



ANZAC Day Commemorative Service

10am, Saturday, April 24, 2021
World War II Memorial, Back Bay Fens, Boston

WELCOME

Charlie Grant, Chair, American Australian Association of New England

REQUIEM

Simon C Leeming, New Zealand Honorary Consul to New England

On the morning of April 25th, 1915, Australian and New Zealand troops landed under fire at Gallipoli, and it was then and in the violent campaign which followed, that the ANZAC tradition was forged. The elements of that tradition have inspired and offered an enduring example to later generations of Australians and New Zealanders. Each year we pay homage not only to those original ANZACs, but to all who died or were disabled in their service to Australia and New Zealand. They enrich our nations' histories. Their hope was for the freedom of mankind and we remember with pride their courage, their compassion and their comradeship. They served on land and sea and in the air, in many places throughout the world. Not only do we honour the memory of those Australians and New Zealanders who have fallen in battle; we share the sorrow of those who have mourned them and of all who have been the victims of armed conflict. On this day we remember with sympathy those Australians and New Zealanders who have suffered as prisoners of war, and those who, because of war, have had their lives shortened or handicapped. We recall staunch friends and allies, and especially those of the first ANZAC Day. May we and our successors prove worthy of their sacrifice.

PRAYER

Rev. Richard Lennan

ADDRESS

Brigadier (Retired) Barry N McManus, AM CSC

ODE FOR THE FALLEN

By Laurence Binyon (1869-1943)

Kirsten Chambers-Taylor, Regional Director, UK Department for International Trade

They went with songs to the battle,
they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye,
steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end
against odds uncounted;
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old,
as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them,
nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not
with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more
at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot
in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are
and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring
that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart
of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

All respond: WE WILL REMEMBER THEM.

LAST POST

REVEILLE