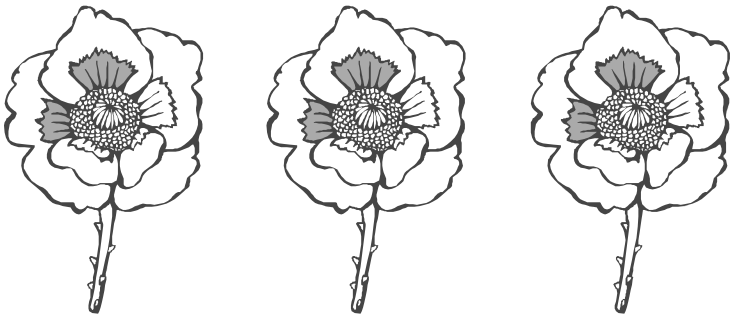


POEMS FROM  
THE GREAT  
WARS



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# Dunkirk Remembered.

## *DUNKIRK 1940*

The little ships, the little ships  
Rushed out across the sea  
To save the luckless armies  
From death and slavery.

## *AT DUNKIRK,*

The sea invisible, sighed upon the sands  
The cold, grey mist crept slowly to that shore  
Where men and boys from many distant lands  
Were driven to the sea, and lived no more.

The piercing wind blew keenly through the heaths  
Fluttering the standards, borne so proudly still  
By those who lived and came again with wreaths  
To honour comrades they remembered well.

The piper swinging smartly down the street  
With Drum and pipes, play soft "Amazing Grace".  
Near the Dais the sound rose loud and sweet  
Leading Veterans to this hallowed place.

The Padre's quiet voice spoke well-known words  
As Standards rose and fell in age-old way.  
Blue, gold and red with twisted cords  
To represent to all that dreadful day.

And, as our thoughts went out to those who fell,  
To keep our lives in safety and in peace,  
We sent a prayer that never more such hell  
Should sully our dear land - and war: would cease.

## *DUNKIRK 1940*

Old age has come, and in my sleep  
I hear the tramp of marching feet,  
The raucous sound of orders fill my ears.  
No time lads for nameless fears  
If you would live to face the years,  
"Keep going lads!"

Three hundred thousand men and more,  
Stumbled in darkness along that shore  
Thro' water, sand - thro' shot and shell  
To reach Dunkirk, a man-made hell  
A few brief hours before it fell  
'Keep going lads!'

Dunkirk ablaze from end to end  
We welcomed like a long lost friend  
For there despite the whining, falling shells,  
The flames, the fumes, the acrid smells,  
We reached the "MOLE" so history tells.  
"Keep going lads!"

That endless crawl along that wooden pier.  
Were testing hours of doubt and fear,  
But we, the BE.F" withstood the test,  
(Tho' many went to their eternal rest)  
We did what orders thought to be the best,  
"Keep going, lads!"

We left the beach by naval craft,  
By trawler, steamship - even raft.  
Intent on reaching England's shore'.  
And so with allies win the win the war,  
"Keep going, lads!"

## *THE HELL OF DUNKIRK*

Rain from above, yes terrible hard rain  
Poured down on those heroes again and again  
Whilst in their hoards came the devils breed  
To annihilate, But they could not succeed  
Whilst a handful of heroes held their ground  
Thousands of their comrades, safety found  
For on "Hell's" shore, tired but not afraid  
They stood there as a regiment on parade  
Then in turn they entered the water up to their neck  
To at last find safety on some craft's deck  
And each in turn crossed over the foam  
Tired and tattered reached England and Home  
Glad for a respite to say a prayer  
For our Heroes "The Heroes of the Air"  
Then in a voice, with one accord  
They sent up a prayer to our Lord  
God Bless the Navy and Merchant Navy too  
And the small craft with a small crew  
History may repeat but the truth will tell  
Of Heroism Displayed at "Dunkirk's Hell".  
A thought for those who were left behind  
For them "God's Love" will never be blind.

## *THE SANDS OF DUNKIRK BEACH*

Sung to the music of "O Valiant Heart"

Many years ago on the sands of Dunkirk beach,  
We looked across to the land we could not reach.  
Memories still linger to that fateful day,  
When hopes of freedom seemed so far away.  
And so it came we knew our destiny;  
Unless we had some help from far across the sea.  
As we gazed across and saw the distant foam,  
Our love and thoughts were with the folks at home.  
Continuous conflict from the air and land  
Blood and life being spilt upon the sand.  
Proudly we stood to fight the mighty foe  
In years to come we'll tell our tale of woe.

And as we sang "O Lord abide with me,  
We saw those ships a-sailing on the sea  
Old age is nigh; the battle has been won;  
Our thanks to Him and His gracious Son.

*WHY?*

Grandad, why to Dunkirk you go?  
Well dear child, I'll let you know.  
It's not to think of war or glory,  
But a precious part of life's short story.  
It's to think of pals we knew and lost,  
Who died so that you could this question ask.

