a-glisten,
With the Caplin spawn where from dusk to dawn,
You bait your trawl and listen,
To the undertow a-hissin'.

When I reach that last big shoal,
Where the ground swells break asunder,
Where the wild sands roll to the surge's toll,
Let me be a man and take it,
When my dory fails to make it.

Take me back to that snug green cove,
Where the seas roll up their thunder,
There let me rest in the earth's cool breast,
Where the stars shine out their wonder,
And the seas roll up their thunder.

Ave Maris Stella



To honour the Acadian heritage of the Maritimes we now sing Ave Maris Stella, a plainsong hymn to the Virgin Mary. The song is of unknown origin but can be dated back to the 8th century. It was adopted as the Acadian national anthem in 1884. It has French words, but we sing it in its original Latin.

Ave Maris Stella French Acadian, arr. Diane Loomer
Tim McClare, Tenor

Ave, maris stella,
Dei mater alma,
Atque semper virgo,
Felix coeli porta.

Hail, star of the sea,
Nurturing Mother of God
And ever Virgin
Happy gate of heaven.

Sumens illud Ave
Gabrielis ore,
funda nos in pace,
mutans Evae nomen.

Receiving that "Ave"
From the mouth of Gabriel,
Establish us in peace,
Transforming the name of Eve.

Bluenose



We represent Nova Scotia with Bluenose, a song that needs no introduction to this audience, but just in case, here is one! Stan Rogers, who will feature again in this concert, wrote this song in 1977; the version we are singing was arranged by Trent Worthington. It is ironic that both Mr. Rogers and Mr. Worthington are not natives of Nova Scotia. Stan from Ontario (but with deep Maritime roots), and Trent from Edmonton. The song honours both the accomplishments of the original schooner Bluenose, “that proud fast Queen of the Grand Banks fleet portray’d on every dime” and her replica “her name sake daughter, to show what she has been”. The song begins with an overture-like opening, so expertly played by our accompanist Lynn Pelton.

Bluenose Stan Rogers, arr. Trent Worthington

Once again with the tide she slips her lines
Turns her head and comes awake
Where she lay so still there at Privateer’s Wharf
Now she quickly gathers way
She will range far south from the harbour mouth
And rejoice with every wave
Who will know the Bluenose in the sun?

Feel her bow rise free of Mother Sea
In a sunburst cloud of spray
That stings the cheek while the rigging will speak
Of sea-miles gone away
She is always best under full press
Hard over as she’ll lay
Who will know the Bluenose in the sun?

That proud fast Queen of the Grand Banks Fleet
Portrayed on every dime
Knew hard work in her time
Hard work in every line.

The rich men’s toys of the Gloucester boys
With their token bit of cod
They snapped their spars
And strained to pass her by
But she left them all behind

Now her namesake daughter remains to show
What she has been
What every schoolboy remembers
And will not come again
To think she’s the last
Of the Grand Banks Schooners
That fed so many men
Who will know the Bluenose in the sun?

So does she not take wing like a living thing
Child of the moving tide?
See her pass with grace on the water’s face
With clean and quiet pride
Our own tall ship of great renown
Still lifts unto the sky
Who will know the Bluenose in the sun?

Mon Acadie



We journey now to New Brunswick where we come upon the well know folksong Mon Acadie. The song represents a longing for the Acadian homeland. The music was written by Frederic Berat, a French composer, in 1836 and originally started life entitled Ma Normandie in reference to M. Berat's home in France. At some time, the song transitioned to Mon Acadie with similar lyrics as the original, but of course in reference to Acadia rather than Normandy. The version we are singing was arranged by Douglas Russell, a stalwart member of the Dalhousie (University) Chorale in years past. The song, of course, is in French, but the English translation tells us that when winter flees, when the sun comes back, when the swallows return," I like to see My Acadia again, the country where I was born" or en francais "J'aime a revoir mon Acadie, C'est le pays qui m'a donne le jour."

