

The background of the entire page is a sunset with a silhouette of a bugler on the left. The bugler is wearing a wide-brimmed hat and is playing a bugle. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a warm, orange glow. The text is centered on the right side of the image.

The Buglers Call

A wee young lad polishes his bugle, for he's been asked to play
The honour of sounding "the Last Post" on this our ANZAC Day
He's shined his shoes, ironed his shirt, and practiced until his lips bled
He'll play his heart out to honour those, the living, and the dead

He's from a proud military family, five generations answered the call
Gallipoli to Middle East, veterans one and all
They told him stories of when they were young, and their legends made
But only for the grace of God, their lives were spared, they had no early grave

He plans to enlist in the ADF, the day he finishes school
And build his career and serve with honour, and the uniforms look kinda cool
His schoolmates will follow a different path, their lives still filled with purpose
But they still will come to support their mate, today at the dawn service

The Veterans will all proudly march, their medals on their chest
Holding hands with the kids of members past, the bravest and the best
The beer will flow, two-up thrown, the stories will be retold
So, on this day, Lest We Forget, For they will not grow old.

Stewart Elliott 22/02/2022