

# Doggerland

Ian Anderson

Our footsteps o'er the Doggerland,  
chased retreating ice and snow,  
left us breathing high and dry,  
Land's End to Scapa Flow.  
The seeds of Albion, wind-blown  
free, scattered to the moors,  
dormant beneath the the soggy heath  
where stouter oaks will grow. All across the Doggerland  
All across before the tides  
Across with boar and elk and wolves  
Take the high lands near and wide  
Strike with rock and flint and  
bone, follow trail and hoof.  
Onwards to another place, a place to raise a roof.  
And these four walls to shelter  
us upon this blessed plot:  
This earth, this realm, this England  
- island, alone, aloof. All across the Doggerland  
All across before the tides  
Across with boar and elk and wolves  
Take the high lands near and wide Back across the Doggerland, Costa villa overkill.  
Warm farmhouses in Tuscany  
challenge Winter's will.  
We pensionable, geriatric,  
sun-creased wrinklies long  
for this earth, this realm, this  
England, a burial ground to fill.  
All across the Doggerland  
All across before the tides  
Across with luggage, kids and sunscreen  
Melted mortgage, dreams that died  
All across the Doggerland  
All across before the tides  
Across with boar and elk and wolves  
Take the high lands near and wide  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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