

## Lunenburg

Bright-coloured wooden shingles  
On a hill that climbs the shore  
And those sailing ships that claim her  
She was once so famous for  
They would slip into the water  
For the captain and the crew  
When her coat of many colours  
Was the only life they knew

It was quieter, more humble  
And the sky a deeper blue  
When those sailing ships made fishing trips  
To take care of those they knew  
And each was of the other  
By the stars they steered from home  
To her coat of many colours  
And the only life they'd known

And they all gave thanks  
To the Georges Banks  
When those ships returned from sea  
To her coat of many colours  
Like a child to mother's knee  
But the winter storms could not forewarn  
Those men who'd sail no more  
From her coat of many colours  
On this hill that climbs this shore

Now the dockyard's gone so quiet  
And the foundry's shut down  
And the sailing ships that line these shores  
No longer keep this town  
But fair weather still brings lovers  
Through her streets you'll see them go  
With her coat of many colours  
And the only life they know

And the music fills the night air  
Busy hands applaud the show  
That echos from the rooftops  
When the august breezes blow  
Sometimes the years are seamless  
You'd wonder where they go  
In this coat of many colours  
And the only life we know

And they all gave thanks  
To the Georges Banks  
When those ships returned from sea  
To her coat of many colours  
Like a child at mother's knee  
But those winter storms could not forewarn  
Those men who'd sail no more  
From her coat of many colours  
On this hill that climbs this shore