

The Brean Lament

June Tabor

The waters they washed them ashore, ashore,
And they never will sail the seas no more.
We laid them along by the churchyard wall
And all in a row we buried them all,
But their boots we buried below the tide
On Severn-side.

The gulls they fly over so high, so high,
To see where their bodies all safe do lie;
They fly all around, and loud they do call
All over the place where we buried them all,
But their boots we buried below the tide
On Severn-side.