

Alrewas

In this place I've watched the haw frost wither growing buds of spring
and suck the life from solid earth and all that ever grew within.
Uncommon creatures gather and wait the coming year
and the early dawn she rises and shadows disappear.

Chorus

*And winter, oh winter, winter she fades,
and calls upon the breathless sun to warm her dying days.*

Soft anxious nature treads with faltering steps upon this ancient land
and snow she melts and fists of green punch through the soil on which we stand.
This England where our home lies, our heart our life our constancy,
our refuge from the bloody wars in foreign lands or ravaged sea.

Chorus

Soft the stone it's golden hue like sands upon a distant shore.
Her precious roll with honour born a comrade's wreath she simply wore.
And somewhere near a child cries for a father that she never saw.
A hero's heart a loving sigh her hand upon his name once more.

Chorus

The letters carved in slow respectful silence spell a different name.
A different cause, a different lie, the sad result is all the same.
The blood and bone are long away and dust and stone all that remains.
An individual tragedy a faceless foe in which to blame.

Chorus

And death and slaughter in their place are carved upon the cold stone walls,
that rise above us like some mighty fortress guarding one and all.
Her golden light shines down on us, and all has come to pass.
Our bones lie in some foreign soil; our names at Alrewas.

Chorus (twice)

Note: Alrewas is the location of the National Memorial Arboretum.