*REFLECTIONS ON RETURN TO DUNKIRK*

This is the spot, just about here. Remember Bill?  
You showed no sign of fear --You found a fag.  
You shared it with me.  
We often did that - didn't we?  
I never enjoyed a Woodbine as much as that one.  
We were mates, helped each other, good mates.  
You used to tell me about your mum and your  
sister.  
You were fond of them, I could tell.  
You never said much about your dad  
but I suppose he was alright too.  
I have come back to this spot again, after all these  
years.  
Just me. I'm older now, you can see that, can't you  
Bill?  
I'm an old man, you're still a young lad,  
That's how I see you.  
I wanted to ask you something;  
Why did you walk away then,  
You said you'd see me later,  
Did you mean that?  
I've come back and you're not here,  
Maybe next time.  
Anyway I can see you as it was,  
Just as you walked away.  
You hadn't gone far before it happened.  
I saw it come down.  
Must have been a big one, blew me over.

Must have been a big one that Jerry wanted to get rid of.

I went to look for you but there was nothing.

Just a hole in the sand.

Later on the tide filled it in again.

Why did you walk away Bill - Why?

Somewhere there has to be a reason.

Was it destiny? Destiny can be fickle,

Was it fate? Fate can be cruel.

Was it war? War takes all, gives nothing

Only sad memories.

War is Hell!

So long Bill - thank for the fag.

### *REFLECTIONS IN THE SAND*

The waves roll in on the Dunkirk shores,

The seagulls wheel and cry where once the Stukas flew

But time and tide cannot erase from memory the bombs,

Or wash the bloodstains from these enriched sands.

So long ago í . We stood and waited tired and battle worn.

Then with the dawn there came the little shipsí

The fathers of England came í to bring their sons back home.

*DUNKIRK MEMORIES*

We stand here, each year to remember  
The few of us, who still remain  
By the graves of our dear fallen comrades  
We come back, to honour the slain.

Each time our numbers grow smaller  
As age and the years start to tell  
But the few who remain,  
come again, and again  
To honour our comrades who fell.

The graves are kept neat and tidy with flowers  
By strangers we don't even know  
They too were set free by those resting there  
In a silent and solitary row.

As we stand here in silence, our thoughts take us  
back  
To those days and that thundering hell  
And those columns of men, as they wade to the  
ships  
We remember our comrades who fell.

Rest well, dear comrades, you suffer no more  
And have earned your infinite peace  
As the last post is ended and silence descends  
A salute, to your happy release.

*MEMENTO MORI*

The first words we should read  
In our Journal's creed  
Is "We will remember them."  
Then add to that 'AMEN'  
Having survived the Mole  
And coming safe home whole  
More now are passing on  
To where their friends have gone,  
Not to their mother clay,  
But to eternal day  
Those Héros Légendaire  
Of the seas, land and air  
To Valhalla will go.  
Even the gallant foe.  
The Council of Dunkirk  
Have done a noble work  
Our names are all inscribed  
Their Golden Book inside.  
A positive rebuke  
To the view Churchill took.  
The Pilgrimage ensures  
That amity endures  
Between the French and us  
May it be forever thus.

*DUNKIRK 1940*

ōStay with me God. The night is dark  
The night is cold. My little spark  
Of courage dies. The night is long.  
Stay with me God and make me strong.  
I love a game, I love a fight.  
I hate the dark, I love the light.  
I love my child, I love my wife.  
I am no coward. I love life.  
Life with it change of mood and shade  
I want to live, I'm not afraid,  
But me and mine are hard to part.  
Oh, unknown God, lift up my heart.  
You stilled the waters at Dunkirk  
And saved your servants.  
All your work  
Is wonderful dear Lord.  
You strode  
Before us down that dreadful road,  
We were alone, and hope had fled.  
We loved our country and our dead  
And could not shame them, so we stayed  
The course and were not much afraid  
Dear God, that nightmare road! And then  
That sea! We got there, we were men.  
My eyes were blind, my feet were torn  
My soul sang like a bird at dawn  
I know that death is but is but a door  
I know what we were fighting for  
Peace for our kids, our brothers freed

A kinder world, a cleaner breed.  
I am but the son my mother bore  
A simple man and nothing more  
But God of strength and gentleness  
Be pleased to make me nothing less.  
Help me again when death is near  
To mock the haggard face of fear  
Then when I fall, if fall I must  
My soul may triumph in the dust.ö

*A TRIBUTE TO THE DUNKIRK VETERANS*

They came across from England  
In ships both great and small.  
They knew the British Tommies  
Had their backs against the wall.  
Would they get those Tommies back?  
No one there could tell,  
Back home to their loved ones,  
From that DUNKIRK HELL.

They drove upon those beaches,  
Time and time again;  
While the Tommies stood in columns,  
The bombs poured down like rain.  
Many of their comrades were buried  
Where they fell.  
But still they stood in columns,  
In that DUNKIRK HELL.

Some fought a rearguard action,  
In Dunkirk, Esquelbecg, De Panne;  
Everyone a soldier, every one a man,  
Yes, they fought their rearguard action  
They fought them true, and well,  
To give their comrades a better chance  
To leave that DUNKIRK HELL.

The Tommies vowed they would be back,  
And the battle win.  
And so, as time goes by,  
The years, the memory, dim.  
I pray to God that someone  
Will the story tell,  
Of the men who died and suffered there  
In that DUNKIRK HELL.

