

For King & Country

(Revised – 8/1/16)

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Setting

Decorations – Foyer and dining room decorated with posters and memorabilia. Hall decorated with WW1 posters and flags. Small Australian (or Union Jack) flags on each seat.

People – 2 people in costumes selling tickets (programs with war bond cover) in the foyer
1 person ushering in the hall

Lighting/Sound – Hall lights blue, slide show of WW1 images. Video of falling poppies as band and actors/singers enter from dining room. Video ends with single poppy and the words “Lest We Forget”. Once all performers are in place screen fades and projector switched off

Part 1: Call to Arms

People – Sign up dialogue actors center stage drinking and talking. Choir drinking and talking, pouring drinks etc

One or more couples dancing to I Wonder Who’s Kissing Her Now

After pre-war medley everyone returns to opening positions and continues drinking, talking quietly etc

Music - Accordion starts playing “Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay” as soon as the lights change. Everyone starts singing along by the chorus

Pre-War Medley

‘Pre-War’ Medley

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay

A sweet Tuxedo girl you see, Queen of swell society,
Fond of fun as fond can be, when it’s on the strict Q.T.
I’m not too young, I’m not too old, not too timid, not too bold,
Just the kind you’d like to hold, just the kind for sport, I’m told.

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay, Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay, Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay, Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay, Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay

Who were you with last night?

Who were you with last night?
Who were you with last night?
It wasn't your sister, it wasn't your Ma,
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

Who were you with last night?
Out in the pale moonlight?
Are you going to tell your Missus when you get home?
Who you were with last night?

Let me call you sweetheart

Let me call you 'Sweetheart' I'm in love with you.
Let me hear you whisper that you love me too.
Keep the love-light glowing in your eyes so true.
Let me call you 'Sweetheart' I'm in love with you.

Oh! you beautiful doll

Oh! you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll!
Let me put my arms about you, I could never live without you,
Oh! you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll!
If you ever leave me how my heart will ache,
I want to hug you, but I fear you'd break,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, you beautiful doll!

Daisy Bell

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet, upon the seat, of a bicycle built for two.

I wonder who's kissing her now

I wonder who's kissing her now?
Wonder who's teaching her how.
Wonder who's looking into her eyes,
Breathing sighs, telling lies!
I wonder who's buying her wine,
For lips that I used to call mine.
Wonder if she ever tells him of me?
I wonder who's kissing her now.

'Signing up' dialogue

People – All actors/singers standing in groups drinking etc

Man 1 pours a drink for Man 2 then begins dialogue

Man 1 is excited about the idea of war, Man 2 begins apathetically until he catches Man 1's enthusiasm.

Man 1: So it's war then.

Man 2: I still don't get it. Why'd Britain have to go to war with Germany just because some Serbian killed a Hungarian?

Man 1: Doesn't matter, does it? I 'm still gonna go. I reckon it's our duty to support the Mother Country.

Man 2: I s'pose those Brits couldn't do it on their own.

Man 1: Too right, and don't forget there's free grub and a uniform, and I heard those French sheilas are a bit of 'all right'.

Man 2: I guess we'd get to see the world, have some adventures with our mates.

Man 1: All for six bob a day.

Man2: And they do say it'll be over by Christmas.

Man 1: So what are we waiting for? Let's go and give those Huns what for. You and me mate, we'll show the Kaiser what we Australians are made of.

Two people coordinating quickly set up while the volunteers walk and talk excitedly to sign up (including the nurses). Once signed up they move away and continue talking until everyone is in position then all recite in unison:

Hail Fair Australia

We soldiers of Australia rejoice in being free,
And not to fetter others,
Do we go o'er the sea.
Old England gave us freedom,
And when she makes a start
To see that others get it,
We're there to take our part.
Hail Fair Australia.

