

Compilation of poems by Harry Packwood, Shalom College Bundaberg – 2018

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The Legend

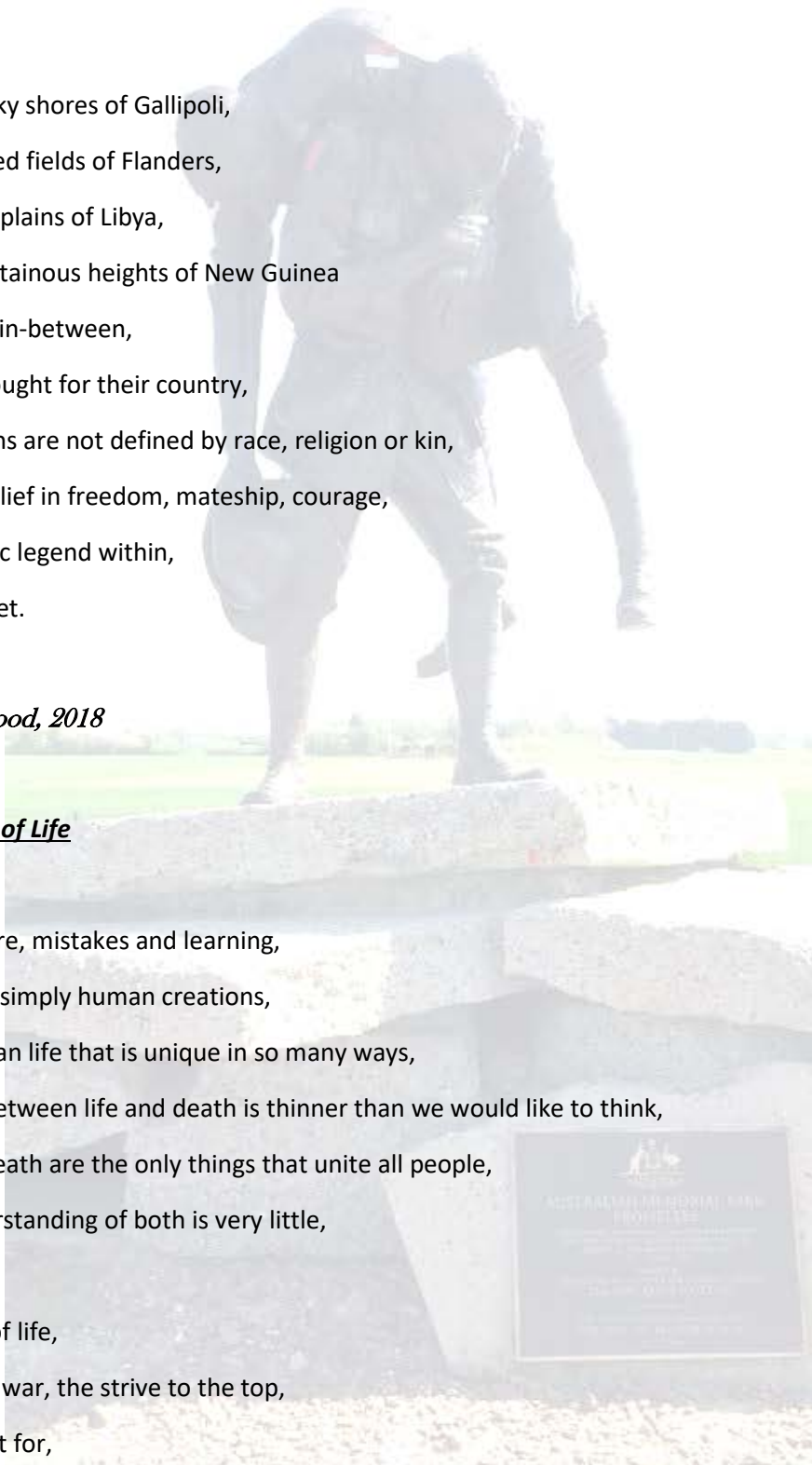
From the rocky shores of Gallipoli,
To the popped fields of Flanders,
The desolate plains of Libya,
Up the Mountainous heights of New Guinea
And all lands in-between,
These men fought for their country,
For Australians are not defined by race, religion or kin,
But by the belief in freedom, mateship, courage,
And the Anzac legend within,
Lest We Forget.

