

## The Ones Who Fought

The countless stories we've been told  
About soldiers fighting, young and old.  
We've heard the song of Flanders Fields  
That soldiers' fears were not concealed.  
We stand in silence once every year  
Our gratitude then is very clear.  
On Remembrance Day I bow my head  
Giving thanks to the living and the dead.  
But what do we do the rest of our lives?  
Do we just forget and close our eyes?  
We need to remember their history  
And not let it become a mystery.  
The poppies we wear are a vibrant red  
To remind us of all the blood they shed.  
With dignity they took their stand  
Beside each other, hand in hand.  
Then they traveled off to war  
Our very lives they were fighting for.  
While in war they fought their best  
When they were faced with the hardest test.  
Some came back, others did not  
But either way, they strongly fought.  
All of the loss they had to endure  
Their blessed actions very pure.  
The soldiers stories will never fade  
Our debt can never be repaid.  
As we stand here to bow and pray  
We remember those who died today.  
And to all of the soldiers that gave up their lives  
May your legacy forever survive.