

Bali Hash House Harriers 2 - Run 901
25th April 2009 ANZAC Day, Baha

....So now every April I sit on my porch.
And I watch the parade pass before me
I see my old comrades, how proudly they march
Renewing their dreams of past glory
The old men march slowly, bent stiff and sore
The weary old heroes of a forgotten war
And the young people ask what are they marching for
And I ask myself the same question

And the band plays waltzing matilda
And the old men still answer the call
But year after year, more old men disappear
Someday no one will march there at all.....

Waltzing matilda
Waltzing matilda
Who'll come a waltzing matilda with me
And their ghosts may be heard
As you pass by the billabong
Who'll come a waltzing matilda with me.

"The Band Played Waltzing Matilda"
by Eric Bogle 1974