Harry Packwood, 2018

The Fratility of Life

What is life,
success, failure, mistakes and learning,
for these are simply human creations,
and it is human life that is unique in so many ways,
for the line between life and death is thinner than we would like to think,
for life and death are the only things that unite all people,
yet our understanding of both is very little,

the fratility of life,
the futility of war, the strive to the top,
is driven what for,



for it is the ambition, the fear, the fortune and all,
for life is grand till it is no more,

So embrace all moments,
and remember all things,
stand true by your fellow man and welcome the world,
for all are unique and all shall be upheld.

Harry Packwood, 2018

Tragedy of war

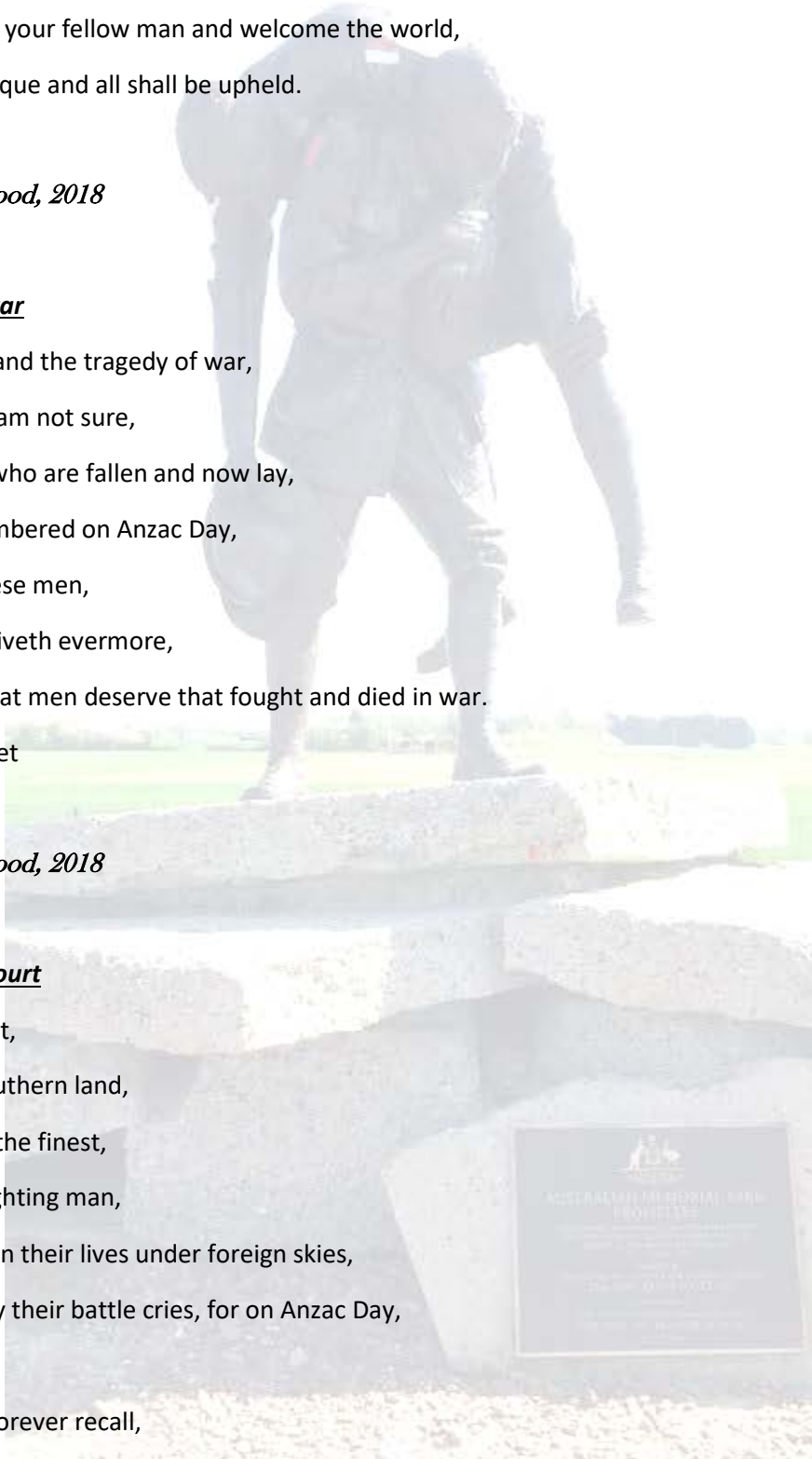
The sadness and the tragedy of war,
for reasons I am not sure,
for the men who are fallen and now lay,
will be remembered on Anzac Day,
God bless these men,
their names liveth evermore,
for this is what men deserve that fought and died in war.

