

REMEMBERING

The Cenotaph stands shrouded in gentle morning mist,
And somewhere in a distant land,
Beneath the earth sun kissed,
Lie young men in God's keeping,
Forever now they sleep.
They came, they saw, they fought, they died.
Their mothers left to weep.

Big Ben strikes eleven, we bow our heads in prayer.
Silence falls across the land, it's that time of the year.
For remembering friends and comrades,
From years and days gone by.
The young men and the women,
Who died with scream on sign.

We hear reveille sounded, and rise our heads up to the sky.
And there a ghostly army waves and passes by.
They're gone, but not forgotten,
And will be joined by more.
Showing every Nation the futility of war.

So when next you see veterans with medals on their chest,
Although they're growing old and grey,
They're still the Country's best.
They fought in foreign lands, and on the home front too,
And many, many like them gave their lives for me and you.
Just smile and say "thank you sirs,
You served your country well,
Go home now and rest in peace,
And wait for Heaven's bell".