

## LEST WE EVER FORGET

*Why do you still march, old man  
With medals on your chest?  
Why do you grieve, old man  
For those friends you laid to rest?  
Why do your eyes gleam, old man  
When you hear those bugles blow?  
Tell me why you cry, old man  
About those days so long ago?  
I'll tell you why I march  
With medals on my chest.  
I'll tell you why I grieve young man  
For those I laid to rest  
Through misty fields of gossamer silk  
Come visions of distant times.  
When boys of tender age  
Lost lives, and mothers pined.  
We buried them in blanket shroud  
Their young flesh scorched and blackened.  
A communal grave, newly gouged  
In blood stained gorse and bracken.  
You ask me why I march, young man  
I march to remind you all.  
That but for those apple blossom youths  
You would never have known freedom at all.*

*Unknown*