CHESAPEAKE DREAM

The fish are all gone like the wind, like the wind They're never coming back say the old watermen

These waters that once held so much life Everybody says it's a sin, it's a sin

The workboats are pushed up on the shore They're never going back on the bay no more

Their days are numbered their time it is past We always thought the good old days would last

But the waters turned cloudy and the shoreline was paved The harbor grew crowded, hardly an effort was made

To preserve all the things we cherish the most and are blind to the fact it may all soon be lost

The children someday will know nothing at all of the boats and the men and the fish that they hauled

The skipjack, the oyster, the wooden tonger are going away like the wind, like the wind

You can still hear the tales of the water so clean, of the shad and the sturgeon and the grasses so green

That grew on the bottom all over the bay, now they've all just gone away

But the waters turned cloudy and the shoreline was paved The harbor grew crowded, hardly an effort was made

To preserve all the things we cherish the most, and are blind to the fact it may all soon be lost

So the time is now to face what's at hand, to clean the water and clean up the land

For all of the trash we throw in the creek, will soon find it's way down to the Chesapeake

We owe it to the future to preserve and protect, the gift that we have it's not ours to neglect

So all of our ancestors thru all the days, can be part of the wonders of the Chesapeake Bay.