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 wideBack 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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