

Whalebones and Crosses

[John Denver](#)

Whalebones and crosses
Stand against the arctic sky
Wind blows through the graveyard
Where our fallen fathers lie
Eternal snow that covers them
The shadows of the sun
The mighty struggle on the seas
A way of life is run
I'll sing for you my father
For the ancient sacred ways
How the hunter loved the hunted
How the night becomes the day
The circle of the mighty spirit
Keeps us in its fold
The warmth of understanding
Like a light shot through the cold
Then bring to me my people
Touch them with your loving hands
Lead them from confusion
Lead them back unto the land
For a sickness seems to block their path
It clouds my peoples eyes
The promise that an idle truth
Will reap a golden lie
Whalebones and crosses
Stand against the arctic sky
The wind blows through the graveyard
Where our fallen fathers lie
The timeless hunt a journey back
To what we once came from
Compassion and nobility
Beneath the midnight sun
The mighty struggle of the seas
A way of life is run

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