Wheely Down

Richard Thompson

She womanly lay like the lay of the land
The land around Wheely Down
And every curve was a high, high hill
To hang above the townFrom Holland they came to make the maps
And they had made her well
For the rivers danced all across the green
And the pine-wood sweet did smellAs far as ever a man can see
It yields him more and more
And every house he washes it white
And he covers it all with strawExcept for the fool who makes his home
Upon the flooded ground
And the still on the tide is a glass to the eyes
That stare out of Wheely DownAll things must change within the earth
The moving and the lame
For the worms will rot the millers wheel
And the rats will eat the grainAnd the armies of deliverance
Are run into the ground
And the kestrel turns in the empty skies
On high over Wheely Down

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