These Dry Stone Walls Gordon Bok [Intro] Em [Verse 1] G These miles of dry stone walls Em D That hold, in ploughed brown fields, these kingly halls G C The dead of centuries in hills of sand Rm The stones that bind them D Am Em Are proud as what lies behind them G C Am в7 \mathbf{Em} And varied as the counties in this curious land [Verse 2] G In Cumberland they built them C Em D On hills that surely must have killed them G С Through broom and juniper and stunted ling Bm Two thousand feet over Am D Em With just a tarpaulin cover B7 Em G C Am They crouched in wind and rain and waited for the spring [Verse 3] G In Aberdeenshire valley D Em The fields were only open quarry G C The stones were gathered up and made to stand Bm But with every ploughing Am D Em

You d think it was stones they d been sowing G C Am B7 Em The walls grew sadder here than any in the land

[Verse 4] G The Irish built in courses С D Em Of single stones the size of horses G C Of glacial boulders, without edge or face Bm But if you could view them Am D Em Above, the sun lighting through them C Am в7 Em G You d swear the hills were edged in broken granite rays [Verse 5] G When Pict and Viking took С D Em Stone pages from some prehistoric book G C A sandy flagstone under Orkney hills BmHailing there the while D Em Am And left history in the islands G Am В7 Em This is what water, wind and time and toil reveal [Verse 6] G From Yorkshire s limestone hills С D Em Through Derbyshire to the coast of Wales G C From Shetland s salty rocks to Devon lane Bm Just look and discover Am р Em Two walls that lean against each other G С Am в7 Em You ll never see them in quite the same way again [Verse 7] G These miles of dry stone walls C D Em That hold, in ploughed brown fields, these kingly halls G C The dead of centuries in hills of sand Bm

The stones that bind them $\begin{tabular}{|c|c|c|c|c|} \hline Am & D & Em \end{tabular}$ Are proud as what lies behind them $\begin{tabular}{|c|c|c|c|c|} \hline G & C & Am & B7 & Em \end{tabular}$ And varied as the counties in this curious land