

# Clifford T. Ward, A Day To Myself

It's all so different now

From just a few weeks ago

When April was about to smile on England

And I had to go.

So here I am again

Far from where the blackbird sings

And lanes I love to walk along

Lost in my thoughts

And what of you my love

Though you're so far away

Yet so close to me in all I do and see.

And so on my day off

I could have chosen monuments

Historic chateau, palaces

Or finding ways of improving my French

Instead I wandered out alone

Here where woods and fields abound

And in a quiet corner found the resting place

Of English soldiers killed in war.

And what of them my love

Who died so far from home

No last farewell kiss

All that remains is this.

It makes me so ashamed to feel alone

Whatever would they think of me

For I shall see my love again.

INSTRUMENTAL

It's all so different now  
From those few years ago  
When April smiled so sweetly still  
And they had to go.