

Men and women of Australia and people all around the world,

The news is that the metals all take it in turn by word;

Silver and Gold have I none they said and you can take this bronze third,

For it really is an Olympic effort to relay metals by bird.

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Well the healing takes time and the years still appear to condemn,

For the metals are medals and the English have landed again;

The games must go on just as in the beginning God did start,

With the Coliseum then Athens and Olympia by his heart.

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Now dad was a metallurgist and new the tensilities and elements,

For metals had chemical symbols and some compound alloys all means;

Like the iron and the tin or zinc or lead and steel,

The shield and the spear tip and the sword were cold to feel.

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But God had the trident of Neptune and he could beat them all,

In the fight and the loving he's as hard as metal and higher than men tall;

God grew in his strength and I admired him best but I a bit mental,

So I with a pen, drew copper and cop her as a good metal.

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It's a fight to beat with my parker but it takes a real long time,

For the words going down through the barrel of metal must all rhyme;

And the athletes are ready and willing and fitness the name of the game,

For the pen leads the village but competitors by event and the name.

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So I hope I have got it all right but is best left up to see,

For the challenge to win for the nation is far across the sea;

So if you are as hard as a rock or metal surrender to God and win,

But don't be beaten by the metal because it only answers to sin.

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Signed,

The Meet.