

We The People

Program 83

Anzac Day - Lest We Forget



*He was getting old and paunchy
And his hair was falling fast,
He sat around the RSL
Telling stories of the past,
Of a war that he once fought in
And the deeds that he had done
In his exploits with his buddies,
They were heroes, every one.*

*And tho sometimes to his neighbours
His tales became a joke,
All his buddies listened quietly
As they knew of where he spoke,
For a former serving veteran
Old Bob has passed away
All the worlds a little poorer,
For a soldier died today.*

*He won't be mourned by many
Just his children and his wife,
For he lived and ordinary
Very quiet sort of life,
He held a job and raised a family
Going quietly on his way
The world won't note his passing,
Tho a soldier died today.*

*When politicians leave this earth
Their bodies lie in State,
While thousand note their passing
And proclaim that they were great
Papers tell of their life stories
From the time when they were young
But the passing of a soldier,
Goes unnoticed and unsung.*

*Is the greatest contribution
To the welfare of our land,
Some jerk who breaks his promise
And cons his fellow man?
Or the ordinary common gentry
Who in time of war and strife
Goes off to serve our country,
And offers up his life.*

*The politician's stipend
And the style in which he lives,
Are often disproportionate
To the service that he gives,
While the ordinary Soldier
Who offered up his all
Is paid off with a medal,
And perhaps a pension, small.*

*It's so easy to forget them
For it is so many times,
That our Bobs and Jims and Jennies
Went off to battle lines,
It's not the politicians
With their compromise and ploys
Who won for us the freedom,
That our country now enjoys.*

*Should you find yourself in danger
With your enemies at hand,
Would you really want some cop-out
With his ever waffling stand,
Or would you want a soldier
His home, his country and his kin
Just a common soldier,
Who would fight until the end.*

*He was just a common soldier
And his ranks are growing thin,
But his presence should remind us
We may need his like again,
For when countries are in conflict
We find the soldiers part
Is to clean up all the troubles,
That the politicians start.*

*If we cannot do him honour
While he's here to hear the praise,
Then at least let's give him homage
At the ending of his days,
With perhaps a simple headline
In the papers that will say
Our country is in mourning,
For a soldier died today.*

*To the men and women of Australia
Who have laid it on the line,
It seems we've lost the message
In the passing sands of time,
Today it's just the loudest voice
That gets the right of way,
That's not what they fought for,
Lest we forget on Anzac Day.*

**These words are for the Anzac spirit in
soldiers young and old and for my
father Vic Bayley, we will remember
them.**

** Instrumental is Waltzing Matilda on guitar,
ends with "And the band played Waltzing Matilda"
and opens with the Last Post on Bugle.