

# The Ballad of Beersheba

Abraham was a Godly man,  
A desert dweller with a perfect plan  
To populate and promote his clan  
To dwell at Beersheba

He dug the well and he planted the tree  
A Tamarisk, for memory  
Where the Patriarchs dealt with destiny  
By the well at Beersheba.

David and Solomon were God's right hand,  
They smote their enemies, just as planned,  
So God decreed they owned the land  
From Dan to Beersheba.

The desert winds never cease to blow,  
Now they're facing a fearsome foe  
With tanks and guns where camels go,  
Cry woe to Beersheba!

From the youngest nation, but an ancient land  
Comes a host of horse men, an ANZAC band  
Of unsung heroes, at the Lord's command  
To take the well at Beersheba.

Clear came the call "Fore the day is done  
You'll gallop under the Turkish guns  
And take the enemy, one by one,  
Win back the well at Beersheba!"

On the wings of wind, like a rising tide  
They swept the enemy guns aside  
But some would fall, that the host survived  
To capture Beersheba.

Mark where they fell, for tragedy  
Tears at the heart of victory,  
Will the wattle bloom with the Tamarisk tree  
By the well at Beersheba?

Will the wattle bloom with the Tamarisk tree  
By the well at Beersheba.