

# 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 kinfolks are a-waiting on that gay Atlantic shore

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