

# Farewell to Anzac

*Original words written in 1916 by the English poet Cicely Fox-Smith (1882–1954);  
The arrangement and tune by Martyn Wyndham-Read ~2013*

1  
Come \_ hump your swags and leave, me lads, the ships are in \_ the bay

4  
We've \_ got our march - ing or - ders now, it's time to come a - - way

8  
And a long good - bye to An - zac Beach where blood has flowed \_ in vain

12  
And we're leav - ing, leav - ing, leav - ing it but game to fight a - - gain!

But some there are that will not leave this bleak and bloody shore  
And some who marched and fought with us will fight and march no more;  
Their blood has bought till Judgment Day the slopes they stormed so well,  
And we're leaving, leaving, leaving them, lying where they fell.

Australia's sons are lying there – the bravest and the best  
And many's the man we'll leave behind – their days have come to rest!  
We've done our best with yesterday, to-morrow's still our own  
And we're leaving, leaving, leaving them, lying all alone!

Oh there are some who've gone beyond the praising and the blame,  
And many a man will win renown, but none more fair a fame;  
They showed the world Australia's sons knew well the way to die  
And we're leaving, leaving, leaving them, quiet where they lie.

Yes, we will leave these lads behind, lying where they died;  
They are in our hearts and in our minds, their glory and their pride –  
Around them sea and barren land, over them the sky,  
And we're leaving, leaving, leaving them, quiet where they lie!