'Off to War' Medley

People - Women and men put on costumes as they start singing *It's a Long Way*

Marching to Pack Up Your Troubles

Men march out while everyone is singing 'Good-Bye-Ee'. Women remain on stage and wave.

It's a long way to Riverina

It's a long way to Riverina, it's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Riverina, to the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye Wagga Wagga, farewell dear old Hay,
It's a long, long way to Riverina, but we'll get there some day.

Pack up your troubles

Pack up your troubles in your old kit back and smile, smile, smile.
While you've a Lucifer to light your fag, smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying, it never was worthwhile, so,
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

Good-Bye-Ee!

Good-Bye-Ee, Good-Bye-Ee, wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee.
Tho' it's hard to part, I know, I'll be tickled to death to go,
Don't cry-ee, don't sigh-ee, there's a silver lining in the sky-ee.
Bonsoir, old thing, cheer-i-o, chin-chin,
Nah-poo, too-dle-doo, Good-Bye-Ee.

Route March

(Words: Henry Lawson Music: Ian Hamilton)

Did you hear the children singin', oh my brothers?
Did you hear the children singin', as our troops went marching past?
In the sunshine and the rain, as they'll never sing again.
Did you hear the school girls singin', as our boys went marching past?

Do you hear the children singin', oh my brothers?
Did you hear the children singin', for the first man and the last?
As they march away and vanish, to a tune we thought was banished,
Do you hear the children singin', for the future and the past?

Shall we hear the children singin', oh my brothers?
Shall we hear the children singin', in the sunshine or the rain?
There'll be sobs beneath the ringin', of the bells and 'neath the singin'
There'll be tears of orphan children, when our boys come back again.

'Ted Egan' Medley

The Men of the 10th Light Horse (by Alan Ralph)

They came from the bush and the stations.
They came from the cities and towns.
The battlers, the whingers, the jokers.
The gamblers, the losers, the clowns.
Some of them born near the deserts,
Some of them born near the tide,
Most of them born in the saddle,
All of them knew how to ride.

*So mount up, mount up for battle,
Mount up, for better or worse.
The men of the 10th Light Horse.*

They joined for a taste of adventure.
They joined for their mates did the same.
They joined when they thought of their honour,
Not to join must lead to shame.
They joined full of pride, full of courage,
They joined up, their duty to do,
They joined for Australia had called them,
They were needed and that's all they knew.

We are the Anzacs (by Ted Egan)

We are the Anzacs, and we're true blue,
We're from Australia and New Zealand too,
We're from Down Under, and we're telling you,
We're larrikins, and skiters, but we're pretty good fighters too.
We might curse and swear, but we'll be right there,
In the fighting we won't turn a hair,
When the whips are cracking ev'rywhere,
You'll find the Anzacs.

We've got shearers, drovers too,
We've got city swells, and lots of blokes named 'Blue'
As soldiers, we're the world's best yet,
We are the Anzacs,
Don't you forget!

Major Duncan Chapman's Letter (Ian)

Part 2: The War

Gallipoli

(by Ted Egan)

The word's on ev-'ry soldier's lips: Gallipoli.
The landing barges leave the ships, Gallipoli.
Rifles held in nervous grips, Eerie gleam of bayonet tips,
The Anzacs hit the coastal strips, Gallipoli;

Atop the cliffs is Johnny Turk, Gallipoli,
Peering through the mist and murk, Gallipoli,
Human nature goes beserk,
Soldiers know they mustn't shirk,
Killing's just a job of work, Gallipoli

Hit the beach, the rising sun - Gallipoli,
This is real, the talking's done - Gallipoli,
Every man a mother's son,
Give each one a bloody gun,
They'll kill each other, just for fun - Gallipoli.

Scale the cliffs, pounding hearts - Gallipoli,
The shelling and the slaughter starts - Gallipoli
Crazy feats of derring-do,
Out of all the madness grew,
The legend of the Anzacs at Gallipoli.