Lest We Forget

Harry Packwood, 2018

Recall Bullecourt

Lest we forget,
that great southern land,
that sent off the finest,
their great fighting man,
who laid down their lives under foreign skies,
spurred on by their battle cries, for on Anzac Day,
let us say,
that we will forever recall,



those brave men from Bullecourt.

Harry Packwood, 2018

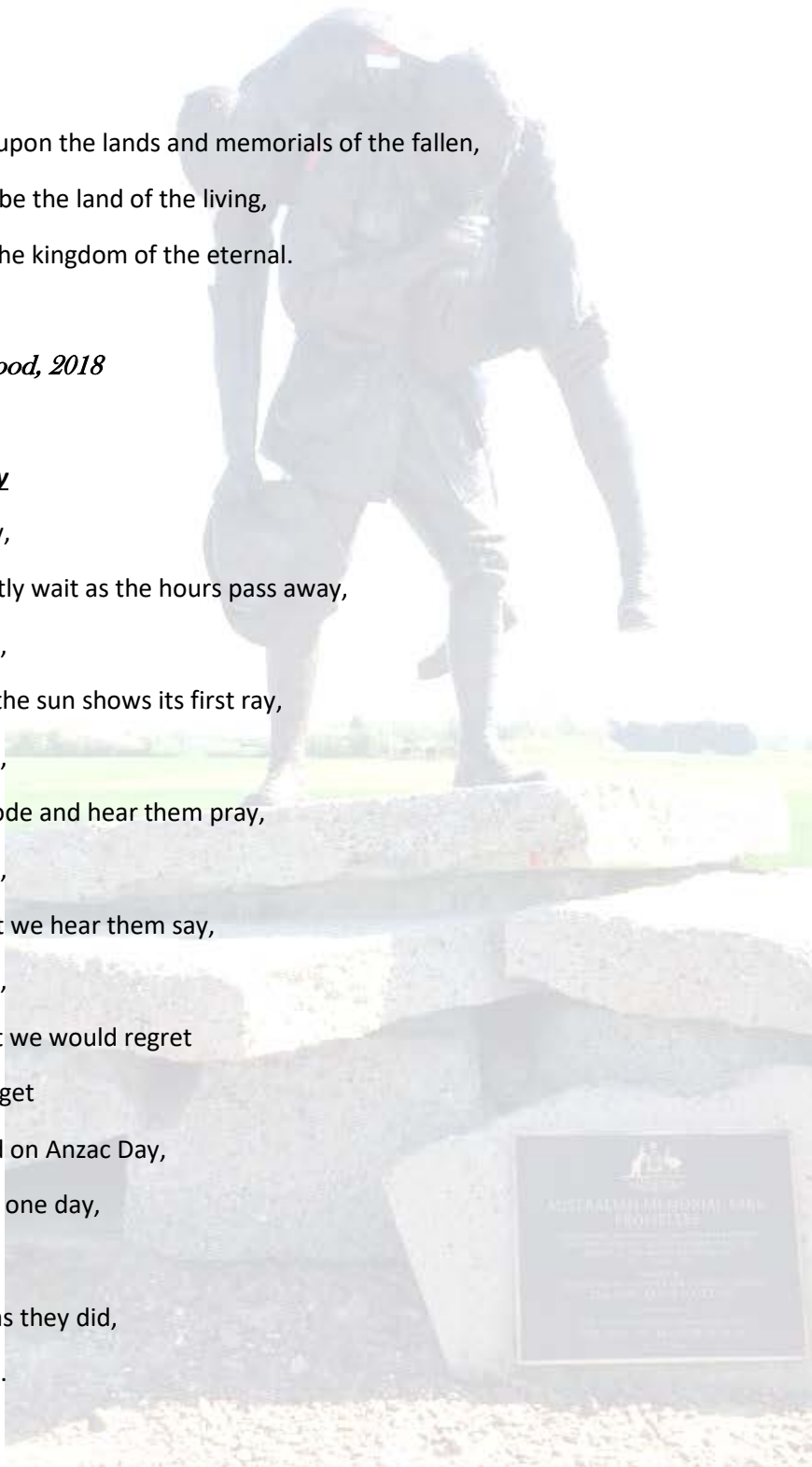
Tread lightly

Tread lightly,
all who walk upon the lands and memorials of the fallen,
for ours may be the land of the living,
but theirs is the kingdom of the eternal.

Harry Packwood, 2018

On Anzac Day

On Anzac Day,
We expectantly wait as the hours pass away,
on Anzac Day,
We stand as the sun shows its first ray,
on Anzac Day,
we hear the ode and hear them pray,
on Anzac Day,
lest we forget we hear them say,
on Anzac Day,
we know that we would regret
if we ever forget
what they did on Anzac Day,
we hope that one day,
we may,
stand as tall as they did,
on Anzac Day.



Harry Packwood, 2018

Honour and tragedy

On Anzac Day,
I wish I could say,
I could write a poem to make the confusion go away,
pride, honour,
Tragedy, horror,
are all what Anzac stand for,
for the paradox, is that in humanities darkest time,
was when our nation began to shine,
for it is in our darkest that our light shines brightest,
and the way may be seen forward,
though we were fighting in a tragic war,
the roots of our nation were born fighting on a foreign shore.
Lest We Forget.

