

## THE BROTHERHOOD

No matter what war, soldiering can be Spartan and grim  
Enduring hardships with him, him and him  
Him being Blue, Jed, Snow, Gazza, Moff and Bill  
And other wonderful bastards who trudged from hill to hill  
Didn't matter the genes, black, white or in between  
Micks, Proddys, Atheists; even those who voted green  
What ever your origins; the old world, bush or big smoke  
If you wore the proud cloth, you were one of the blokes

You huddled together shivering in icy rain  
Even shared spare socks, again and again  
The last of water or a rusty tin of meat for a stew  
Not forgetting risks and dangers more than a few  
How often did you swap letters as well as dreams too?  
Caring and protecting each other and showing new blokes how  
Holding a dying mates hand or cooling a fevered brow  
It wasn't the Queen or Canberra suits that made you fight  
The reasons were the mates beside you, by day and by night

What ever the odds, more often than not, you stood fast  
And when it seemed a few of your mob couldn't last  
There were some who thought God had forgotten for others  
Yet his greatest gift was that he had made all of you brothers  
That helping hand or comforting word, a shared smoke and tea  
A wag who cracked a joke and tension gone while mirth ran free  
And so the question often asked is why such mateship never dies?  
Well, I guess you have to be one of the mob to understand why