



# THE ROYAL C

PTE. UJ (JOE)

# POPPY

## Just A Common Soldier

He was getting old and paunchy  
and his hair was falling fast;  
And he sat around the Legion  
telling stories of the past.  
Of a war that he had fought in  
and the deeds that he had done,  
In his exploits with his buddies,  
they were heroes, every one.

And tho' sometimes to his neighbours,  
his tales became a joke,  
All his Legion buddies listened  
for they knew whereof he spoke.  
But we'll hear this tales no longer,  
for Bill has passed away;  
And the world's a little poorer,  
for a soldier dies today.

He'll not be mourned by many,  
just his children and his wife,  
For he lived an ordinary  
and quite uneventful life.  
Held a job and raised a family,  
quietly going on his way,  
And the world won't note his passing,  
though a soldier died today.

When politicians leave this earth,  
their bodies lie in state,  
And thousands note their passing  
and proclaim that they were great.  
Newspapers tell their life stories,  
from the time that they were young.  
But the passing of a simple soldier  
goes unnoticed and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution  
to the welfare of our land,  
A person who breaks promises  
and cons his fellow man;  
Or to the ordinary fellow,  
who in times of war and strife,  
Goes off to serve his country  
and offers up his life?

It's so easy to forget them,  
for it was long ago,  
That the "Old Bills" of our country  
went to battle but we know,  
It was not the politicians,  
with their compromises and ploys,  
Who won for us the freedom  
that our country now enjoys.

He was just a common soldier  
and his ranks are growing thin,  
But his presence should remind us  
we may need his like again.  
For when countries are in conflict,  
then we find the soldier's part,  
Is clean up all the troubles  
that others often start.

If we can not give him honour,  
while he's here to hear the praise,  
Then at least let's give him homage,  
at the endings of his days.  
Perhaps a simple notice  
in a paper that would say,  
Canada is mourning,  
"cause a soldier passed away"

## In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.  
Take up our quarrel with the foe;  
To you, from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

Take two minutes to say  
thank you



"The Wave of Silence"

## Little Poppy

Little poppy,  
Given to me,  
Help me keep our world  
Safe and free.

I'll wear a little poppy,  
As red as red can be,  
To show that I remember  
Those who fought for me.

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old.  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, We Will Remember Them.*