

So Far from Home / Richard's Castle (by Tim Brooks)

Chorus: *So far from home, and every man's an enemy; So far from home, and little chance of leave; So far from home; no pretty wife to comfort me: Pity us poor soldiers, we've cause enough to grieve.*

As I walked out, one winter's morning early
The mist hung in the valley, I'd no cause to tarry long
The cheery birds were silent, I felt the mist about me
And heard the sound of voices raised in mournful
marching song.

[Chorus]

And as I stood, a horse and armoured rider
Came marching at the vanguard of a line of trudging men,
Bright feathers in their helmets, their faces dark and cloudy;
I never saw a sadder sight than passed
before me then.

[Chorus]

No sound there came from horse's hoof or bridle,
No sound from the armour or the weapons that they
wore. Only their voices, raised up in singing,
Broke the eerie silence as they marched across the moor.

[Chorus]

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