

A song of Remembrance

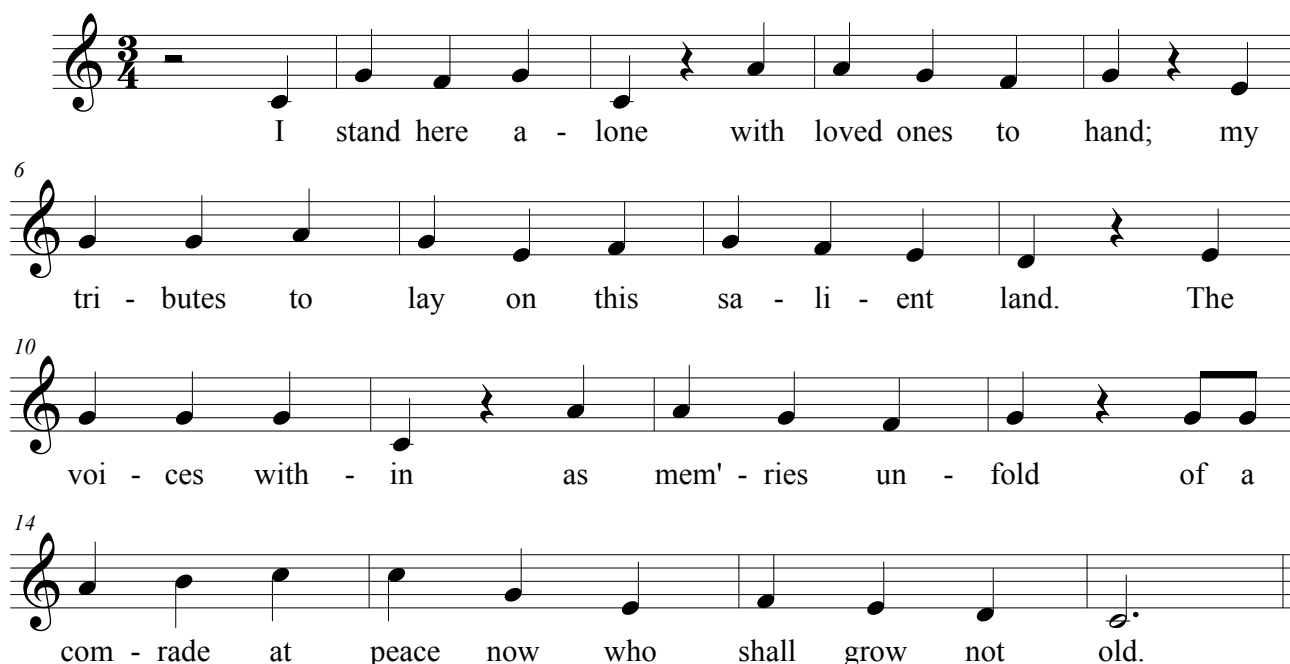
Dedicated to my uncle, Private James Cram Turnbull, Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders,
who was killed in action in 1942 at the age of 22 years.

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

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FOR THAT TOMORROW

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I stand here a - lone with loved ones to hand; my
6 tri - butes to lay on this sa - li - ent land. The
10 voi - ces with - in as mem' - ries un - fold of a
14 com - rade 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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