Mon Acadie Frédéric Bérat, arr. Douglas Russell

Quand tout renaît à l'espérance,
Et que l'hiver fuit loin de nous,
Au sien de notre Nouvell' France,
Quand le soleil revient plus doux,
Quand la nature est reverdie,
Quand l'hirondelle est de retour,
J'aime à revoir mon Acadie
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

J'ai vu les champs de l'Helvétie,
Et ses chalets et ses glaciers,
J'ai vu le ciel de l'Italie,
La belle Venise et ses gondoliers.
En saluant chaque patrie,
Je me disai: Aucun séjour
N'est plus beau que ma mon Acadie,
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

When everything is reborn in hope
And winter flees far from us,
Within our New France
When the sun returns gentler,
When nature has turned green again,
When the swallow has returned,
I love to see my Acadie.
It's the country where I was born.

I've seen the fields of Helvetia,
And its chalets and its glaciers,
I've seen the sky of Italy,
The beautiful Venice and its gondoliers.
Greeting each homeland,
I told myself that no stay
Is no more beautiful than my Acadie,
It's the country where I was born.

The Hockey Song



A concert featuring the variety of Canada, especially its culture, would not be complete without reference to hockey. We do so with the singing of The Hockey Song by the Canadian icon Stompin' Tom Connors which was first released in 1973. Stompin' Tom, although born in New Brunswick was raised in Prince Edward Island, and we use his song in tribute to that Island as part of our cross Canada journey. The song is divided into three periods, the last of which sees the home team win. (Alas, not the Leafs, Steve). The song is arranged by Larry Nickel, and in his version, he honours the likes of Gordie Howe, Bobby Orr, Mario Lemieux, Rocket Richard, and Wayne Gretzky – all great hockey heroes.

The Hockey Song Stompin' Tom Connors, arr. Larry Nickel
Duncan Miller, Referee

Do you know the name of Gordie Howe ?
How about the legend Bobby Orr ?
Mario Lemieux, one of the few ;
Rocket Richard raced round the rink.
The most famous one was who do you think ?
Great Wayne Gretzky !

Do you know the name of Gordie Howe ?
How about the legend Bobby Orr ?
Mario Lemieux, one of the few ;
Rocket Richard raced round the rink.
The most famous one was who do you think ?
Great Wayne Gretzky !

Hello out there, we're on the air, it's 'Hockey Night' tonight.
Tension grows, the whistle blows, and the puck goes down the ice.
The goalie jumps, and the players bump, and the fans all go insane.
Someone roars, "Bobby Scores!"; at the good ol' Hockey Game.

Oh! The good ol' Hockey game, is the
best game you can name.
And the best game you can name,
is the good ol' Hockey game.

Oh! The good ol' Hockey game, is the best game you can name.
And the best game you can name, is the good ol' Hockey game.

Second Period.

Where players dash, with skates aflash, the home team trails behind.
But they grab the puck, and go bursting up, and they're down across the line.
They storm the crease, like bumble bees, they travel like a burning flame.
We see them slide, the puck inside, it's a one-one hockey game.

Oh! The good ol' Hockey game, is the best game you can name.
And the best game you can name, is the good ol' Hockey game.

Third Period. Last game of the playoff too!

Oh take me where, the hockey players, face off down the rink.
And the Stanley Cup, is all filled up, for the champs who win the drink.
Now the final flick, of a hockey stick, and the one gigantic scream.
"The puck is in! The home team wins!"; the good ol' hockey game.

J'entends le moulin



Like all folksongs J'entends le moulin is set in the past, referencing events or people important at the time. This song comes to us from Quebec. Although the composer is unknown, the arrangement we are singing was only done in the 1990s by Donald Patriquin, a well-known French-Canadian choral conductor and composer. The song mimics the mill wheel as it turns, tique, tique, tague, and tells a somewhat nonsense story (in French of course) of a father building a three gable house, a daughter who refers to the youngest carpenter as her darling, a pie in an apron made with three pigeons but

upon eating the pie the people jump up causing the sea and fish to tremble. I said it was nonsense, but the French words maison (house), pignons (gables), mignon (darling), jupon (apron), pigeons (pigeons), mangeons (eating), poisson (fish) all appear at the end of the singing lines and form a “game of rhymes” within the music.

