



Way back in 1869 a boy was born in Lancaster England the son of a clergyman and educated at St Paul's School and Trinity College Landon. His name was Laurence Binyon. In 1904 he married historian Cicely Margaret Powell and the couple had three daughters. During those years, Binyon belonged to a circle of artists, as a regular patron of the Wiener Cafe of London. Moved by the opening of the Great War and the already high number of casualties of the British Expeditionary Force, in 1914 Laurence Binyon wrote his *For the Fallen* as he was visiting the cliffs on the north Cornwall coast. Today Binyon's poem resonates with many people from different lands and has become an anthem for the wise memory and for those we owe so much. Listen now to his poem and while you may not be familiar with most of it no doubt it will stir many memories and especially toward the end. This is what it is to be an Australian and without the ties that bind our nation would be the less for it. This represents our multicultural roots and rejoices in the stable mono culture we must have. To do or say otherwise would mean the desecration of the fallen and Anzac Day represents the price of Freedom others have paid for us.

For The Fallen

*With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her
children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.*

*Youth went with songs to the battle,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady, aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds
uncounted;
They fell with their faces to the foe.*

*They mingle not with their laughing comrades
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.*

*The stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our
darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.*

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow
old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years
condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

*These words are for the Anzac spirit in soldiers
young and old and for my father Vic Bayley, we
will remember them.*

*Finish with The Band Played Waltzing Matilda by
John McDermott*