

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