

# Canadian Humline Song

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♩ = 120

F C D A G D A

In the ear - ly morn-ing rain you were on my mind Son-ny

D Em A

7 don't go aw-ay\_\_ I am here all a-lone You could meet me\_\_ if I sent you down the fare So fare-

D A D

11 well to No - va Sco-tia the sea bound coast 'Bout twen-ty five or thir-ty miles south - east of Bac-ca - lieu The

G A G D

16 girls are out\_\_ to bin-go and the boys are get - ing stink-o You'll have to ex-cuse me I'm not at my best I'm a

G D G G F#m Em D

♩ = 60

20 bro-ken man on a Hal-i-fax pier And I'm get-ting old\_\_ So play me\_\_ a

C A D G

24 Rock and Roll song We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and be-low\_\_ Birl-ing down, down the white wat-er

A D D(add9) Am Bm F#m

29 All a-round the cir-cle The leg-end lives on from the Chip-pe-wa on down Let the winds blow high and blow

## Canadian Humline Song

B m D G D A B m D A

35 low — Out on the Mi-ra on warm aft-er-noons Fro-zen in Fro-bish-er Bay Fro-zen in Fro-bish-er *rit.*

D A G B m E m A D B m

♩ = 74 ♩ = 108

41 Bay Ah, for just one time I would take the North-west pas-sage — And rise a - gain Rise a - gain —

G D A G D

47 We're cap - tive on a car - ou - sel of time I've looked at life — from both sides now And the

A D G B m

*Slightly Faster*

51 best game you can name is the good old hoc-key game (*Hal-le-lu-jah!*) Hal-le - lu - jah Hal-le - lu - jah

D Dsus D Dsus D A D

56 Choo bop bop bop — bop Choo — bop bop bop bop bop Al - ou-et - te gen-tile al-ou-et - te —

G A D E m G A D

59 If I had a mil - lion dol-lars I would fly — a-way with you. —

(Opening bars of Oh Canada) – [F C D]

In the early morning rain  
You were on my mind  
Sonny don't go away, I am here all alone  
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare  
So farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea bound coast  
'Bout twenty-five or thirty miles southeast of Baccalieu  
The girls are out to bingo and the boys are getting stink-o  
You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best  
I'm a broken man on a halifax pier  
And I'm getting old

So play me a Rock and roll song  
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below  
Birling down, down the white water  
All around the circle

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down  
Let the winds blow high and blow low  
Out on the Mira on warm afternoons  
Frozen in Frobisher bay, frozen in Frobisher bay  
Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest passage  
And rise again, rise again  
We're captive on a carousel of time  
I've looked at life from both sides now  
And the best game you can name is the good old hockey game

Hallelujah, hallelujah  
Choo, bop bop bop bop, choo bop bop bop bop  
Alouette, gentile alouette  
If I had a million dollars  
I would fly away with you