

Salt is Rising

for Betty Sumner

Becky Llewellyn

April 21st 1999

CHORUS (sing 3 times)



O - ceans of sor - row, ri - vers of pain, - streams of



sad - ness and of fears. Salt is ri - sing, fill - ing your



heart. Can't stop the tide - of your tears.

1. Dear Moth - er Aus -
2. Your bush - lands and -
CODA. The (go to last two lines)



tra - lia, you've weath - ered ma - ny years. Your skin grows fra - gile as your
for - ests were cut down to die. Your ri - vers and for - ests were



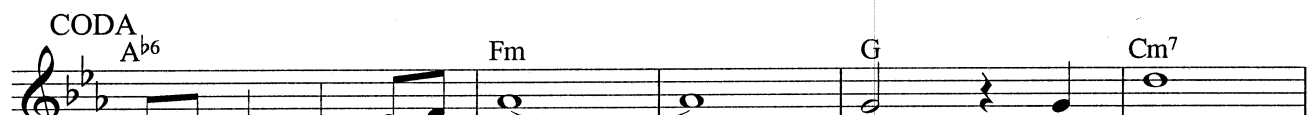
old - age nears. Out of your womb you cre - a - ted a home where
pumped till they're dry. Your soil's been poi - soned for farm - ers and gain. Bush



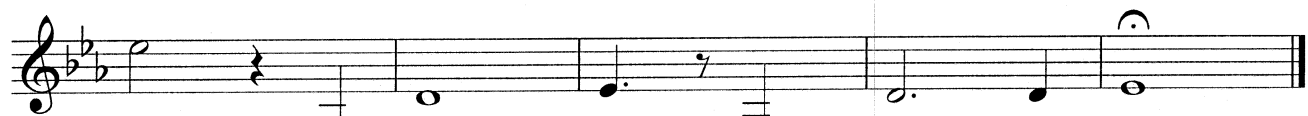
beau - ti - ful crea - tures, fly, swim and roam. Your child - ren were taught ma - ny
fi - res, pol - lu - tion, land cleared, poor rain. Your sons and your daugh - ters were



les - sons and gifts but re - cent ar - ri - vals have start - ed such rifts. -
sto - len a - gain. No won - der your spi - rit's in pain.



salt is ri sing. O, Moth -



er! O, Moth - er. Please! Help us now....