

Song for Grace

Ted Egan

C Cmaj7 C⁶ F C

I was a girl of thir - teen when my three bro - thers went to the war.

7 C Cmaj7 C⁶ C Dm A

Mar - tin and Ro - bert and Jack and as I waved from the door. I thought:

15 Dm

'Who in the world could have bro - thers as hand - some as they?' Three Aus

23 D G

tra - lian Light Horse - men, I see their proud fi - gures to - day. Our

31 C Cmaj7 C⁶ F C

pa - rents were I - rish, with no love for Eng - land at all. But their

37 C Cmaj7 C⁶ C Dm A

sons were Aus - tra - lians and each brave - ly ans - wered the call. In their

45 Dm

turned - up slouch hats and their fea - thers and leg - gings and spurs, The

53 Dm G C Cmaj7 C⁶ G

Em - pire, as much as my mo - ther, knew these sons were hers. And as the

61 C F C

go- ing_ down_ of the sun, and in the mor ning,

68 F G G⁷ C

We'll re- mem - ber them, lest we for - get.

The mailman brought cards from Colombo and then from Port Said,
 Here's a photo of Jack, in Egypt, his first camel ride.
 Look at young Bobby in London, crossing The Strand,
 And Martin writes: 'Mum and Dad, life in the army is grand'.
 The same mailman brought us the news about our darling Jack:
 'Regret to inform you, your son Johnn will never come back
 He died of his wounds at Gallipoli, so brave was he,
 He's awarded the military medal, posthumously'.

The telegram came, my mother collapsed and I had
 The terrible task of breaking the news to my Dad.
 With our old draught-horse, Punch, our father was ploughing the land,
 I ran to the paddock, the telegram clutched in my hand.
 The Irishman read it, said: 'Thank you, now leave me alone,
 Go on back to the house, help your mother, she's there on her own'.
 He called: 'Stand up, Punch, we have to get on with this job',
 But I saw his slumped shoulders and I heard his heart-rending sob.

Well, Robert was gassed and he always had pains in his head,
 Martin was shell-shocked and he'd have been better off dead.
 I, I'm just an old lady who watched them all go,
 But I am the one you should ask about war, for I know.
 That all of these years have gone by and I know the grief yet,
 Yes, I will remember them . . . I can't forget.

Poem: Recited by a Soldier, coming in at section 13B, just before the song – "Oh What a Lovely War."

Inscription for a War – By A.D. Hope

Stranger, go tell the Leaders, we died here obedient to their commands.
 Linger not, stranger; shed no tear,
 Go back to those who sent us.
 We are the young they drafted out,
 To wars their folly brought about.
 Go tell those old men, safe in bed,
 We took their orders, and are dead!