

Remember the soldiers

Remember the soldiers,

Who have died,

We think about the families, who have cried,

The soldiers line up against the wall,

Shoulder to shoulder standing tall,

Poppies growing in Flanders fields,

Soldier's wounds that never heeled,

As the trumpets quietly blew,

Onward home went the last few,

Although these soldiers we've never met,

Their bravery we will never forget

By Evie Hancock