

The Veterans' march

I'm a soldier, cunning and jokeful
They call us all „turkeys”
We changed the nickname in fame
One hundred and more years ago
We rushed up leaving behind mom & dad
When the homeland's voice called us
Bearing 7 lives in copper hearts
In open fights we entered...and we fought
Heya good veteran
What a death you knew to fight
And the soldier's fame to sing, bravely to the whole world
You deserve to be revered today
Heya brave soldier, you gave us independence.