

## SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT

**G** **C**  
I have walked cross the sand on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland,  
**G** **D**  
Lazed on the ridge of the Miramichi.  
**G** **C**  
Seen the waves tear and roar on the stone coast of Labrador,  
**G** **D7** **G**  
Watched them roll back to the Great Northern Sea.

## CHORUS

**D** **G**  
From Vancouver Island to the Alberta highland,  
**Em** **D** **A7** **D**  
Cross the prairies, the lakes to Ontario's towers.  
**G** **C**  
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes out to the Maritimes,  
**G** **D7** **G**  
Something to sing about, this land of ours.

**G** **C**  
I have welcomed the dawn from the fields of Saskatchewan,  
**G** **D**  
Followed the sun to the Vancouver shore.  
**G** **C**  
Watched it climb shiny new up the snow peaks of Caribou,  
**G** **D7** **G**  
Up to the clouds where the wild Rockies soar.

## CHORUS

**D** **G**  
From Vancouver Island to the Alberta highland,  
**Em** **D** **A7** **D**  
Cross the prairies, the lakes to Ontario's towers.  
**G** **C**  
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes out to the Maritimes,  
**G** **D7** **G**  
Something to sing about, this land of ours.

I have heard the wild wind sing the places that I have been  
Bay Bull and Red Deer and Strait of Bells Isle  
Grand Mere and Silverthorne, Moose Jaw and Marrowbone,  
Trails of the pioneer, named with a smile

### CHORUS

From Vancouver Island to the Alberta highland,  
Cross the prairies, the lakes to Ontario's towers.  
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes out to the Maritimes,  
Something to sing about, this land of ours.

I have wandered my way to the wild wood of Hudson Bay,  
Treated my toes to Quebec's morning dew.  
Where the sweet summer breeze kissed the leaves of the maple trees,  
Sharing this song that I'm singing to you.

### CHORUS

From Vancouver Island to the Alberta highland,  
Cross the prairies, the lakes to Ontario's towers.  
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes out to the Maritimes,  
Something to sing about, this land of ours.

Yes, there's something to sing about, tune up a string about,  
Call out in chorus or quietly hum,  
Of a land that's still young with a ballad that's still unsung,  
Telling the promise of great things to come.

### CHORUS

From Vancouver Island to the Alberta highland,  
Cross the prairies, the lakes to Ontario's towers.  
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes out to the Maritimes,  
Something to sing about, this land of ours.  
Something to sing about, this land of ours.  
Something to sing about, this land of ours.