On the 24th of May - Gallipoli,
Postpone the killing for a day - Gallipoli,
Bury the dead: let us pray,
Bid young Johnny Turk: 'Giddy'
Tomorrow, he's the one you'll slay - Gallipoli.

They say old soldiers never die - Gallipoli,
But young ones do, and I ask why? - Gallipoli,
Not an inch of ground was won, Bones lie bleaching in the sun - Gallipoli.

The Lords have played this game before - Monopoly,
Scan the maps, keep the score - Catastrophe,
Cognac and cigars galore,
If they were the ones to fight the war,
They'd very quickly call 'Withdraw' - Immediately.

And when the silence comes again - Gallipoli,
Pity those who are insane - Gallipoli,
Count the wounded, treat the pain,
A hundred and forty thousand slain,
Heroes all, but dead in vain - Gallipoli.

Nurse Gertrude Doherty's Letter (Jeannette)

"We look forward to our letters on mail day. Of course we can never make our letters sound as cheerful as yours. I am sure you will understand why when I tell you that we are surrounded by sadness and sorrow all the time ... do you know, Muriel, that as many as 72 operations have been performed in one day in our hospital alone ... you could not imagine how dirty the poor beggars are, never able to get a wash, mud and dirt ground in and nearly all of them alive with vermin.

They feel ashamed being so dirty. We always tell them that if they came down any cleaner, we would not think they had been in it at all!"

Among Fifteen Wounded Men

Under another cloudy sky
My grandmother stands
Among fifteen wounded men

I wanted them to be young,
And strapping, and larrikin.
But, as they look into the camera
They whisper things to me
That flash and burn my memory.

The fog of the day settles.
They are chilled as they gather close their ill-fitting
clothes.
Their neatly parted hair shows a control they
crave.
But, the confusions, the smell, the noise
And the terror are all there in clenched half-smiles
In darting eyes.

My grandmother's hands rest with priority
On the gloved man's wheelchair.
He holds his side protecting the broken rib,
The torn abdomen.
His eyes do not focus on the camera.
They dwell in an anger, a madness of pain.
In a destiny reshaped by brutality.

I smell the slow burn of the 1918 flash,
And see the men move stiffly to pick up their hats.
They help each other across the road to the
hospital
As Bernice wheels her man
Each bump echoing pain.

The Rose of No-man's Land

I've see some beautiful flowers
Grow in life's garden fair,
I've spent some wonderful hours
Lost in their fragrance rare,
But I have found another,
Wondrous beyond compare

There's a rose that grows in No-man's Land,
And it's wonderful to see;
Though it's sprayed with tears,
It will live for years,
In my garden of memory.
It's the one red rose, the soldier knows;
It's the work of the Master's hand,
'Mid the war's great curse, stands the Red
Cross nurse,
She's the Rose of No-man's Land.

And when they ask us

And when they ask us, how dangerous it was,
Oh, we'll never tell them, no, we'll never tell them:
We spent our pay in some cafe,
And fought wild women night and day,
'Twas the cushiest job we ever had.

And when they ask us, and they're certainly going
to ask us,
The reason why we didn't win the Croix de Guerre,
Oh, we'll never tell them, oh, we'll never tell them
There was a front, but damned if we knew where.

When Very lights are shining

When Very lights are shining, sure they're like the morning light.
And when the guns begin to thunder, you can hear the angel's shite.
Then the Maxims start to chatter, and trench mortars send a few.
And when Very lights are shining, 'tis time for a rum issue.

When Very lights are shining, sure 'tis like the morning dew.
And when shells begin a -bursting, it makes you think your times come too.
And when you start advancing, five nines and gas comes through.
Sure when Very lights are shining 'tis rum or lead for you.

Conscription Dialogue

People – Three women enter carrying placards and handing out leaflets. Once they reach the stage they turn back and exit through the dining room along with all those not involved in *Sunset at Passchendaele*. As they exit people call out pro- and anti-conscription phrases.