### *DUNKIRK.*

As I stood on the Mole, thoughts recurred in my mind;  
Was it 40 years long since they left us behind  
On the road to Bergues, when the column moved on  
Completely exhausted, weæd both slept on  
Two weary soldiers, just taking five  
Thanking our stars we were still alive  
After bombing and shelling in the Lille and Tournai  
Weæd turned into a field to rest on the way.  
We had found an old shell hole grassed over and dry  
And we slept, and we slept, and the hours passed by.  
We awoke with a start, not a sound in our ears  
-Cept the noise of an engine, crashing through gears.

'Tis the Germans, we thought, as they came into sight  
 But, No! 'Twas our allies, who'd picked up the fight.  
 They gave us a lift for the next 15 miles  
 'Till stopped at a crossroad by a Major with smiles  
 And a greeting of welcome to the town of Bergues,  
 Where the Welsh Guards were holding but very fatigued  
 They'd been holding a line for 3 days or more,  
 And needed a rest before their encore.  
 We followed him into the barracks therein  
 And went out with patrols to the line,  
 Our firing points fixed, we sat down to chat  
 Of our differing lives to that time.  
 From all parts of Britain we'd come to the fight,  
 Militia, T.A., and the men who'd been right  
 Up the Kyber, and Doolali too,  
 Yes, they were all here, trying to do  
 What was best for the General Command for the day,  
 Trying to keep the old enemy at bay.  
 We'd been chatting awhile when our sentry piped out:  
 'They're here lads, get cracking and put those fags out.'  
 We looked over the top and could just see in sight,  
 A line of fire crackling, and just to the right  
 An armoured gun carrier, exploding in light.  
 The Corporal said: 'Right lads, if we are going to die,  
 Let's give 'em some stick.'  
 We all chimed 'Aye.'  
 It seemed rather absurd but, all really true  
 I thought to myself 'Is this what they do,  
 When left to do rearguard? To help out their friends,  
 Who've gone to make sure they can later amend.

*FORGET NOT.*

Forget not  
But remember well  
Of valiant deeds  
No words can tell  
Of British grit  
On Dunkirk beach  
Well named - an earthly hell.  
Forget not  
But think of those  
Who fought and fell  
And never rose  
Their glory laid  
On Dunkirk beach  
An epic - nought can close.  
Forget not  
Those courageous few  
Who carried on  
And battled through  
To show the world  
On Dunkirk beach  
That British spirit true.

*DUNKIRK*  
GRANDSON TO GRANDMA  
Was Grandad ever a soldier,  
I mean, a soldier in the war.  
I know he's got some medals  
But what's he got them for.

When Grandad was a soldier  
Did he have a gun  
Did he march up and down shooting folk  
I bet that was lots of fun

#### GRANDMA TO GRANDSON

Yes, Grandad was a soldier  
And he went off to fight  
To fight for King and Country  
And for us and what was right  
I've seen Grandad clean his medals  
And wrap them nice and neat  
He puts them in his suitcase  
And marches down the street

Yes, to Dunkirk they go  
To march with pride and medals show  
Their fallen comrades to recall  
Terrible price paid by them all  
So when you see Grandad with his medals on his chest  
Take his hand and say- I'm proud of you and the rest  
For it was men like him and those that fell  
That saved us from a world of hell.

#### *WE'LL REMEMBER THEM*

For those they left fighting, a forlorn lonely band  
Fighting for truth in a strange, foreign land.  
The grey hordes advanced, in the fields up ahead,  
When, a hand on my shoulder; a Welsh Guardsman  
said:  
"Right laddie, they're ours; you've finished your work  
Get back, there's a truck there; you're off to Dunkirk."  
After playing our part: "To hold the canal",

They brought us by night, to the sounds so banal,  
Of the Messerschmitts screaming from out of the sky  
With Hurricanes streaking behind them on high.  
We came to Dunkirk, with a feeling of dread,  
Bombs falling around us, the sky black overhead,  
The beach thick with bodies, the sand dyed with blood,  
Our hearts in our mouths, we awaited the flood  
Of those who surrounded us, grey uniformed men  
With the faces of ghosts from the '14 War when  
Our fathers fought boldly - for the same reasons too  
The reasons escape me; however, anew:  
We trudged over the sands to the place to embark,  
Where the generals were gathered awaiting the stark  
Word of "surrender", the word that they feared,  
Then: in marched the guards accoutred and geared,  
To take on the Hun, while the boys got away.  
For many of them, 'twas to be their last day.  
The generals all hailed us "Get these wounded aboard",  
"There's a boat in the harbour; take the first one that's  
moored:  
At the end of the Mole  
'Twas the old "Ben-My-Chree". It had taken the space.  
Next to the "Tynwald", and was ready to race  
Back to Folkestone and freedom with thousand aboard  
Most of them pledging their trust in the Lord.  
'Twas the end of Dunkirk,  
A defeat, it is true.  
But to those we left there  
We just say "Adieu",  
And remember the laughter and joke that we shared,  
And also remember the way that they cared  
For their country and freedom  
And when the time came to prove they were men  
They didn't prove lacking,  
We'll remember them,

*THERE WERE OTHER CAMPAIGNS! SO!*

Why do we honour Dunkirk?  
As do captured defiant men  
who spent long weary years  
cooped up in prison pens.  
No one really ask just Why?  
Few knows beyond that beach---  
the orderly self-discipline  
how -- Dunkirk - La Panne was reached,  
Rout - yes - one inglorious story--  
but gallantry - thousands to be told---  
lacking all command - just disarray  
No historian can unfold.  
'Twas a mighty opposing army-  
the greatest - this World had seen fast - fierce -  
encircling, so rapid utter chaos - battalions - severing.  
The fierce pride of Regiments depleted - holding  
ground - did they question' Are you good enough  
to join in our affray?"  
"Dunkirk Harriers" - "A retreat"  
A jibe these men fore-bore-  
Yet - these very men had they-surrendered ó  
swift invasion- of our shores.  
So we, who know our story,  
honour -laud - a Dunkirk pal  
As we do our rescuers-  
Aye! even more so now.  
We have seen our discipline  
scorned - thrust aside ó condemned,  
Abusing Faith - Pride - Law and Order  
What then does this portend?

