**I CLIMBED THE WALLS THE ROMANS LEFT BEHIND**

Jack Williams has graciously given us permission to print this song from his fine album, ***Walkin’ Dreams.*** He wrote it on one of his several tours performing in England. Jack tells us that the brothers mentioned in verse four were actually his ancestors – sixteen generations back. ***Walkin’ Dreams*** is still available through Jack’s website: <http://www.jackwilliamsmusic.com/discography.html>.   
 You can also listen to Jack perform this song here: **[An English Moment](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JL2t35kcqJM)**

**AN ENGLISH MOMENT**

*By Jack Williams*

**G C G**

When I was a young man, a lad of nine or ten,

**G Em Am D**

Late at night through the hedgerows I’d walkto the Ex River bend

**C G Em Am D**

The moon was new but the stars did shine from wallsof Devon stone

**G C G D G**

When I was a young man I dreamed this was my home.

A thousand greens and yellows lay like quilts upon the land.

Held in place by rows of stone from ancient shepherds hands.

The jackdaws stole the rainbow as I ran the foxes down

We caught sticklebacks with jam-jar lures and cycled through the town.

**CHORUS:**

**D7 G C G**

Lapwings glide among the ghylls, heather lines the trail

**D7GEm Am D**

Grouse are staring dumbly through the mistand falling hail

**C G B7 C**

This was an English moment that is forever mine

**C G C G D G**

I climbed the walls the Romans left behind and chased them back through time.

When I was a young man adrift upon the Dales

I met a girl beside the bridge across the River Swale

Her forebears roamed the Cotswoldsand held the Normans there

There was Saxon fire deep in her eyes, and Dog-Rose in her hair.

Sixteen generations since the brothers went to sea

Richard fought the Spanish fleet off Plymouth and Torquay

John set sail for America in a cold Southampton rain

And though it’s been four hundred years their blood runs in my veins.

**CHORUS**

When I was an old man I walked the long way home

With memories as yellow as a wall of Sherbourne stone.

The Old Bridge Inn at Topsham was my refuge from the air

Though the Queen once called within those walls I found a welcome there.

Though the Queen once called within those walls I found a welcome there.