

Face the west at sunset,  
Hear the bugle's call  
The spirit of the ANZAC code  
Will live on in us all  
At the dawn of each new day  
Turn and face the east  
Hail for those who died  
Remember the deceased

No room to raise their rifles  
Clamouring over sun stench corpses  
In dark conditions they fought hard  
With sword and fist

Prepare to charge  
Fix bayonets  
Clear your thoughts  
No bullets  
This is hand to hand combat  
All hail... the legends of Lone Pine

The fighting raged relentlessly  
Before the week was done  
6000 more lay dead out in the sun  
Blood spilt in the ridges  
In the gullies in the trench  
Stretcher man moved the wounded back...  
Out of the stench

They fought hard with sword and bloodied fist