Turn our hands to peace

They marched away to war
with hearts and courage high,
in heady days when no-one dreamed
how many lads would die,
obeyed their country’s call
to fight the evil ones,
then faced young men just like themselves
behind the German guns,

So now it’s time to nail the lies,
to give the truth release,
to see the wars for what they were
and turn our hearts to peace.

The past should make us wise,
our work and will increase
to see the wars for what they are
and turn our hands to peace.

The armistice was signed,
and poppies graced the field,
but poverty and bigotry
left old wounds still unhealed.
How could they be so blind
who raised the Fascist cause,
another generation set
on course for other wars?

But now it’s time....

Each year our heads are bowed,
the gallant dead are named.
Of them we may be justly proud,
but we should be ashamed.
If they could see today
the kind of wars we’ve made,
with half the corpses children now,
they’d know themselves betrayed.

So now it’s time...

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Turn our hands to peace

Sue Gilmurray

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