Rivers

Big Blue Ball/Karl Wallinger/MÃ¡rta SebestyÃ©n/Verno

Our history runs down our rivers
Down our rivers to the sea
Reminds us of the things that matter
Home and heart and history
And all our sins will be forgiven
Washed away to set us free
By the rivers that run through our homesteads
By myth and modal melody
I traced these rivers from the cities to the seas
To remind me of what I already know
I traced the shorelines through a thousand estuaries
To remind me an island is my home
An island is my home
I traveled far across this country
Northumberland to Southern Downs
I wandered up the rolling Humber
And down the Thames to London town
Countless lives were lived and lingered
In the cuts, swerves, and the fells
I left a tapestry called England
And life and those who lived it well
I traced these rivers from the cities to the seas
To remind me of what I already know

I traced the shorelines through a thousand estuaries
To remind me an island is my home
An island is my home
Round here the sky is a little closer
A little closer to the ground
It's hard for someone to get lost here
Harder still to get found
Though I've seen a thousand rivers
From the Mississippi to the Rhine
The only place that I'll lay my hat down
Is by an English riverside
I traced these rivers from the cities to the seas
To remind me of what I already know
I traced the shorelines through a thousand estuaries
To remind me an island is my home

An island is my home
So place your trust into the sea
It's kept us safe for centuries
It shaped our shores and steadily
Its care has brought us, come
When I die, I hope to be buried out in English seas
So all that then remains of me
Will lap against these shores
Until England is no more

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