

Why Do We Wear A Sprig Of Rosemary"



"Please wear a sprig of rosemary", the lady said
And held one out, but I shook my head.
Then I stopped and watched as she offered them there,
And her face was old and lined with care;
But beneath the scars the years had made
There remained a smile that refused to fade.
A boy came whistling down the street,
Bouncing along on carefree feet
His smile was full of joy and fun,
"Lady," said he, "may I have one?"
"When she'd pinned it on he turned to say,
"Why do we wear rosemary today?"
The lady smiled in her wistful way
And answered, "Today is Anzac Day,
And the rosemary there is the symbol for
The gallant men who died in war
And because they did, you and I are free -
That's why we wear a sprig of rosemary,
you see.
"I had a boy about your size,
With golden hair and big blue eyes.
He loved to play and jump and shout,
Free as a bird he would race about.
As the years went by he learned and grew
And became a man - as you will, too.
"He was fine and strong, with such a
boyish smile,
But he'd seemed with us such a little while
When war broke out and he went away.

I still remember his face that day
When he turned and smiled at me and said,
"goodbye, I'll be back soon, Mum, so
please don't cry.
"But the war went on and he had to stay,
And all I could do was wait and pray
His letters told of the awful fight
(I can see it still in my dreams at night),
With the tanks and guns and cruel barbed
wire,
And the mines and bullets, the bombs and
fire.
Till at last, at last, the war was won -
And that's why we wear a sprig of
rosemary, son
"The small boy turned as if to go,
Then said, "Thanks, lady, I'm glad to know
That sure did sound like an awful fight,
But your son - did he come back all right?"
A tear rolled down each faded cheek;
She shook her head, but didn't speak.
I slunk away in a sort of shame,
And if you were me you'd have done the
same;
For our thanks, in giving, is oft delayed,
Though our freedom was bought -and
thousands paid!
And so when we see a sprig of rosemary
proudly worn,
Let us reflect on the burden borne,
By those who gave their very all
When asked to answer their country's call
That we at home in peace might live
Then wear a sprig of rosemary!
And remember those who no longer live!

Listen here:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-IzFDPdO72Y&list=RD-IzFDPdO72Y&start_radio=1&t=0

Did you know? Rosemary is also traditionally worn on Anzac Day, and sometimes on Remembrance Day. Rosemary has particular significance for Australians as it is found growing wild on the Gallipoli peninsula. Since ancient times, this aromatic herb has been believed to have properties to improve the memory. Apr 24, 2018

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