

On the QNS&L

Clickity-clack along the track
By the spruce and tamarack
Late again but what the hell
We're on the QNS&L

Over the gorge and up the hill
Headed north for Schefferville
Rumbling past a load of ore
We're bound again for Labrador

Through the hills and over the top
With jerks and squeals we finally stop
Nearly dead from all that smoke
"Ne fumez pas" is just a joke! (spoken, not sung)

The streams and rivers flowing free
Will bear us onward to the sea
But with canoes and camping gear
We'll come back once again next year

Clickity-clack along the track
By the spruce and tamarack
Late again but what the hell
We're on the QNS&L

STC, 1985

(Intended to be sung to the train crew, to an original
tune that I have written out and have on file)