Harry Packwood, 2018

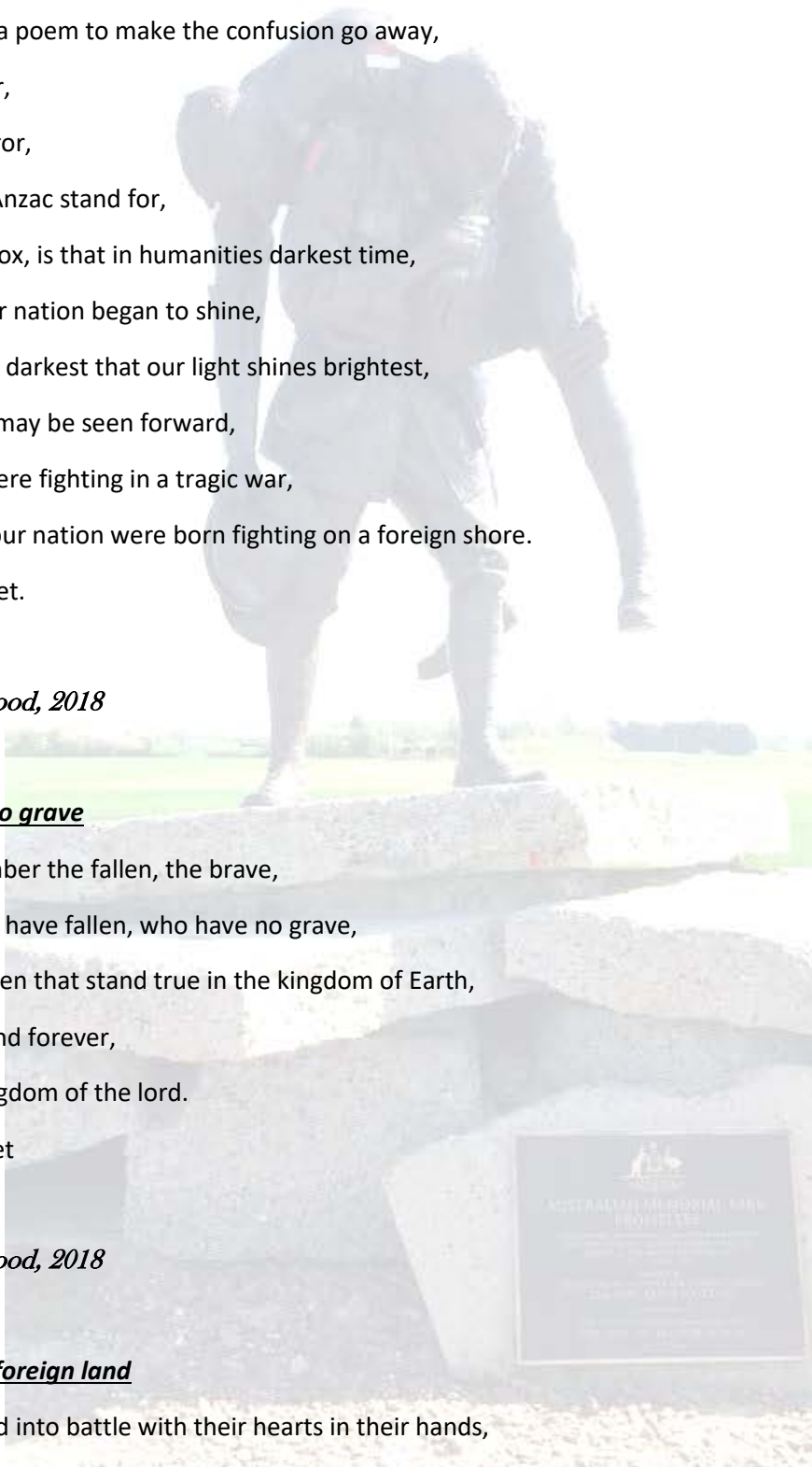
The men of no grave

Let us remember the fallen, the brave,
the men who have fallen, who have no grave,
for it is the men that stand true in the kingdom of Earth,
that shall stand forever,
tall in the kingdom of the lord.
Lest We forget

Harry Packwood, 2018

To fight in a foreign land

They marched into battle with their hearts in their hands,



off to fight in a foreign land,
they laid down their lives and fought where they stand,
the true the noble and the brave, we will remember them,
for they gave their tomorrow for our today.

Harry Packwood, 2018

In the shadow

As the bands came a marching,
The crowds begun a starting,
As the patriotism begun to flow,
We remember the stories we all know,