## *A SOLDIER OF DUNKIRK*

He lay fallen upon the sand,  
His rifle fallen from his lifeless hand.  
The evening tide lapped gently through his hair,  
As if to wash away the blood that lingered  
there.

He would not breathe the stench of burning oil  
again,  
Or hear the screaming Stukas when they came,  
No little ship for him or heroes welcome home,  
He rests in foreign soil but not forgotten or  
alone.

For as these sands run through the hourglass of  
time,

“We will remember” ..he was one of those  
who held the line,

And as we share with those we love these  
peaceful years,

“We will remember him” ..  
with pride ..and some tears.

For us he stood defiant ..  
did not shirk.

His name for ever glorious ..  
“A soldier of Dunkirk.”

## *IS THIS TOO MUCH TO ASK?*

Dunkirk held no victory, but nor did it hold shame.  
Those who followed orders were heroes just the same.  
So many, many lives were lost, but those who did come  
back,  
Had just a short respite, then again put on their pack.  
They journeyed wide and far apart fighting for freedom  
true,

Not knowing if they'd meet again to recall what they'd been  
through  
Well, some did, and they still make a pilgrimage back there  
And I have had the privilege to go with them, and share  
The sorrow at those gravestones with ages oh, so young;  
Lives given in hope of freedom for each and every one.  
Each year the numbers that return are lessened by the score.  
Memories flood to mind of friends made years before.  
On they march with swinging arms, heads held high with  
pride.  
Some in wheelchairs, others limp; the sightless have their  
guide.  
The Belgian, French and English applaud a they go by.  
Also, there is many a tear wiped from many an eye.  
Oh, what a shame that from this land professing to be  
caring,  
Someone special isn't sent to see these men parading  
And lay a wreath, to shake a hand. Is this too great a task?  
For those that live, for those that died, is this too much too  
ask?

## King Leopald.

### *THE REFLECTIONS OF A COMRADE AND FRIEND.*

A royal Cross, with Monarch inset too,  
Splendent, hung from a ribbon gleaming with regal hue.  
Created by a Prince and King.  
Leopald, the first of the Belgian Royal Wing.  
Before he took the Royal Throne,  
His Country's people had no settled home.  
War torn; they fought and died for France and England too,  
Brother against brother in the battles of Waterloo.

### *LEOPALD*

Time like an ever rolling stream,  
Says nought of the holocausts which have been.  
But; Pray God that all will be well,  
For those people in which, the land they dwell.  
This Cross of King Leopold One;  
Through the ages has carried on,  
For loyalty to this Crown did not err.  
By Public, Militia, and Foreigner;  
Today we wear the Leopold Three,  
Bound to our friends by loyalty;  
We ask no favours or set a pace,  
EXCEPTING;  
May God in his exalted place,  
Prevent its fall from Recognition and Grace.  
Oh! Ye scribes of great decisions.  
Protect our history from cruel incisions;  
If not.  
Like a floundering ship in the rough and turbulent gloom.

This history will slowly bleed to its doom.  
Comrades from far and wide.  
To certain Journals do subscribe.  
And! To each and every one writes truth.  
Be sure it is!  
For Mother History has the proof.  
The Albert; The Leopold; The Dunkirk: in assessing .  
Have recognition; by Government, and their Blessing.

### *OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH*

Back, back, step by step .  
Unwillingly the ground they yielded;  
Holding the treacherous Huns at bay,  
While their retreating comrades were shielded.

Almost surrounded by a circle of steel,  
N'er a man did flinch.  
They staggered the foe and made him reel,  
For they contested every inch.

Night after night, day after day,  
When everything seemed lost;  
Giving their comrades time to get away  
And reach the Dunkirk coast.

Footsore and leg weary,  
Bespattered with blood and grime;  
With British pluck so cheery  
They held on to the line.

When the pages of history are written

This story to the world unfold.  
It will tell of a monarch's treachery  
The Belgian King Leopold.

The bombs rained down from out the sky  
Their stream of death unending.  
Killing and maiming humans, just like flies,  
But still the British kept defending.

Tired, but undaunted, they reached the shore,  
But help was now in sight.  
For the Navy as always to the fore  
Was there to show their might.

Britain's name shall never die  
While we have men like that;  
They'll keep the old flag flying high,  
The good old Union Jack.

## Memories Of Flanders

### *THE POPPIES BLOW.*

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow  
Between the Crosses, row on row  
That mark our place, and in the sky,  
The Larks still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

### *IN FLANDERS' FIELDS*

We are the dead, short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,  
To you from falling hands we throw  
The Torch, be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though Poppies grow  
In Flanders' fields.