Anti-conscription – “Say no to the blood vote!”, “Conscription, No!” “Fight as freemen!”, “Vote No!”, “Enough lives have been lost!”, “It’s not our fight!”, “We need our men here!”, “Keep your jelly fish!”

Pro-conscription – “We have to keep our promise”, “Shirkers!”, “Our boys over there need help!”, “Shame”, “Traitors”, “Our honour’s at stake!”, “Who will protect us!”

Poem: He Sent His Son

Deck not my pride with lies, my friends;
I did not, did not send my son. He went.
And he lies dead in France.

Mothers, Daughters, Wives *(Judy Small – sung by Judie Eddington)*

*And the first time it was fathers, the last time it was sons,
And in between your husbands marched away with drums & guns.
And you never thought to question, you just went on with your lives.
'Cause all they'd taught you who to be was mothers, daughters, wives.*

You can only just remember, the tears your mothers shed.
As they sat and read their papers through the lists and lists of dead.
And the gold frames held the photographs, that mothers kissed each night.
And the door frames held the shocked and silent strangers from the fight.

Chorus

And it was twenty-one years later, with children of your own
The trumpet sounded once again, and the soldier boys were gone
And you drove their trucks and made their guns and tended to their wounds
And at night you kissed their photographs and prayed for safe returns.

And after it was over, you had to learn again.
To be just wives and mothers, when you'd done the work of men.
So you worked to help the needy, and you never trod on toes
And the photos on the pianos struck a happy family pose

Chorus

Then your daughters grew to women, and your little boys to men
And you prayed that you were dreaming when the call-up came again.
But you proudly smiled and held your tears as they bravely waved goodbye
And the photos on the mantelpiece always made you cry.

And now you're getting older and in time the photos fade
And in widowhood you sit back and reflect on the parade.
Of the passing of your memories as your daughters change their lives
Seeing more to our existence than just mothers, daughters, wives.

Chorus

And you believed them, that there was nothing more than mothers, daughters, wives.

Sunset at Passchendaele (Words: Henry Weston Pryce Music: Ian Hamilton)

There how a man remembers, too swift the good hours fly.
Far in a fair green valley, where once I used to ride.
The lazy bells are calling along a river side.
Grandly the swelling ridges looming in the summer's fire.
As giants roused by the night wind, to watch the day retire.
Soon shall the gay cloud embers, to pearly ash outburn.
The parrots troop to the saplings, the riders homeward turn.
Frogs begin their chorus, to the winking of a star.
And then night sends forth soft voices, in the land that knows not war.
There how a man remembers, too swift the good hours fly.
But time halts beside us, to watch us while we die.

Lighting/Sound – Sunset lighting

Sick in the sickened heaven, the sun sinks down to the mire.
And the dead man sprawls in the crater, and grins at his mate on the wire.
A god for a single hour, to be with these again.
Free in that far green valley, clean in that Southland rain.

There how a man remembers, too swift the good hours fly.
But here time halts beside us, to watch us while we die. To watch us while we die.

Lighting/Sound – Lights down, spot light on Sonia **People** – Ian and all musicians except Sonia exit

I wonder (W: Henry Weston Pryce M: Sonia Bennett)

Could Homer walk this hill and hear
The song of canon high and clear
The roar of caissons jolting past
The hiss of bullets and the blast
Of shrapnel over yonder trees
I wonder would he sing of these
I wonder would he sing of these.

Could Homer see this field and spy
The walking wounded reeling by
With wet red wounds and faces grey
Each helping each along the way
If he could see these broken men
I wonder would he sing again
I wonder would he sing again.

I would that my imaginings
Might be as blind old Homer sings
But if he touched this cold machine
That slays beyond the hills unseen
Heard the song of yonder lark
I wonder would he bless the dark

I wonder would he bless the dark.

