

FOR THAT TOMORROW

A song of Remembrance

inspired by a Pilgrimage for Veterans
to World War Two Cemeteries around Montecassino in Italy during October 2005.

Dedicated to my uncle, Private James Cram Turnbull
who was killed in action in 1942 at the age of 22 years.

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by Nigel J. C. Turnbull
nigel@remembrancedaysong.com

(1) I stand here alone
with loved ones to hand;
my tributes to lay
on this salient land.
The voices within
as mem'ries unfold
of a comrade at peace now
who shall grow not old.

(2) A tree gives me shade
in gardens so fine;
a stone with inscription
that goes beyond time.
The headstones are neat
in rows marching past
and the names of the fallen,
forever will last.

(3) A son kneels to touch
his father's cold stone;
a tear in his eye for
a friend long since gone.
A woman stands proud,
with medals on show,
for a husband who died that
his children might grow.

(4) Recorded in stone
and gun metal grey,
those heroes in silence
look down as we pray.
The standard is dip'd,
the flowers are laid
then the music is sounded
and homage is paid.

(5) They left us a torch
to carry with pride
and hope for a future
where peace can abide.
I dream of a life,
that's lived without fear,
it is for that tomorrow
our people lie here.

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