

Thompson Richard

"Wheely Down"

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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 town
>From Holland they came to make their maps
And they had made her well
For the rivers danced all across the green
And the pine woods sweet did smell
As 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 straw
Except for the fool who makes him home
Upon a flooded ground
And still on the tide his glass to the eyes
That stare out of Wheely Down
All things must change within the earth
They move in and they lay
Ah, the ones will rot the miller's wheel
And the rats will eat the grain
And the armies of deliverance

Are run into the ground

And the kestrel turns in the empty skies

And high over Wheely Down

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