

A Digger's Lament

Words from the Newcastle Sun Anzac Day 1922 and set to the 'Lament For The Death of Archie Beaton' by David Johnson 2019.

A — long the drear - y path of life, I plod my wear - y way.

Each — day is full of bit - ter strife, and sor - rows ev - er stay.

The — path was decked with ros - es fresh. But now the thorns re - - main;

They — tear and scratch my ten - der flesh caus-ing a - gon - is - ing pain.

My blistered feet are bruised and sore by jagged stones below.
The boots I've worn twelve months or more are minus heel and toe.
My ragged clothes are worn threadbare, they've lost their style and cut:
Yet for my clothes I would not care if I could fill my gut.

Still on in search of work I plod, rebuffs give me the blues;
It seems I've lost all faith in God, and in old Billy Hughes.
Where are the promises he made, while we fought across the seas,
One by one we've watched them fade like clouds upon the breeze.

Now like a hungry, beaten whelp, I throw away my pride,
And ask you one and all to help the men you've cast aside.
The men who thought you'd take good care of all they held so dear;
They starved in trenches over there, and now they're starving here.