

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