

APPENDIX VI
THE GRAVES OF GALLIPOLI

by Lester Lawrence

(from THE ANZAC BOOK¹)

The herdman wandering by the lonely rills
Marks where they lie on the scarred mountain's flanks,
Remembering that wild morning when the hills
Shook to the roar of guns and those wild Franks
Surged upward from the sea.

None tends them. Flowers will come again in spring,
And the torn hills and those poor mounds be green.
Some bird that sings in English woods may sing
To English lads beneath—the wind will keen
Its ancient lullaby.

Some flower that blooms beside the Southern foam
May blossom where our dead Australians lie,
And comfort them with whispers of their home;
And they will dream, beneath the alien sky,
Of the Pacific Sea.

"Thrice happy they who fell beneath the walls
Under their father's eyes," the Trojan said,
"Not we who die in exile where who falls
Must lie in foreign earth." Alas! our dead
Lie buried far away.

Yet where the brave man lies, who fell in fight
For his dear country, there his country is.

¹Lawrence was Reuter's Correspondent on Gallipoli. This was at the time when we were leaving these graves—to what future we knew not. (In *The Anzac Book* the poem contains misprints due to faulty editing—"ranks" for "Franks" and "keep" for "keen".)

And we will mourn them proudly as of right—
For meaner deaths be mourning and loud cries.
They died pro patria!

Oh, sweet and seemly so to die indeed,
In the high flush of youth and strength and pride.
These are our martyrs, and their blood the seed
Of nobler futures. 'Twas for us they died.
Keep we their memory green.

This be their epitaph: "Traveller, south or west,
Go, say at home we heard the trumpet call,
And answered. Now beside the sea we rest.
Our end was happy if our country thrives.
Much was demanded—Lo! our store was small:
That which we had we gave—it was our lives."