J'entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,
J'entends le moulin, taque.
Mon père a fait bâtir maison,
J'entends le moulin, taque.
L'a fait bâtir à trois pignons.
Tique, taque, tique, taque.
J'entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,
J'entends le moulin, taque.

I hear the mill, tick, tick, tick,
I hear the mill, tock.
My father built a house,
I hear the mill, tock.
Had it built with three gables.
Tick, tick, tick, tick.
I hear the mill, tick, tick, tick,
I hear the mill, tock.

J'entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,
J'entends le moulin, taque.
Sont trois charpentiers qui la font,
J'entends le moulin, taque.
Le plus jeune c'est mon mignon.
Tique, taque, tique, taque.
J'entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,
J'entends le moulin, taque.

I hear the mill, tick, tick, tick,
I hear the mill, tock.
Are three carpenters who make it,
I hear the mill, tock.
The youngest is the cute one.
Tick, tick, tick, tick.
I hear the mill, tick, tick, tick,
I hear the mill, tock.

J'entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,
J'entends le moulin, taque.
Qu'apportes-tu, mon p'tit fripon?
J'entends le moulin, taque.
C'est un pâté de trois pigeons.
Tique, taque, tique, taque.
J'entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,
J'entends le moulin, taque.

I hear the mill, tick, tick, tick,
I hear the mill, tock.
What are you bringing, my little rascal?
I hear the mill, tock.
It's a pie of three pigeons.
Tick, tick, tick, tick.
I hear the mill, tick, tick, tick,
I hear the mill, tock.

J'entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,
J'entends le moulin, taque.
Asseyons-nous et le mangeons.
J'entends le moulin, taque
En s'asseyant il fit un bond.
Tique, taque, tique, taque.
J'entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,
J'entends le moulin, taque.

I hear the mill, tick, tick, tick,
I hear the mill, tock.
Let's sit down and eat it.
I hear the mill, tock
As he sat down he jumped up.
Tick, tick, tick, tick.
I hear the mill, tick, tick, tick,
I hear the mill, tock.

Mary Ellen Carter



Our next piece is a homage to Stan Rogers who, as we learned previously, was Ontario born, in Hamilton in 1949, but with deep Nova Scotia roots. His Aunt lived in Canso where he spent many summers. Before researching the Mary Ellen Carter, I had assumed it was a song about a Nova Scotia ship, but research tells me differently. Most sources claim that there was no ship by that name – it is fictitious. The only geographical reference in the song is “Three Mile Rock”

of which there are many scattered around the world, but a quick Google search only comes up with Three Mile Rock, Newfoundland and Labrador. Whether fictitious or not, whether based geographically in Nova Scotia or Newfoundland or the Great Lakes, the Mary Ellen Carter is a fine inspirational ballad. As the song says “And you, to whom adversity has dealt a final blow, with smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go, turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain, and like the Mary Ellen Carter rise again”.

Mary Ellen Carter Stan Rogers, arr. Ron Smail

Phil Porter, Baritone

Bryan Crocker, Baritone

Mike Pottie, Tenor

Rise again, rise again

That her name not be lost to the knowledge of men

All those who loved her best and were with her till the end

Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

She went down last October in a pouring, driving rain

The skipper, he'd been drinking, and the Mate, he felt no pain

Too close to Three Mile Rock and she was dealt her mortal blow

And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low

There were just us five aboard her when she finally was awash

We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost

And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to proclaim

That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again

Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would they spend

“She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end

But insurance paid the loss to us, so let her rest below”

Then they laughed at us and said we had to go

But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock

She's worth a quarter million, afloat and at the dock

And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would remain

And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

Rise again, rise again

That her name not be lost to the knowledge of men

All those who loved her best and were with her till the end

Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

Mary Ellen Carter - continued

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend
Three dives a day in hard-hat suit and twice I've had the bends
Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are slow
Or I'd never have the strength to go below
But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatch and
porthole down
Put cables to her fore and aft and girded her around
Tomorrow noon we hit the air and then take up the strain
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

