

Gallipoli Rosemary growing in the winter sunshine
Out by my back door looking over me and mine
Gallipoli Rosemary for the water and the light you're straining
On the banks of Cochrane's Creek from the shores of the Mediterranean

You grew from a cutting from a bush that grew from a cutting from a bush that grew
From a cutting from a bush that drowned in a living hell
Struggled right back in a ragged rucksack to the bright sunshine from the old Lone Pine
The living hell of the Dardanelles

Gallipoli Rosemary oh hang in there buddy
In the land so parched and dry from a land so torn and muddy
I'm gonna put you with a rack of lamb, I'm gonna cook you in a rabbit stew
Gallipoli Rosemary yeah I got plans for you

You grew from a cutting from a bush that grew from a cutting from a bush that grew
From a cutting from a bush that drowned in a living hell
Struggled right back in a ragged rucksack to the bright sunshine from the old lone pine
Singing Auld Lang Syne, the living hell of the Dardanelles

The young men of the Lodden the flowers of the forest
They carved your name in marble so you were not forgotten
Initials fading, fading until one day I think
A plant by my back door
The only living link, the only living link

Gallipoli Rosemary how did it look to them?
Walking down the old main road such proud and broken men
They buried you in an old clay pot out in the bed by a willow tree
The second best thing that came back - Gallipoli Rosemary
For the ones that did not come back -Gallipoli Rosemary

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