



A Proud Legacy for Our Youth

Learn well the deeds of those who came before
Of their blood, sweat, tears and even more
To defend a precious way of life
Against terrible evil intent in bloody strife

They came from factory, farm, school and shearing shed
All swore an oath and to the military were wed
A union until war's end, whenever that would be
No thought of defeat; only of sweet, sweet victory

Hear the fury of war as they went forward, regardless of season
Fear and doubt cast aside for strong purpose and reason
Always the visions of loved ones and a sunburnt land called home
So many dreams for a tomorrow when no longer they would roam

Imagine the ghostly columns from yesterday as they marched by
For how many warriors was that parade a last goodbye?
Many grieving loved ones with only memories from that time to keep
How often does a lonely widow to a framed smiling image speak?

They did not seek glory but simply duty to be done
Enduring pain and hardship until all had been won
It was for you and all who follow in our great southern land so free
They left a priceless legacy of a way of life that shouts lib-er- ty

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