England Ralph McTell

Artist: Ralph Mctell

Song: England
Capo: Optional
Tuning: Standard

Pattern: Finger Picking

C F C

What is it about you, makes me feel this way?

C Am

When I ${\tt m}$ leaving you, when I ${\tt m}$ coming home

F G

I m lost for words to say.

C

And I know your faults and failures,

And the troubles that you ve been through.

Bb Dm

But it s more about what happens now

Dm7 G

And what were coming to.

C F

And the echo from the green hills

C F

Runs through her city streets,

m

And the sun that shines on England

G

Well it lifts the heart in me.

C F C F C F Am Dm G

England, oh England

C F C F Dm F G C

England, oh England

C F C

What is it about you, that took men into war?

Aı

Rows and rows of crosses:

F (

Who remembers why what for?

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The corners of these foreign fields,

r C

The dust in them concealed.

Bb Dm

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Out of sight but not out of mind,
Dm7
Don t you know that England feels?
                   F
And the echo from the green hills
Runs through her city streets,
The rain that falls on England
Well it washes care from me.
   F
        C F C F Am Dm G
England, oh England
                    Dm F G C
   F
           C
              F
England, oh England
                                       C
                       F
Don t make this out a battle hymn or a song of victory.
It s just a way to try to say
what England means to me.
And our accents and our colours change
From the city to the farmland
From the moor-land to the mountain,
From the river to the sea.
               F
С
And the echo from the green hills
        C
Runs through her city streets,
The rain that falls on England
Well it washes care from me.
        C F
   F
                   C F Am Dm G
England, oh England
   F
           C F
                    Dm F G C
England, oh England
С
From the rolling road to the winding lane,
From the field to factory,
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F G
From summer s haze to winter s glaze,
C
And all the colours in between.
F C
It s a stillness in the evening.
Bb Dm
It s the heartbeat that I m feeling.
Dm7 G
From Cornwall to Northumberland,
F C
From the Pennines to the sea.
C

And the echo from the green hills

C
F

Runs through her city streets,

Dm
F

The rain that falls on England

G
C

Well it washes care from me.