Rise again, rise again
That her name not be lost to the knowledge of men
All those who loved her best and were with her till the end
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale
She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gale
And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave
They won't be laughing in another day
And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow
With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go
Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain
And, like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again

Rise again, rise again
Though your heart it be broken or life about to end
No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend
Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again

Rise again, rise again
Though your heart it be broken or life about to end
No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend
Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again

In the Train



We return to our train theme here with a song simply entitled *In the Train* based on the poem of the same name by Scotsman James Thomson. The music, though, is by Edward Enman who has strong connections with Nova Scotia and Nova Voce. Edward was born in Kentville and grew up in Woodville, NS. For several years he was the accompanist for our Co-Director Bill Perrot when he was conducting the Annapolis Valley Honour Choir and he was attending Acadia University. After graduating from Acadia he went on to earn a doctorate degree in solo piano from Universite de Montreal. This song is not about Canada, but it puts you into the evocative mood of what it means to travel by train: “As we rush, as we rush in the train, the trees and the houses go wheeling back, but the starry heavens above the plain come flying on our track”. Here is the world premiere of *In the Train*, by Edward Enman.

In the Train Edward Enman

As we rush, as we rush in the Train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.
All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.
We rush ever on without fear;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the Earth slips from our feet!
James Thomson

Red River Valley



The combination of folksongs and Manitoba immediately leads us to the Red River Valley, a song which says little about the valley itself but a lot about leaving, love and cowboys. “From this valley they say you are leaving ... but remember the Red River Valley and the cowboy who loved you so true”. Unfortunately, the Red River to which the song refers is the Red River that runs through the southern Great Plains from Texas to Louisiana, touching Oklahoma and Arkansas along the way. But I’m sure there are instances of love, leaving and cowboys in Manitoba’s Red River valley too. The river flows north through Emerson, Winnipeg, and Selkirk before emptying into Lake Winnipeg. The actual composer of the song is lost in antiquity, but the version we are singing was arranged by Miles Ramsay, a well know Vancouverite who died in 2020. He also sang with Chor Leoni, the Vancouver based men’s choir.

Red River Valley Folk Song, arr. Miles Ramsay
David Gale, Harmonica

From this valley they say you are leaving
We shall miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For you take with you all of the sunshine
That has brightened our pathway a while

Then come sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy that’s loved you so true

For a long time, my darlin’, I’ve waited
For the sweet words you never would say
Now at last all my fond hopes have vanished
For they say that you’re going away

Then come sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy that’s loved you so true

Northwest Passage



We venture north now to explore the Arctic. The song North West Passage celebrates not only the harsh environment of Canada's North ("a land so wide and savage") but more so, the quest for discovery in Canada's past by Franklin, Kelso, Mackenzie and Thompson as they searched for a sea route to the Orient. In the end though, the song is a commentary of life: are we not much different from these early explorers? Are we not searching for our paths to the future? AND, hopefully that path will find us on the road to home. This is another Stan Rogers tune, arranged this time by Ian Loeppky, a native of Winnipeg.

Northwest Passage Stan Rogers, arr. Ian Loeppky
Phil Porter, Baritone

(Refrain)

Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea
Tracing one warm line through a land so wild and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea

Westward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to lie
The sea route to the Orient for which so many died
Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones

(Refrain)

Three centuries thereafter, I take passage overland
In the footsteps of brave Kelsey, where his Sea of Flowers began
Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again
This tardiest explorer, driving hard across the plain

(Refrain)

And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage clicking west
I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest
Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea

(Refrain)

How then am I so different from the first men through this way?
Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away
To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men
To find there but the road back home again

(Refrain)

Wood River



We now turn to Saskatchewan. What image comes to mind when you hear that province's name? Flat land? Cold? Hot? Prairies? Wheat? Big sky? Sunsets? All of which are good descriptors. How about rivers? Especially ones that flow nowhere? It's doubtful that such a descriptor comes to mind. But it's quite true, there are such rivers in Saskatchewan and Connie Caldor, a native of Saskatchewan made one, Wood River, quite famous in song: "The little Wood River knows it goes to nowhere but that doesn't stop it going". The song is less about the physical landscape and more about love and perseverance.

