



SINGAPORE

THEY grouped together about the chief,
 And each one looked at his mate,
 Ashamed to think that Australian men
 Should meet such a bitter fate!
 And black was the wrath in each hot heart,
 And savage oaths they swore,
 As they thought of how they had all been ditched
 By "Impregnable" Singapore.

In her vaunted place she squatted the sea
 On a base that was Maginot bred,
 Her startled face looked up at the skies
 To the enemy planes o'erhead.
 Enemy planes; while ours were—where?
 That cry we had heard before.
 Our hearts were wrung as it rose this time
 From beleaguered Singapore.

She brought forth death as her eldest child,
 With defeat as her second son,
 Then she hung a white flag out on a staff
 To show that her task was done;
 And sick with rage the Australians stood,
 And God! how those Anzacs swore—
 Bennett and all his men alike—
 At the fall of Singapore!

Whose was the fault she betrayed our troops?
 Whose was the fault she failed?
 Ask it of those who lowered the flag
 That once to the mast was nailed!
 Tell them we'll raise it on Anzac soil
 With hearts that are steeled to the core,
 We swear by our dead and captive sons,
 REVENGE FOR SINGAPORE!

—MARY GILMORE.