

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Song of the Whale

The Song of the Whale
(Eric Bogle)

The saddest sound I've ever heard
Is the song of the hump-backed whale
His moans and sighs and his eerie cries
Sing a sad familiar tale
For he sighs and blows as if he knows
His race is nearly run
And that soon with all of his kind he'll fall
Before the whaler's gun.

For every living thing on earth
Nature made a space
Each a living strand of a fragile plan
That can never be replaced
And not from need, but from wanton greed
Man has torn down nature's web
With greed possessed he will not rest
Till the last of the whales is dead.

In my mind's eye I can see them die
As the whaler finds his mark
Hear the muffled boom of the cruel harpoon
As it blasts their lives apart
I see the flood of their rich dark blood
As it stains the ocean red
And that bloody green will not wash clean
Till the last of the whales is dead.

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