

****A Ballad of the Brave****

Maisie Brown Padua College Rosebud, Year 7

In fields where silent echoes roam,
Where valiant hearts did find their home,
There marched our soldiers, proud and true,
With spirits bright as morning dew.

They left behind their peaceful lands,
To heed the call with committed hands;
For freedom's light was worth the fight
The dawn that broke through endless night.

Upon the hills of distant shores,
Through raging storms and mighty roars,
Their courage stood, a shield and sword
Defending dreams with every word.

From battles fought in bloodied sand,
To whispered hopes they'd understand:
Each sacrifice a tale untold
Of men who dared to be brave and bold.

Oh hear the echoes of their names!
In history's book they found their aims;
With honour stitched into each seam,
They wove together one great dream.

For families safe from terror's clutch
Would clasp their hands in tender touch;
And children laugh beneath blue skies
'It is for them,' one soldier cries.

So let us raise a voice so clear,
With gratitude we revere
These countless souls whose valour's flame
Forever burns—they know no shame.

Though years may fade like footprints lost,
We hold them close at any cost;
For peace does rise on wings of grace
Honouring all who took that place.

Their legacy shall ever stand
Guardians brave across this land;
Let not forgetful silence reign
Remember well, those who bore pain.

On Remembrance Day, we wear a poppy red
To honour those who fought and bled.
We stand in silence, heads bowed low
For all the heroes we will never know.

It's a day to think of peace and love,
And thank the soldiers up above.
We remember their courage, strong and bright,
And keep their memories in our sight.

Now we sing of soldiers' plight
A Ballad bold that sparks our light,
Invoking strength from ages past —
Our warriors' spirit shall forever last.

