



The Crosses on the Kokoda Track

We pass the crude wood crosses
On the wild Kokoda trail,
They mark the graves of soldiers
Who have died that we won't fail;
Australia mourns her sons to-day,
Who were so strong and manly,
They sailed away with buoyant hearts,
To die on the Owen Stanley.

They're resting on a jungle peak,
'Neath canopy of trees,
And near them, just beside the track,
Are graves of Japanese
Who met our men in battle for

Their greater Asia plan,
And now beneath the jungle,
Lies a dream of old Japan.

Destroyed by sons of Aussie
When they met the Rising Sun.
Rest on, rest on, Young Anzacs,
Yours is a job well done.

So we leave you on the mountain,
With its canopy of cloud,
As the leafy boughs hang o'er you -
An everlasting shroud.

by Sapper H. 'Bert' Beros 7th Div. RAE AIF