

Our Centenary



Standing strong together.

We are a sea of crimson.

We will remember,

Those who have fallen.

As soldiers lie down in trenches,

I see death in every direction.

My heart bleeds with sorrow.

Soldiers strip our fields bare.

We will remember,

Those who have fallen,

In Flanders Field.

We are the poppies.

We will remember those

Who have fallen.

Rhys Jones