Wood River Connie Caldor, arr. Willi Zwozdesky
John Wallace, Tenor

Oh, won't you come with me
Where the Wood River flows?
We'll watch it meander slowly
As the sky turns from red to dark
And as that sun goes down
We'll throw our arms around
Each other and tell the dreams
That are deep in the heart

'Cause the heart is bigger than trouble
And the heart is bigger than doubt
But the heart sometimes needs a little help
To figure that out

So, won't you come with me
Where the Wood River flows?
The little Wood River knows
That it goes to nowhere but
That doesn't stop it going
Or them willows growing
Or all of the lovers showing
Their hearts to each other there

Cause the heart is bigger than trouble
And the heart is bigger than doubt
But the heart sometimes needs a little help
To figure that out

Because the heart is bigger than trouble
And the heart is bigger than doubt
The heart sometimes needs a little help
To figure that out
So, won't you come with me
Where the Wood River flows?
The little Wood River knows

Four Strong Winds



We turn now to a song made famous by Ian and Sylvia: Four Strong Winds. We've reached Alberta now on our journey across this great land. What do we learn about Alberta in this song? "The weather's good there in the fall", but you'd better be there before the snow flies because "by then it would be winter, there ain't much for you to do", and the "winds blow lonely". The song reflects loss and separation – the separation that many from the Maritimes have felt when loved ones went west. "Our good times are all gone, and I'm bound for moving on". As sad as that be, the song gives us some hope, "I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way", but notice that the lyrics say "if" I'm back, not "when". Ian Tyson died on December 29, 2022. We sing this song to honour his life and legacy.

Four Strong Winds Ian Tyson, arr. Larry Nickel

(Chorus)

Four strong winds that blow lonely, seven seas that run high
All those things that don't change come what may
For our good times are all gone and I'm bound for movin' on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way

Think I'll go out to Alberta, weather's good there in the fall
Got some friends that I can go to workin' for
Still I wish you'd change your mind if I asked you one more time
But we've been through that a hundred times before

(Chorus)

If I get there before the snow flies and things are goin' good
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare
But by then it would be winter, not too much for you to do
And the winds sure do blow cold way out there

(Chorus)

Royal Hudson



We've reached British Columbia, now, on our across Canada trek. It seems fitting to bring the concert to a close with reference to this far west province. To get there we are on board the Royal Hudson, a Canadian Pacific train made famous in 1939 for pulling the Royal train for King George VI and Queen Elizabeth on their first visit to Canada. In our latest newsletter there is an informative article about the significance of this journey and train. The actual Royal Hudson, Number 2850, is now a museum piece, but its stable mate, Hudson 2060 offered excursion trips on B.C.'s Howe Sound up until 2000 – hence the reference in the song to seeing “plumes (of smoke) that billow high along the rocky shore... Yes, that old Royal Hudson is bound to ride the big steel rails again.” The song was written by Dave Baker in 1976 and arranged by Larry Nickel. All aboard!

Royal Hudson Dave Baker, arr. Larry Nickel

Yes, that old Royal Hudson is bound to ride the big steel rails again

In those dark depression years,
with the poverty and tears,
and storm clouds of war drawing near,
the royal couple came to see a land they'd heard by name
and ride across the wilderness frontier.

The engine that was named to pull the royal train
was Hudson number twenty-eight five-o.
Though now she lies interned,
her sister has returned
to ride the rocky Howe Sound mountain shore.

Yes, that old Royal Hudson is bound to ride the big steel rails again

Once again we'll hear those sounds of yesteryear -
that haunting wail our fathers used to know,
and we'll look into the sky to see her plume that billows high as she
crawls along the rocky shore below.

Yes, that old Royal Hudson is bound to ride the big steel rails again
Ride, ride, ride on!