

Gallipoli

By Staff Sergeant Sydney Bolitho. 6th Battalion A.I.F.

The new dawn lights the eastern sky;
Night shades are lifted from the sea,
The Third Brigade with courage storm
Thy wooded heights, Gallipoli
Gallipoli ! Gallipoli !
Australians tread Gallipoli.

Thunderous bursts from iron mouths –
Myriad messengers of death,
Warships ply their deadly fire
Watching comrades hold their breath
Gallipoli ! Gallipoli !
There's hell upon Gallipoli.

Serried ranks upon the beach,
Courage beams in every eye
These Australian lads can face
Giant Death, though e'er so nigh,
Gallipoli ! Gallipoli !
There's death upon Gallipoli.

On they press in endless stream,
Up the heights they shouting go;
Comrades fall; but still press on
They press the now retreating foe
Gallipoli ! Gallipoli !
The Turks flee on Gallipoli.

One by one the brave lie low,
Machine Guns, shrapnel do their work;
Brave Australians know no fear,
Never have been known to shirk,
Gallipoli ! Gallipoli !
Their names carved on Gallipoli.

Reduced, cut up, there numbers show
The murderous fire that swept thy field;
But still victorious they stand,
Who never have been known to yield
Gallipoli ! Gallipoli !
Thick dead lie on Gallipoli.

For days they hold with grim set grip,
Their feet firm planted on the shore,
Repelling every fierce attack
And cheerfully they seek for more
Gallipoli ! Gallipoli !
Their trenches line Gallipoli.

For thirty weary days they fight,
For Britain's sake they give their best;
With uncomplaining voice they stand
And neither look nor ask for rest
Gallipoli ! Gallipoli !
They've conquered thee, Gallipoli.

The waves break on thy wave swept shores,
The breeze still blows across thy hills;
But crosses near and far abound,
A sight that deepest grief instils
Gallipoli! Gallipoli !
Their graves lie on Gallipoli.

For those brave hearts that died to show
Australia's worth in this dread war,
The far off tears and sighs for those
Who sleep beneath the cannons roar
Gallipoli ! Gallipoli !
Thou still, shalt pay, Gallipoli.

The few that valiant still remain,
War worn but grim and anger yet
To hurl full vengeance on the foe.
Because they never can forget
Gallipoli ! Gallipoli !
They ask the price, Gallipoli.

Gallipoli I warn you now,
Australia's sons and Turks shall meet
Once more, and then our onslaught yet
Shall sweep the ground beneath your feet
Gallipoli ! Gallipoli !
Thy end's in sight, Gallipoli.

Upon the Graves of those that sleep,
Upon thy wooded slope and vale,
We shall avenge. Remember then,
Australians cannot, will not fail,
Gallipoli ! Gallipoli !
Thy doom is sealed, Gallipoli.

**Written in the trenches at Gaba Tepe May 25
1915.**