And now the torch and Poppy red  
Wear in honour of our dead.  
Fear not that ye have died for naught:  
We've learned the lesson that ye taught  
In Flanders' fields .

*THOSE WHO DIED.*

Oh you who sleep in Flanders' fields,  
Sleep sweet - to rise anew;  
We caught the torch you threw,  
And holding high we kept  
The faith with those who died.

We cherish too, the Poppy red  
That grows on fields where valour led,  
It e seems to signal to the skies  
That blood of heroes never dies,  
But lends a lustre to the red  
Of the flower that blooms above the dead  
In Flandersø fields.

*A SOLDIER IN FLANDERS*

A Weary soldier, there he lay  
On crumbling mounds of grass and clay  
What sight is this that meets his gaze  
A million poppies proudly raise  
Then dip their heads as if to say  
Another war has passed this way.  
Where now you rest were trenches deep.  
For those who lie there still we keep  
A loving vigil through the year  
In Flanders fields of blood and tears  
Long gone the trumpets last lament

At rest with God their young lives spent  
For them this blood red carpet grows,  
Tread softly then respecting those  
Who come in hope one fearful day  
With courage too to join the fray,  
So bare your head and proudly stand,  
By those who lie in No Man's Land.

### *MEMORIES NEVER DIE*

The fields of Flanders are silent now í ..  
Barren and bare, oblivious,  
even to its own existenceí  
No longer a sponge seeping the spilling blood of men,  
No longer a battlefield í . until the next war .  
A mist murks over the bracken, stagnant, silent, í .  
Never to release its memories of before, of the last  
battle ...  
Rocketing rifles, screams of death, screams of life ...  
Souls of the corpses entwine and intermingle ...  
Each with its own memory, each knitting its way into  
the mother mist ...  
To try and forget.  
Echoing whispers are heard, questions being asked, ...  
why? for whom? ...  
For what? when will they ever learn?  
Our memories will never die, we will not grow old ...  
As you who are left grow oldí ..  
Our echoing whispers will be heard.  
Our questions being asked í ..why? í  
for whom? ... for what?  
When will they answer our questions,  
**WHEN WILL THEY EVER LEARN?**

## Remembrance.

### *THE DESERT RATS OF EL ALAMEIN*

At Christmas Time when shadows fall  
And thoughts are wandering, I recall,  
The men who fought In World War Two,  
To keep the peace, for me and you.  
The Brave men of EI Alamein,  
Whose strength and will, to dare,  
Forced Rommels Army to Retreat  
With Gallantry, beyond compare,  
As desert sands did fill their eyes,  
And screaming bullets filled the skies,  
The tide of battle ebbed away,  
To victory, that November Day,  
Alas how sad for men so strong,  
Who went forth bravely in their youth  
To fight for freedom of this land  
And gave their lives, for peace and truth,  
I bow my head in sadness now,  
For those who gave their lives s free  
That I may live In this New World,  
Enriched by them, who died for me,  
With Pride I raise my glass again  
To "The Desert Rats of El Alamein"

## *OUR VICTORY*

Wrested from out of the grip of the tyrant's fist,  
Victory was torn, and from out of the mist,  
From out of this war-torn world of darkness and sorrow,  
From dearth, destruction, slavery and horror,  
Dawns the light, the hope of a new tomorrow.

Britain had her darkest hour,  
We stood alone, we did not cower,  
The tide was turned, like the tide of the sea,  
The beast was beaten, by you and me.

Our faith in the right, our faith in the Lord,  
Has brought forth, our just reward,  
Freedom was what we fought and worked for,  
Freedom from want, freedom from war.

The world rejoices, as church bells ring,  
The coming of peace, and the right to sing,  
Let us not forget those who have fallen,  
On this road to history,  
They paid the supreme price,  
For this, "Our Victory."

## *THE LAST POST*

The last post sounds no more  
Across the field and hills  
The poppies fade and die  
But I will lie here still.

Soon the eyes that weep  
Will empty sockets be  
And when at last that happens  
Who will remember me?

## *DO YOU JUST BELONG*

Are you an active member, the kind that would be missed?  
Or are you just contented, that your name is on the list?  
Do you attend the meetings and mingle with the flock?  
Or do you stay away and then criticise and knock?  
Do you take an active part to help the show along?  
Or are you satisfied to be the kind that just belong?  
Do you ever pay a visit to a member who is sick?  
Or leave the work to just a few and then call them the  
œclique?ö  
Think over this dear Veterans, you know the right from  
wrong,  
Be an active member, and do not just belong.

## *MEDALS*

Go and pin your medals on  
Be proud they're yours to wear  
Pull your shoulders back a bit  
And let the youngsters stare.  
They are yours by right of war  
By service to the crown  
They are symbols that you did  
Not let your country down.  
Wear them proudly on your chest  
And let who evil deride  
They are yours by right of war  
So carry them with pride.

## *REMEMBRANCE*

When the bugle sound again upon this day,  
We will awake and come through far away  
Once more to answer to reveille's call,  
No more to give for we have given all  
Though memories make this moment hard to bear  
These brief and precious moments we would share,  
Of sunny days and happy childhood hours,  
Of walks beneath the trees and Springtime flowers.

