

Somebody Robbed the CPR

Some bo-dy robbed the C. P. R. They're spread-ing the news, near & far

Some bo-dy stopped it, robbed it of its gold, Now a- cross the Do-min-ion the

sto-ry is told. Some-bo-dy robbed the C. P. R. You can

play it on your fid-dle and your old guit-ar. Some people say that it's a

ter-rible crime, But as for me i think it's just a - bout time.

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.

Chorus:

Somebody robbed the C.P.R.,
 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.

Chorus

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."

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

Words and music by Ronald Weihs.
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