Could I lie here in dreams and find
The violet and all her kind
And down among the blossoms lie
To hear the singing hours go by
If then a gun should bid me wake

I wonder if my heart would break
I wonder if my heart should break.

I wonder why the sunlight falls
So gay on yonder broken walls
I wonder why that soldier lies
With bloody lips and smiling eyes
I wonder is that Death and yet
I know my dream is to forget
I know my dream is to forget.

Could Homer see this field and spy ...

Lighting/Sound – Lights down. House lights up

(Interval)

Part 3: Coming to an End

Lighting/Sound – Stage lights up.

People –During the medley there is dancing, leap frogging, the playing of football and Two-Up etc.

‘Coming to an end’ Medley

Hello! Hello!

Hello, Hello, who’s your lady friend?
Who’s the little girlie by your side?
I’ve seen you, with a girl or two.
Oh, oh, oh, I am surprised at you!
Hello, Hello, what’s your little game?
Don’t you think your ways you ought to mend?
It isn’t the girl I saw you with at Brighton,
Who, who, who’s your lady friend?

The Brigadier he gets the turkey (Ian)

The brigadier he gets the turkey,
The colonel has his duck,
The officers all have poultry,
They always were in luck,
The sergeants have bread and cheese,
And mop up all they can,
But all the poor old private gets,
Is bread and tinkers jam.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parlez vous?
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parlez vous?
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, hasn’t been kissed for forty years,
Inky, pinky, parlezvous.

Fighting the Kaiser (Wayne)

Fighting the Kaiser, fighting the Kaiser,
Who’ll come a fighting the Kaiser with me?
And we’ll drink all his beer,
And eat up all his sausages,
Who’ll come a fighting the Kaiser with me!

Take me back to Dear Old Blighty

Take me back to dear Old Blighty, put me on the train for London Town.
Take me over there, droop me anywhere,
Liverpool, Leeds or Birmingham, well I don’t care!
I should love to see my best girl, cuddling up again we soon will be, aye.
Ti-di-ly, id-il-y, igh-ty, hurry me home to Blighty,
Blighty is the place for me.

Oh, the Colonel Kicks (Robin)

Oh, the colonel kicks the major,
And the major has a go,
He kicks the poor old captain,
Who then kicks the NCO
And as the kicks get harder,
They are passed on down to me,
And I am kicked to bleedin' hell,
To save democracy.

Oui Oui, Marie

Oui Oui Marie, will you do zis for
Oui Oui Marie, then I'll do zat for you.
I love your eyes they make me feel so spoony,
You'll drive me crazy, you're teasing me.
Why can't we parleyvous, like other sweethearts do.
I want a kiss or two from Ma-Cher-ie.
Oui Oui Marie, if you'll do zis for me,
Then I'll do zat for you, Oui Oui Marie.

You're In The Army Now (Frank)

You're in the army now
You're not behind a plough;
You silly young twitch,
You'll never get rich,
You're in the army now.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

In the prison cell I sit, thinking Mother dear, of you.
And our bright and happy home so far away.
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do.
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

*Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the boys are marching.
Cheer up, comrades, they will come.
And beneath the starry flag, we shall breathe the air again.
Of the freeland in our own beloved home.*

People – *Men move away, women only*

'Home Fires' Medley

Women who wait

You cheer soldier Tommy and Sailor Jack too.
You shouted "Hurrah" for the state.
But while you are cheering the heroes who fight,
Just think of the women who wait.

*Women who wait, women who wait,
You don't fight with guns at the enemy's gate.
There's no big sea for you, but your duty you do,
And you're none the less a hero the women who wait.*

Keep the home fires burning

Keep the home fires burning, while your hearts are yearning.
Though your lads are far away they dream of home.
There's a silver lining, through the dark cloud shining.
Turn the dark cloud inside out, till the boys come home.

Poem: The Photograph (Maureen)

(by Peter Kocan)

Sometimes in the home of the elderly,
Among the shabby, cherished possessions
You will find a framed photograph
Of a young man in a quaint uniform.

