

# Under a Rising Sun



Who is the man who went on a ship,  
To lands foreign and unknown,  
Who stood bravely as the people had cried,  
And the wind had blown.

Who is the man who was filled with excitement,  
As he landed on the shore,  
But soon as the guns began to fire,  
Found he wanted no more.

Who is the man whose lips are dry and cracked,  
From lack of water and receding hope,  
More of his mates fall every day,  
With all this pain how will he cope?

Who is the man who longs to be home,  
With his mother and father,  
And with the beautiful Gracie McCoy,  
Home or here? He knows what he'd rather.

Who is the man whose eyes are weary,  
From his lack of sleep,  
Deep in his dreams looms a face,  
The face of the man he killed last week.

Who is the man who'd turn back from retreat,  
To help a man that was lost,  
Dodging, weaving, helping his country,  
And not thinking of the cost.

This man is kind, brave and strong,  
And you'll see when the day is done,  
This man is an Australian Soldier,  
Fighting for freedom under a rising sun.

By Laura Benney