

Trespassers *Sean Cooney*

We are the bold trespassing lads and lasses oh so free
Who dare to walk in places where we're told we shouldn't be
Where there's fences round the forests
Where the beach is out of bounds
Where the walls are rising round the fields
That once were common ground
Where the keeper's hand lies heavy
And he tells you with a strut
That the moors were made for shooting
So the countryside is shut
We will make this oath and proudly quoth that beauty is for all
We will find a gap in every hedge, a hole in every wall

Our fathers sold their boots for coal or burned them for the dead
While our mothers worked their weary limbs into their boss's bread
Though we were born on smoky morns on streets that knew no sun
The green hill wasn't far away just waiting to be won
From the mountains of Snowdonia
To the waters of the Broads
From the lonely hills of Lakeland
To the West Country tors
There's a treasury from sea to sea of fell and field and plain
And the warbling woods are waiting for to welcome us again

Last night I dreamed I met Lord Bug upon the burning moor
Said he, "This land belongs to me, you are breaking the law"
"How came you by it sir?" I cried, and he replied in awe
That his father's father's father's father's
Father's father's father's father won it in a war
"Well if that be true, my Lord," I said, and gave a tidy bow
"Then by the same such logic, sir, we'll fight you for it now!"
Our lungs are full, our lives are young, and we will not be still
We are the feet of England and we're headed for the hill
We are the bold trespassing lads and lasses oh so free
Who dare to walk in places where we're told we shouldn't be