Somebody Robbed the CPR

Somebody robbed the C. P. R. They’re spreading the news, near and far.

Somebody stopped it, robbed it of its gold, Now across the Dominion the story is told.

You can play it on your fiddle and your old guitar. Some people say that it’s a terrible crime, But as for me I think it’s just about time.

Somebody robbed the C.P.R.,
Disconnected the engine and the express car.
Ran it down the line, and stopped it further on
And vanished in the shadows of the early dawn.

And the railroad boys in Montreal,
Out to B.C. they send out the call,
Saying “Get those Mounties, put them on the track,
See if you can get us our money back.”

And Wilfred Laurier in Ottawa,
His eyes are red and his throat is raw
From calling for the capture of those dangerous men,
The first ones to rob a C.P. train.

But way out west, there’s lots of space.
Those bandits have vanished without a trace,
And in Kamloops where trains run down the main street,
Nobody weeps to see the C.P. beat.

Words and music by Ronald Weihs.
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