

# Rivers

## Big Blue Ball/Karl Wallinger/Márta Sebestyán/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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