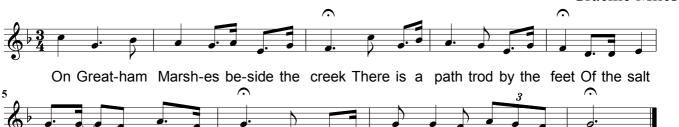
The Salt People

Graeme Miles



peop-le who work the brine From ear-ly morn-ing till eve - ning time

On Greatham Marshes beside the creek There is a path trod by the feet Of the salt people who work the brine From early morning till evening time

The sky turns pale, it's break of day Across the marshes they make their way Towards the derricks and factories To work the salt beside the Tees

It's in the winter through sleet and snow Pin-points of light from their torches glow Out on the marshes, dark and bleak The silent tide laps down the creek

And from the mudflats nearby
The wild geese call, the curlews cry
The lighthouse bell faintly rings
A lone salt worker softly sings

They work the drills that purr and whine They work the pumps that draw the brine Salt crystals glitter with a silvery shine Beneath the moon at evening time

Reprise 1st verse.