Your hand in mine we watched the firelight glow.  
On frosted window panes and falling snow,  
This was our world so full of hopes and dreams unborn,  
So soon to vanish with death's early dawn,  
Now as we meet again, shed no more tears,  
For our love changes not through the years,  
So soon the world forgets the grief and pain,  
Let not our sacrifices be in vain,  
Awake us not with gunsí ..bid battles cease  
Remember usí and let us sleep again.

## *THE PILGIMAGE.*

We've crowded o'er the Channel to stand on the Square,  
Side by side in the cool, French air;  
Our fallen comrades on our mind,  
Whose equal you will never find.  
Saluting those who once walked tall,  
As our standards rise and fall,  
O'er graves in which our kin now lie,  
Whose memories will never die.

From Dunkirk, Bray Dunes and points on the coast,  
Those places today of which we now boast,  
The order was given by our High Command,  
That men were to muster and wait on the sand.  
Time stands still for all who's gone  
Proud of the uniforms they did don,  
We'll not forget them who's gone before  
In our memories they'll live ever more.

### *FOR THE FALLEN*

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal  
Sing sorrow up into immortal spheres.  
There is music in the midst of desolation  
And glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
Straight of limb true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning  
We will remember them.

## *BEACHES*

What do beaches mean to you?  
Golden sands and a clear sea view!  
Happy laughter and a child's smile  
Lazing in a deck chair for a while,  
Sun burned bodies on the sand  
In the distance a playing band.  
Ice cream cornets and a funny hat,  
Comic postcards and things like that.  
Or does your memory sometimes recall,  
May, 1940 when France did fall,  
Another beach, another time  
Blazing guns while the sun did shine.  
Overhead the bombers droned  
Whilst on the beaches the wounded moaned.  
Burned bodies laying on the sand.  
Not burned by nature, but man's cruel hand.  
No funny hats, but hats of steel  
A cacophony of sound, so that the mind did reel,  
One heard no laughter, but a blasphemous call  
This was a man's hell after all.  
Boats came to fetch them, large and small  
For this to them had been the call  
Braving bombs and bullets, their all they gave  
For this was a time for the brave.  
But the postcards that some folks received  
Made them sorrow and they have grieved  
For the loved ones, whose lives they gave  
To an army on those days to save.

## *REQUIEM*

He was my friend, he had no flaw,  
No fault in him I ever saw.  
The bond which held him close to me  
Was his sense of humanity.  
No obligation did he shirk  
When he was tired and over worked.  
I saw him as he suffered pain  
Knew I would not see him again.  
His good will was not moribund,  
He inspired the "Broughton House Fundö  
To me this is the evidence  
Of his nature's benevolence.  
Outspoken, and high principled,  
His temper was never rifled.  
The advice he gave us was sound  
And for our good we always found.  
Now he is in the world sublime,  
Beyond the mundane thing of time;  
The Golden Gate was opened wide,  
To him the Lord said "Come inside,  
There's a ministry you can do  
You who on the earth was so true."

*A FEW THOUGHTS FOR  
REMEMBRANCE DAY*

The 're laughing at you, grandad,  
At the Cenotaph Parade,  
And the Poppy of Remembrance,  
You're a proud to have displayed.  
They're leering at you, grandad,  
With your memories of France,  
And your tales of fallen comrades  
In the Passchendaele advance.  
They giggle at you grandad,  
When you mention Kaiser Bill,  
Or recall the Old Contemptibles  
With pride that fills you still.  
Even daddy has to bear  
His share of war-time guilt  
And they'll even blame you, daddy  
For the post-war mess you built.  
They're laughing at you, daddy  
When you talk of Alamein,  
Or recall the Reichswald Forest,  
And the Normandy campaign.  
They analyse your actions  
With a few well-chosen words -  
"That King and Country rubbish  
Is strictly for the birds."  
Can't you hear the knockers knocking  
With each mocking little phrase,  
As they revel in the wisdom  
Of their intellectual ways?

It's a pity, dad and granddad,  
They're not smart enough to know  
You pay homage not to glory---  
But to friends of long ago.

*THE PILGRIMAGE.*

Each year we come to remember,  
The many of us who survived.  
We stand by the graves, row upon row,  
And remember our brothers who died.

*PILGRIMAGE*

Ere we forget the men who fought,  
The Army of the few,  
The cream of Britain, the B.E.F.,  
Who fought and died for you.  
Gone are the memories of these men,  
Heroes of the few,  
With their backs to the sea they  
Fought to the death, with fear in their hearts for  
you.  
Britain is ours the men did cry,  
As by your side they fell,  
For days on the beaches, in the dunes,  
In the sea they fought their hell,  
The smell of life's blood,  
The blood of this land,

Today they march the heavens,  
Hand in hand there they go,  
Were we today worth fighting for,  
Only you should know.  
So please remember these fine men,  
Their days were long but few,  
Laugh not at death, or show your mirth,  
These men were the salt of the earth,  
So spare a thought and give a vote of thanks,  
To these men of thinned out ranks,  
Who pay their homage every year,  
Across the briny sea, life may die,  
But their memory lingers on.  
We should know, we were there.