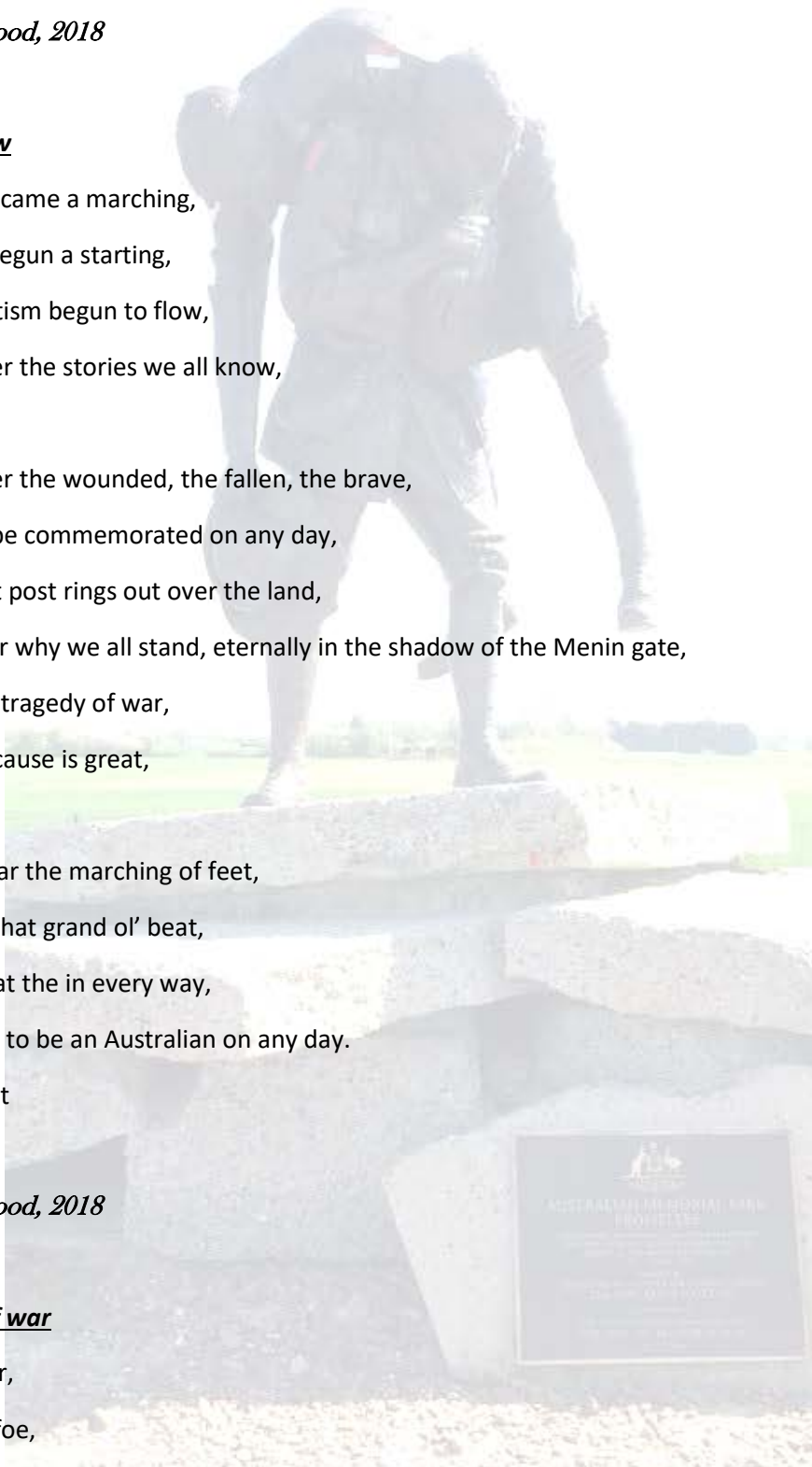
We remember the wounded, the fallen, the brave,
for they will be commemorated on any day,
for as the last post rings out over the land,
we remember why we all stand, eternally in the shadow of the Menin gate,
we know the tragedy of war,
but that our cause is great,

and as we hear the marching of feet,
marching to that grand ol' beat,
we realise that the in every way,
we are proud to be an Australian on any day.
Lest we forget

Harry Packwood, 2018

The horror of war

What is terror,
The fear the foe,



For that is something that I do not know,
For on Anzac Day,
We remember the men that lay, not in the home or with their friends,
But in their dark murky dens,
For there is no greater horror ever seen before,
than to see life perish in a God forsaken war.

