

## MINQAR QAIM

They were resting in the valley where the stormy kings  
of old

Swept like a mountain torrent with their legion hosts of  
gold

Onwards to Israel and the granaries of Egypt.

Time after time in Libya, Greece and Crete

Had these denied the way to the might of conquering  
glories,

These, who had fought with the shades of Olympian  
stories

And had slaughtered from the olive groves the terror  
from the skies;

Who had known the Desert Ridge where the Sulton's  
tombstone lies,

Were young men from New Zealand, still with laughter  
in their eyes.

They were resting in the valley under a drowsy summer  
sky,

When "In to Action! In to Action! Back to Egypt!" came  
the cry.

"Take up your arms! Take up your arms ! Farewell this  
transient peace

For the Hun has broken through there as he did in Crete  
and Greece."

Before the next dawn flushed the long, long columns  
started

To rumble down the highways, where a populace in awe