Lincolnshire C (CGCFAC tuning), no Capo
©Martin Browne 30/08/2006

C Bb C
I hear the cry of the curlew high above this marshland scene
C Bb C
An echo of a time long gone and all that passed between
C Bb C
For the tides have run these muddy creeks to rhythms old and sure
C Bb G C
And I pray the wheels of history roll on for evermore.

I turn my back upon the sea and face the setting sun

It silhouettes the heron on its dusk-time homeward run

The lofty tower of Boston Stump will guide me home once more

As oft it did the cockle boats that worked along these shores.

The black peat fen, the glacial clays, the silt, the white Wolds chalk

I'd gladly offer you my ear if you could only talk

And tell me tales of Roman soldiers, Viking, Saxon, Dane

Of how they lived and worked your soil wherein their ghosts remain.

And now these fertile grounds resound to other foreign tongues

As once again, across the sea, young migrant workers come

To labour in our sheds and fields, new customs with us share

Part of the ever-changing face we know as Lincolnshire.

O Lincolnshire, your lands stretch wide from Humber to the fen

From caravans and candy floss to Stamford and the Glen

Your swift clear streams, your brooding dykes, your endless, waving corn

A patchwork stitched by Nature's hand, and the land where I was born.