Mardale Walls



Ch: Once walls of stone and buildings stood
Till they were drowned in the great flood,
And now their secrets only show
When Summer's hot and rainfall's low.

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There's Roger Woofe with hammer in hand,
The man whose walls secure our land.
He's worked with stone all of his life,
Too thrang with work to take a wife.
Bob Daffurn's smile is genuine
As he welcomes all to the Dun Bull Inn.
In Summer he's run off his feet,
But in Winter there's no-one to greet.

Jim Thompson's got his stethoscope on,
For he's delivered everyone.

Not once the Mardale Hunt he's missed,
For him traditions must persist.

See Ronnie Scott bike down the road.
Of letters he has got a load.
Come rain or snow he'll never fail
To bring the post to old Mardale.

Ch:

Old Isaac Cookson tends his sheep
On mountain crags fearsomely steep.
For forty years he's walked these fells
And tales from sixty hunts he tells.
Tom Robinson whips in the hounds.
He's angry if they're out of bounds.
Without the hunt his life is dull:
When the fox is viewed, he's cheerful.

Ch:



Here is Mardale during a (rare!) very dry Summer. Most of the time it is submerged beneath Haweswater Reservoir, the valley having been flooded in 1935 to provide water for the growing city of Manchester over a hundred miles away.