Slouched-hatted, poised with a full gaze.
"My brother Jim. He went to war and then . . ."
And something in the aged voice conveys
The unspoken, "and he didn't come home."

Now in a muster room somewhere,
An old person makes a cup of tea
And a not yet anonymous soldier
Stares out of the photograph.

Tumultuous months follow, with excited,
Gatherings to hear Jim's letters read aloud,
Until an official telegram
Makes something die in all of them

Song for Grace

(by Ted Egan)

I was a girl of thirteen when my three brothers went to the war.
Martin and Robert and Jack and as I waved from the door.
I thought "Who in the world could have brothers as handsome as they?"
Three Australian Light Horsemen, I see their proud figures today.

Our parents were Irish, with no love for England at all.
But their sons were Australians and each bravely answered the call.
In their turned-up slouch hats and their feathers and leggings and spurs.
The Empire, as much as my mothers, knew these sons were hers.

*And as the going down of the sun, and in the morning,
We'll remember them, lest we forget.*

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.

Lighting/Sound – *Lights down, spot on soldier. Light change for Oh What a Lovely War*

People – *Women move away, men only*

Poem: Inscription for a war (David P.)

(by A.D.Hope - recited by a soldier)

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!

Oh! It's a lovely war

Up to your waist in water, up to your eyes in slush,
Using the kind of language, that makes the sergeant blush.
Who wouldn't join the army? that's what we all inquire;
Don't we pity the poor civilian, sitting beside the fire.

*Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war,
Who wouldn't be a soldier, eh? oh, it's a shame to take the pay;
As soon as reveille is gone, we feel just as heavy as lead,
But we never get up till the sergeant , brings us breakfast up to bed.
Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war,
What do we want with eggs and ham, when we've got plum and apple jam?
Form fours, right turn, how shall we spend the money we earn?
Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war.*

Part 4: The Aftermath

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place: and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago.

We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Coquelicot

When the poppy blooms in France, Jean and Marie say:
Cueillons le coquelicot, qui rougit dans le blé,
Ce' est la derniere, cri, le derni pensée.
Ce' est la derniere, cri, de la Anzac bien ne mei.
De la tombe, nu garderon, et nubleron Jarnais.

Lazily the southwind rested, heard a linnet call,
Pools of shade and sunshine flecked the road between,
Where the soldier rested, hear a linnet call,
Saw the poppies dancing, blazing in the green;
Sullenly and sadly, over wood and wold,
Throbbled and sobbed from Artois the drums of sacrifice:
But the bird stayed singing till its love was told,
And the fields were kind with friendly eyes.

On to battle pressing, through the little towns,
Did his fancy conjure sights and sounds of home?
Of the sheep far straying, strung across the Downs,
Of the bells at evening where the cattle roam? . . .
Did he see a loved face smile into his own
In a strange pre-vision, ere the close of day:
Ere the poppies withered and the sun went down
Red athwart the red field where he lay?

Listen! You can here them though France is far away:

Cueillons le coquelicot, qui rougit dans le blé,
Ce' est la derniere, cri, le derni pensée.

The Bare, Dry, Ugly Gullies of Gallipoli (Denis Kevans)

Have you ever wandered where the waterfalls have thundered,
And thought this is my own land, this is mine,
While every year you stand, for a fight for a barren land,
And the bulldozers destroy the Bush divine.

And did Australians fight, in the morning, noon and night,
To see Australia's Heritage destroyed?
To see rainforests fall, recreation there for all,
Destroyed before it could even be enjoyed?

In that shingled, April hush, my old Uncles from the Bush,
They towed you to the machine-gun's smiling face,
With your spirits sorely tried, by your mates you knelt and cried,
In that bare, dry, ugly, barren, waterless place.

