

WHEN THE COUNTRY STANDS STILL

Stand still and remember, in shop and in bank;
your fathers and grandfathers, no matter their rank
put duty 'fore all; so never forget them,
they answered the call, came when danger did threaten.

Stand still and remember, at air show and fair,
the men of the King who fought high in the air;
many's the airman who name and whose deed
is carved on the walls of that place, Runnymede.

Stand still and remember His Majesty's braves
whose battle lay under and over the waves;
where enemy's action strained hard at the tether,
and the fight's just as much against nature and weather.

Stand still and remember, listen, be told
of beaches named Juno, named Sword and named Gold,
in hand to hand combat on defended beach
they wrested the ground at the bayonet's reach.

Stand still and remember, the many who stayed,
tending the children and working the lathe;
building the aeroplane, tank, and the gun,
Fire Watching, Home Guarding, when working was done.

Stand still and remember, the many just "missing",
his lips on her own at the moment of kissing,
still in her thoughts; yet his stone will attest,
"Known Unto God" and in mind of the rest.

Stand still and remember, Eternal Flame's burning,
when rifle's aside, when prop has stopped turning,
when gun has ceased fire and when bugle, it blew,
your two minutes' time is nothing in lieu.

Stand still and remember. Stand still and just dwell;
the reason for Silence is simple to tell.
Stand still and remember, stand still and recall,
It's only for Them, that you're here at all.

Stand still and remember, what sums it up most?
The poppies, the Silence, the haunting Last Post?
Binyon's few lines cannot fail to give thrill,
at the end of the time when the country stands Still.

Rob Davis

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The 80th anniversary of the end of the First World War