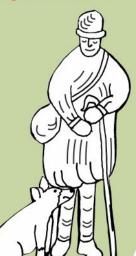
SMITH JESSOP - 1810

It was pitch black of night The waters ran dark and deep While a hurricane blew I tried to rescue my Dad's sheep.

But without any warning The tide early and bold Breached the new sea banks and

Surged over those of old.



At Corporation Point take right hand pathway away from the river





While vessels wrecked and sank Homes and crops a carnage scene I died in that great flood As did teen, William Green

So take a jaunt this way Around my village patch Big skies, wildlife, crops and ships Great things to see and watch.

Turn right at sign then down the steps over

the bridge and along by

the fence

The hover of the Kestrel The flash of the Kingfisher The dive of the Grebe The song of the Red Warbler Turn left at signpost onto land for a few yards then turn right over dyke and follow

neandering dyke on your left

Turn left at signpost

Woad was a plant a metre tall with a pretty yellow flower Humble toilers on hands and knees would crawl to weed and gather. Pulped, fermented, balled by hand and dried for several weeks Broken up, stirred 50 days, vats of powder what they seek. There woad was grown to dye the best woolen cloth deep blue Soldiers, sailors, early policemen, all had uniforms of this hue.



GUTHLACS

Turn left to junction then right onto Clampgate Road follow past the church



More butterflies will cast their spell Red Admiral, Common Grayling, small Tortoishell Large & Small White, Gatekeeper, Common Blue,

wn Angus, Six Spot Burnet, to name but a few

From Car Park turn right

through gate

river bank

Turn left by the hedge and right onto Old School Lane

Down steps, across the road and follow signpost into the

nature reserve





These once marshy lands Would produce Methane Gas Which spontaneously ignited To produce flares, alas Giving rise to the belief Twas haunted by a spirit class

Turn right, then left at sign by fence to river bank Turn right and head back



ST. GUTHLACS CHURCH

I sit on the highest ground in the village Once an island in the tidal marsh Dedicated to Saxon St. Guthlac, Patron Saint of the Fens, when life here was harsh

His statue stands high on my tower Which Pevsner said was older than me I've been here for over 900 years So we are both as old as can be.

Turn right at signpost by Fishtoft Lakes

Gnawing on grassy stalks Living in dyke side holes Startled plop in the water Spells endangered Water Vole

If you choose to take a look Fishtoft's in the Doomsday Book But to find, you'll need some luck Just 'Toft' then, the name it took.



Bee Orchid, Cowslip and Yarrow, Clover and Ladies Bedstraw, Buttercup, Teasel and Ox Tye, Knapweed and so many more.









S HERITAGE



Jessops Jaunt

8 km (5 miles) CIRCULAR WALK OS EXPLORER 261 LANDRANGER 131



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