

## Lapwings (The Young'uns)

There came a pair of lapwings,  
Flying north towards the sea  
Following the call of spring  
Where my love waits for me  
My love waits for me

And soon they will be wheeling  
O'er northern moss and eastern fen  
Their tiny voices squealing  
Last year's song again  
Last year's song again

Oh Lord, if I were a lapwing  
And not a soldier lost in fear  
I'd fill my tiny lungs and sing  
And fly far from here  
And fly far from here

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Inspired by the moving diary entry of Private Thomas Williams in WW1  
which ended 'My dreams were of English fields, horses at work ploughing  
and the spring cries of the peewits'.