

LEST WE FORGET

Lest we forget? Lest we forget what?
The beach, the bush, and the freedom I've got
It's always been here, since I was a boy
My clothes, my friends, my family, my toys

I live by the beach, enjoy the sand and the sea
There could be no better place to live for me
The restrictions I have, in a life full of fun,
Are only restricted by my dad and my mum!

The things they have seen, the lessons they have learned
They will instill them in me, and their trust I will earn
For they know the past, and the stories of old
Stories that must forever be told

Stories of courage, of strength and determination
Stories that have molded and shaped this great nation
Stories about heroes, about good men and good women
Stories that give me! The great life that I am living

But sadly I know, These heroes, I'll never meet
Still I will march in their memory, on their day, down George Street
I will march for the heroes that didn't come home
And I know that I'll be marching for the ones left alone

My great granddads were there, left behind the ones that they loved
So I could live in this great land, and live the life that I love
One grandpa came home and one grandpa laid to rest
So proudly I wear both their medals on my chest

I thank you my heroes, from the bottom of my heart
The young men, the donkey, with his master and cart
Be proud of yourselves and hold your heads high
Enjoy what you have saved from your perch in the sky

ANZACS they call you! And ANZACS you are
God please love the ANZACS because two are my pa's

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April 2006