


The Northwest Passage

Stan Rogers

G D A D




West-ward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to lie.

G D A Bm




The sea route to the O-ri - ent for which so ma-ny died.

G D A Bm



Seek-ing gold and glo-ry leav-ing wea-thered bro - ken bones and a

G D A G D A




long for - got - lone - ly cairn of stones. Ah, for just one time I would

G Bm G D



take the North - west Pas-sage to find the hand of Frank - lin reach-ing

A G D A G



for the Beau-fort sea. Trac - ing one warm line through a land so wide and

Bm G D A D
 sa-vage and make a North - west Pas-sage to the sea.

*Three centuries thereafter, I take passage over land
 In the footsteps of brave Kelsy, where his sea of flowers began
 Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again,
 This tardiest explorer driving hard across the plain.*

*And through the night behind the wheel, the mileage clicking west,
 I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson, and the rest,
 Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me
 To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.*

*How then am I so different from the first men through this way?
 Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away,
 To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men,
 And to find there but the road back home again.*