

ANZAC DAY by Author Unknown

I saw a boy marching, with medals on his chest,
He marched alongside diggers, marching six abreast,
He knew it was Anzac Day, he walked along with pride,
And did his best to keep in step with the diggers by his side.

And when the march was over the boy looked rather tired.
A digger said. "Whose medals son?" to which the boy replied,
"They belong to my Dad, but he didn't come back.
He died up in New Guinea, up on the Kokoda Track".

The boy looked rather sad, and a tear came to his eye,
But the digger said, "Don't worry son, I'll tell you why,"
He said, "Your old man marched with us today, all the bloomin' way,
All us diggers knew he was here, it's like that on Anzac Day".

The boy looked rather puzzled, he didn't understand
But the digger went on talking, and started to wave his hand,
"For this great land we live in, there's a price we have to pay,
To keep Australia free, and fly our flag today.

Yes we all love fun and merriment, in this country where we live,
But the price was that some soldier, his precious life must give.
For you to go to school, my son, and worship God at will.
Somebody had to pay the price, so our diggers paid the bill.

"Your dad died for us my son for all things good and true.
And I hope you can understand these words I've said to you".

The boy looked up at the digger and after a little while,
His face changed expression, and he said with a beautiful smile,
"I know my dad marched here today, this our Anzac Day,
I know he did, I know he did. All the bloomin' way!"