

Steve Cartwright

Hindringham

Oh Hindringham
How dear thou art
In Autumn as I strayed along your lovely paths
I saw the beet piled up in mounds
Upon your vast acreage of field and grass
How dear thou art you salty sea
As wild as my mad head you thrashed the shore of Sherringham
As we
Fresh from the car
Now set ourselves against the wind and rain
And watched Jack, from the cosy warmth of his pushchair,
Take his first glimpse of this mad sea
So wild
So vast

