

The Crucible of Troth

*Whence the reveille called they answered with strident purpose.
Hearth and caress go whither they face.
Carried lightly their thoughts of home, north, north toward
that fateful place.
None shall pass my fortified will, he promised.
Stand proud Australia, my will defends thee.
This place I call my home, astride my land so free.*

*To the East, riding on hope and sway
The Southern Cross lit their determined way.
Across great oceans shared, to a crucible of troth.
a smaller ship was steered.
None shall pass my fortified will, he promised
Stand proud New Zealand, my will defends thee.
This place I call my home, astride my land so free.*

*Hope and step merged, crouched on shoulder's march.
for victory and glory lay ahead with no spoil, only victory.
Or shallow graves within that foreign soil.
Together and times apart they rattled the doors of hell,
beyond all fear as they forged on.
The fallen saw the brave backs, rushing on to claim
redemption! for every breath forgone.*

*They rode a noble steed in pursuit of selfless act
and timeless deed.
In duty no waiver, in battle they did not falter.
Their banner so green and young shewed defiance
upon that bloodied alter.*

Advance Anzac

No greater bond was born of brothers, now here to guard your back,

Prevail Anzac

*Stare the gauntlet down, until it sees within your eyes conviction's
baleful frown.*

Forever Anzacs

*Bound together we to foil the bullet's hiss.
For there never was a handshake,
a handshake such as this.*

Gerald Taylor for ANZAC Day 2017