### *A MIXTURE OF MEMORIES*

Do you remember years ago, the games we used to  
play,  
Like Whip & Top and Marbles, and Hiding in the Hay,  
The gathering of berries, the chestnuts we would roast,  
And running quickly home from school, for lovely  
buttered toast  
A ha'pennyworth of Stick-Jaw, Gobstoppers in a Jar,  
And liquorice sticks, sherbet bags, sweets shaped like  
a star,  
How sunny were those days of yore, It never seemed  
to rain,  
The world was such a happy place, but then, the world  
was Sane  
September 1939, how sadly all has changed,  
Instead of peace and happiness, we knew a world  
"Deranged"

War with all it's horrors, brought sadness, suffering,  
care,  
We remember, we remember, those years so hard to  
bear,  
Bitter raged the battles, tragic was the cost,  
So many hearts were broken, so many lives were lost,  
We remember, we remember, how could anyone  
forget,  
As we see each day, around us, the ones who suffer  
yet.  
But especially In November, as we sell our Poppies  
red,  
Is the time we think of loved ones, and those now long  
since Dead  
Who gave their all for freedom, and the right to live In  
peace  
In the hope that war and horrors, for evermore would  
cease  
We remember, we remember, each, In our Private way  
Especially In November, When It's Remembrance  
Day.

*THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE OF  
THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER*

I could have been anyone's Father, Husband or Son,  
I could have had many Friends and Mates,  
With whom I could have had much happiness and fun.  
And like me they too could have met their fates,  
At the going down of the Sun,  
They could be in the Heavenly Kingdom, where I now  
reside,  
Hearing the Angelic voices singing "Lord with me  
Abide";  
I know that the time has long passed and gone,  
Since I was alive and kicking, and loved by everyone;

But here I lie in my lonely grave,  
Thinking like others who gave their lives so their  
country they could save.

### *THE VETERANS*

Although the Veterans are now but a few,  
The Spirit of Dunkirk's still steadfast and true,  
Attending the Pilgrimages as years go by,  
As uncaring folks still ask us why?  
They cannot picture, you Standards aloft  
Unsmiling Veterans their hats all doffed  
Their comrades remembered, with a hymn and a prayer,  
Tears fill their eyes and show they still care,  
There's nothing sounds like marching feet,  
The melancholy echo of the drummer's beat,  
Buglers "Last Post" and Reveille too  
To our fallen comrades, "We'll ever be true."

### *WE WERE THERE*

I often wonder how you fare  
You old Veterans, who were there.  
Much younger then, and in our prime;  
We didn't really count the time.

The years have past, our memories dimmed  
Of thoughts that through our heads did skim,  
When Gerry had us within his reach  
Gort's orders "back" to Dunkirk Port and Beach.

I like you, was tired and grim,  
So were "Tom, John and Jim".  
Still orders came for actions more  
Bomb still dropping by the score.

The Perimeter was told to hold.  
Ship came in with sea men bold.  
We're going on someone would shout.  
Ships would often take a clout.

Gerry took a heavy toll  
Of Comrade on that Dunkirk stroll,  
Still they came those sea-men brave  
More and more of us were saved.

Do you remember Veterans now,  
If you came back in stern or Bow  
And when in Port you disembarked  
Did you like me have on last-----

Forty-three years have passed along  
D.V. Branches going strong.  
To those who keep them under-way  
Good luck, God bless you night and day.

### *THEY REMEMBERED*

The march to the Priory was grand  
Lots of pageantry and colour,  
When men from all parts of our land  
Found full hearts could get fuller,  
They remembered the days of war

When many a comrade fell  
When Britain stood alone and sore  
What stories they could tell  
Of filth and sin and sorrow  
That filled the world with shame.  
Of a gloomy outlook tomorrow  
And today had been the same.  
Still they carried on the fight  
And gave their very best  
Because they knew the cause was right  
And they all passed the test  
Till finally the war was won  
Victory they'd earned  
Then they came home, a job well done  
With pride their hearts all burned  
But what a price they paid  
Men lost, maybe dismembered,  
But on that wet Sunday parade  
THEY REMEMBERED.

*WALK SOFTLY O'ER THE  
DESERT SAND*

Walk softly o'er the desert sand  
And gently bend thy knee  
For here they made their gallant stand,  
And gave their lives for thee,

Walk softly o'er the desert sand  
Where a tiny wind blows cold,  
And scarabs run in the midday sun,  
O'er the graves of the young and old,

Walk softly o'er the desert sand,  
And gently bend thy knee,  
For here they made their gallant stand,  
That Britain might stay free!

### *REMEMBRANCE DAY*

Dear friends and my fellow members,  
When asked to address you today  
I feared my thoughts and emotions  
Might prevent me or get in the way  
Here in the light of the morning  
We remember a night then the dawn  
When young men with hope and elation  
Became old and weary and worn.  
We remember the other occasions  
When again our men fought side by side  
The jokes the friendship, the suffering;  
The ones who lived and who died.  
I need no Remembrance Day to remind me  
Of those I hold specially dear;  
But we need this day of remembrance  
So together we can share the same tear.  
I am not alone with my memories  
We all knew the same sorrow and fears  
May God guide us to pass on our knowledge  
To those who are younger in years.  
We do not march here as heroes  
Then nor do we march here in shame:  
We come so the next generation

May not have to march here the same.  
Let us just pause and remember  
Our mates who did not come back;  
Those who are no longer with us,  
The friends and the comrades we lack.  
The many loved ones of others,  
The strangers that none of us know  
Who died in the fight for freedom,  
Our allies and even the foe.  
I wanted to bring you a message  
I wish I could say something new:  
Today is a special occasion  
To be shared by the many, not the few.  
I know now I need not have worried  
To live in a country that's free;  
The fact that you care by your presence  
Is a good enough message for me.  
Give us strength to face our tomorrows,  
With the spirit we had in the past;  
May the wisdom learned not be wasted,  
Bring a peace that somehow will last.  
Not a peace where we lose our manhood  
but one we can look at with pride:  
If we fail 'tis not for our wanting,  
And all we can do is we tried.  
While ever we can let's not faker,  
Their memory is still with us yet;  
For love of this land and its freedom,  
Our comrades we will never forget.