Harry Packwood, 2018

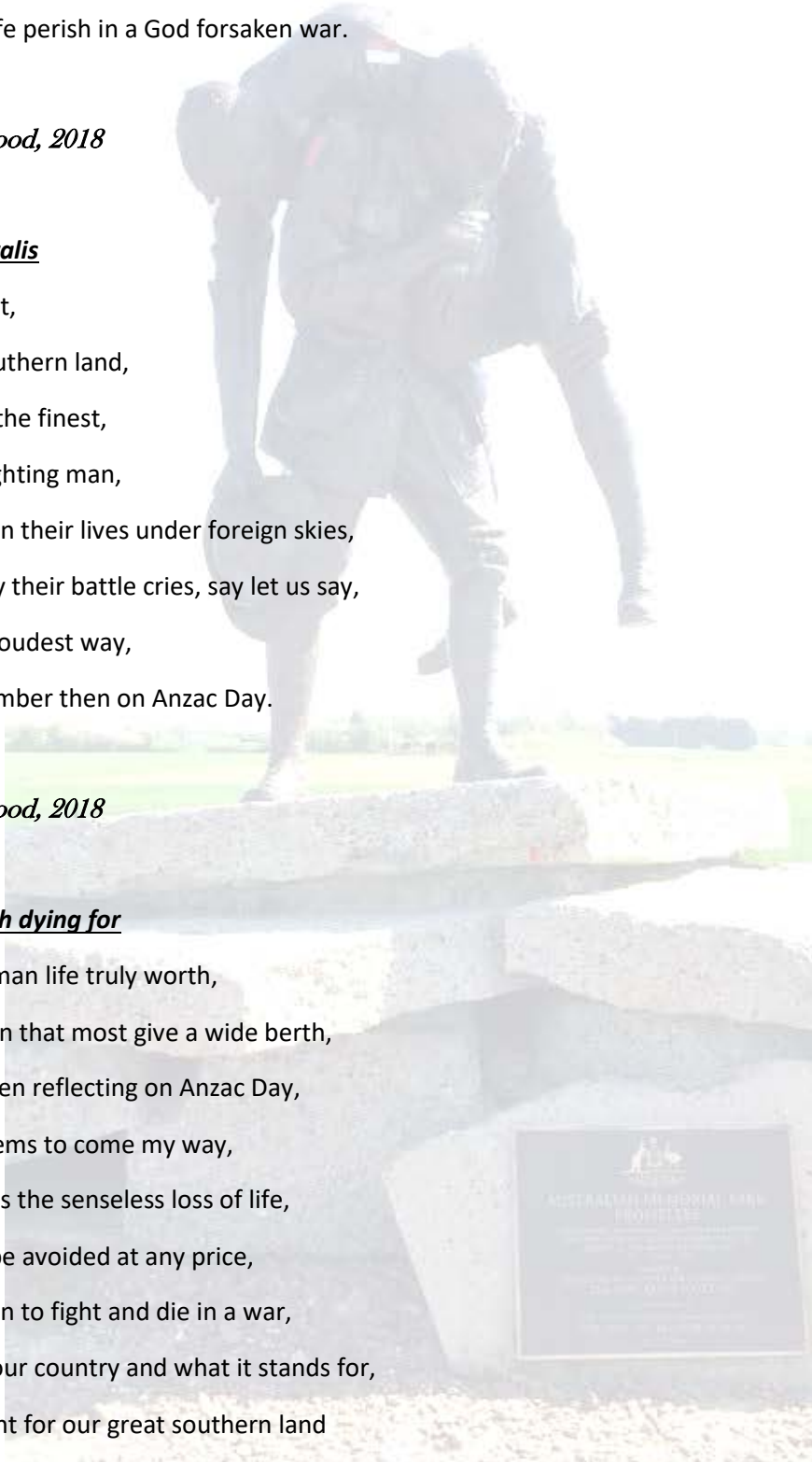
Magna Australis

Lest we forget,
that great southern land,
that sent off the finest,
their great fighting man,
who laid down their lives under foreign skies,
spurred on by their battle cries, say let us say,
that in the proudest way,
we will remember then on Anzac Day.

Harry Packwood, 2018

What is worth dying for

What is a human life truly worth,
It is a question that most give a wide berth,
However, when reflecting on Anzac Day,
It all ways seems to come my way,
Though War is the senseless loss of life,
That should be avoided at any price,
But the reason to fight and die in a war,
Is to defend our country and what it stands for,
To go and fight for our great southern land