*The bare, dry, ugly gullies of Gallipoli,
Have vanished long ago, and far away,
But the lush and evergreen,
The most beautiful ever seen
Rainforests are bulldozed here everyday.*

And when Australia's young, with their spirits sorely stung,
Stand against bulldozers, in a line,
I can hear the Anzac's thanks, for Australia's youthful ranks,
In fighting for our Heritage, yours, and mine.

No Man's Land/Green Fields of France (Eric Bogle)

Well, how do you do, Private William McBride,
Do you mind if I sit down here by your graveside?
And rest for awhile in the warm summer sun,
I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done.
And I see by your gravestone you were only 19
When you joined the glorious fallen in 1916,
Well, I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean
Or, Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

*Did they Beat the drum slowly, did the play the pipes lowly?
Did the rifles fir o'er you as they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sound The Last Post in chorus?
Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest?*

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined?
And, though you died back in 1916,
To that loyal heart are you forever 19?
Or are you a stranger without even a name,
Forever enshrined behind some glass pane,
In an old photograph, torn and tattered and stained,
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

The sun's shining down on these green fields of France;
The warm wind blows gently, and the red poppies dance.
The trenches have vanished long under the plow;
No gas and no barbed wire, no guns firing now.
But here in this graveyard that's still No Man's Land
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man.
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned.

And I can't help but wonder, no Willie McBride,
Do all those who lie here know why they died?
Did you really believe them when they told you "The Cause?"
Did you really believe that this war would end wars?
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain,
For Willie McBride, it all happened again,
And again, and again, and again, and again.

All the fine young men

(by Eric Bogle)

They told all the fine young men,
"Ah, when this war is over,
There will be peace,
And the peace will last forever."
In Flanders Fields,
At Lone Pine and Bersheeba,
For king and country,
Honour and for duty,
The young men fought and cursed and wept and died.

They told all the fine young men,
"Ah, when this war is over,
In your country's grateful heart
We will cherish you forever."
Tobruk and Alamein,
Bhuna and Kokoda,
In a world mad with war,
Like their fathers before,
The young men fought and cursed and wept and died.

For many of those fine young men
All the wars are over,
They've found their peace,
It's the peace that lasts forever.
When the call comes again,
They will not answer,
They're just forgotten bones,
Lying far from their homes,
Forgotten as the cause for which they died.
Ah, Bluey, can you see now why they lied?

Poppy Day

(Words: Henry Weston Pryce Music: Ian Hamilton)

If loss or profit shall befall it matters not this day.
Because the fields of Flanders call, and hearing I obey.
The greetings of my cherished friends shall pass unseen perchance.
Because my soul to battle wends, along the roads of France.

The city's ceaseless clamouring uprising from the street.
Brings back to mind the fateful swing of many marching feet.
The click of hooves, the rumbling loads, the dust clouds drifting far.
The armies pouring down the roads, the roaring roads of war.

In all that blood inherits here, in all that eyes define.
My country is the homeland dear, but France the hallowed shrine.
There gaily by the roadside now, the windswept poppies bend.
As danced they in the morning glow, when you went West my friend.

And then the lull we count our loss, we mend the trench forlorn.
And one seeks wood to make a cross, and so the red red morn.
Grotesquely sprawling in the sun, the dead no hatred hold.
And close by head and hand and gun, the poppy buds unfold.

*Sleep well old comrade when they name,
Henceforth the great and good
A higher honour none may claim
Than this your cross of wood.*

Ataturk Tribute

(Words: Kemal Ataturk Music: Ian Hamilton)

Those heroes that shed their blood
And lost their lives.
You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country.
Therefore, rest in peace.
There is no difference between the Johnnies
And the Mehments to us where they lie side by side
Here in this country of ours,
You, the mothers,
Who sent their sons from far away countries
Wipe away your tears,
Your sons are now lying in our bosom
And are in peace
After having lost their lives on this land they have
Become our sons as well.

Lest we forget

Lest we forget – lest we forget.