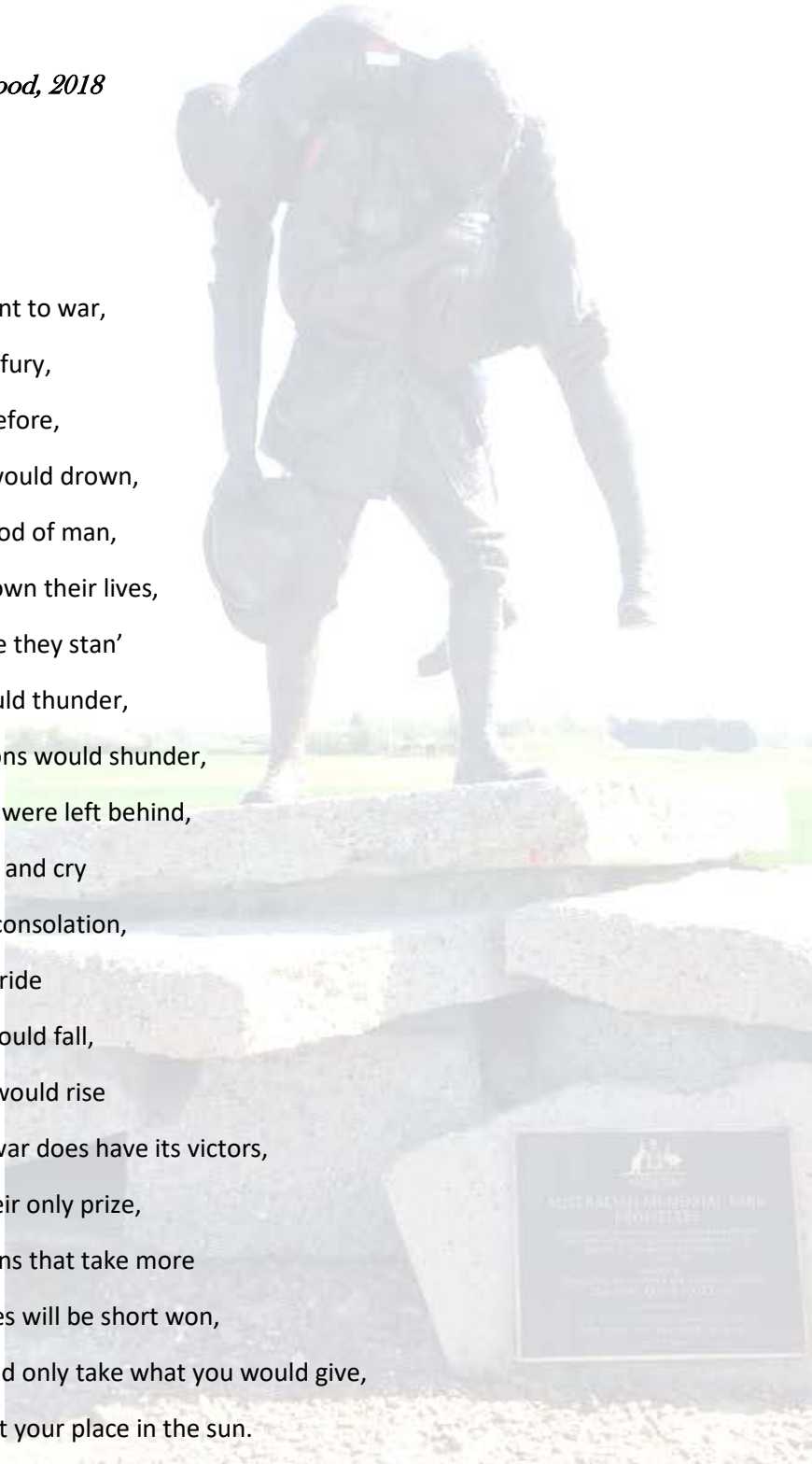


To give our all where we stand,
To defend our families, friends and fellow countrymen,
From what god forsaken evils lurk in foreign dens
To fight for freedom, even across the seas,
To preserve our place in the world and to endeavour towards world peace.

Harry Packwood, 2018

In 1914

In 1914,
the world went to war,
Unleashing a fury,
never seen before,
The ground would drown,
in the life blood of man,
as men lay down their lives,
to hold where they stan'
The guns would thunder,
And the nations would shunder,
for those left were left behind,
would wither and cry
Finding cold consolation,
in victories pride
Oh nations would fall,
And nations would rise
And though war does have its victors,
Survival is their only prize,
And for nations that take more
There victories will be short won,
For you should only take what you would give,
if you had lost your place in the sun.



Harry Packwood, 2018