### *A MESSAGE FOR REMEMBRANCE DAY*

'E's only a Tommy, 'e don't count fer much  
And only 'is mate sees 'im fall.  
'E don't 'ave no paragraph all to 'isself,  
'E done wot they told 'im, that's all.

'E done wot they told 'im, wot else could 'e do?  
'E went out to fight like the rest.  
'E done wot they told 'im and England today  
Is poorer fer one of the best.  
'E don't 'ave no widder, no kid as'll care;  
It don't break the' ea rt of no gall.  
Thank Gawd then, wot's the odds  
If it just breaks the 'eart of a pal.  
'E's only a Tommy the world' -as f orgot  
The sacrifice Tommies 'ave made;  
-Æ done wot they told -im. Remember today  
-Is life was the price thatø paid.

### *LOOKING BACK*

It is a reflection sweet  
We were a phalanx elite  
Who by a dauntless retreat  
Evaded threatened defeat.  
The BEF that summer  
Emulated Corunna,  
For nine days in May and June,  
With every nerve attuned  
With hope this sea wise nation  
Achieved evacuation.

Veterans have the right to boast  
Of deeds done on Dunkirk's coast  
Every rank fought their best  
Never beaten though hard pressed.  
There is more than this to tell  
We saved the whole world as well  
The liberties of mankind  
To us by God were consigned,  
Fortitude without limit  
Has the divine within it.

A small dedication to the memory  
*THE GARRISON OF CALAIS*

Verses are written of many places  
And with them visions of many faces.  
Of pals and comrades in times good and bad,  
Who fought just to win, and gave all they had.  
The weak without courage, with fear in their heart  
Our pity for them we so did impart  
The order it came "the town must be held"  
And in doing our duty many were felled.  
Those left behind are not with us today  
But still in our thoughts, somewhere in "Calais"  
The years they roll by, so have no regret  
But keep in your heart, the phrase! "Lest we forget".

*LEST WE FOGET*

Those silent men, the gallant merchant men  
Round our coasts they would sail  
In stormy weather and a force ten gale  
From air attack they survived  
Watching the Stukas as they dived  
Through E boat alley to the Dover Straits  
The lurking Hun patiently waits  
Through the channel they would go  
Next Hellos corner, Landos End they saw  
One last glimpse of Blighty they got  
Not knowing when it was their lot

Zig Zag, Zig Zag, across the ocean  
They silently sailed with great caution  
Keeping the life lines open was their thought  
Vital war supplies they brought  
Wherever the invasion forces went  
They too were always sent  
They heard the call from Dunkirk sands  
And quickly rallied to your demands,  
They shared with you their fate  
Their losses too were great  
So over the water graves they steer  
Everyman Jack a volunteer  
We pause and think where they are lain  
And sometimes wonder if it was all in vain  
So now we bow our heads to those below  
To whom all things we owe.

*REMEMBER OUR BROTHERS WHO DIED*

Each year our numbers grow fewer  
As age and death takes its toll  
But we who remain, come again and again  
To remember our Brothers who died.

We stand on the Beaches, and go back in time,  
Remember the Hell we endured?  
Those lines upon lines of men waiting--  
But remember our Brothers who died.

We stand by those graves, so beautifully kept,  
By people with loving care,  
Here lies a father, a husband, a son, or known

Unto God there inscribed:  
Sleep on, rest in peace--- you deserve that at least,  
Oh, our dear Brothers who died.

Tonight we laugh and make merry --- and yes,  
maybe drink a little too much.  
But the tributes are paid,  
The last post is played --- and aye the piper's  
lament.  
Go back to your graves our brothers  
While we give eternal thanks.

Please remember you who are living  
These men died to give you that life;  
Live each day, the best possible way  
But, remember our Brothers who died.

### *YOUR LOVING SOLDIER LAD*

My spirit will come among you on your remembrance days.  
Although I cannot be seen by you, I find many ways,  
By which I can make my presence felt,  
Even getting into the Church and pew, where I once knelt.  
I bear no ill to those who did this to me.  
It was a principle of war, Kill or be Killed you see;  
If my parents are still alive this day,  
To them these few words I would say;  
Farewell, All my love, God be with you always, Mam and  
Dad,  
I will be forever to the end your loving soldier Lad.

*AS WE WHO ARE LEFT!*

Rest on, old Comrades--Rest  
Yours a sacrifice of self denial -  
Believing in the brotherhood of man ó  
Not to you - a trial  
You left behind an end  
Of all that you had known ---  
The helping hand to others.  
Whate'er your faults - comradeship prevailed.  
Your name engraved - means little now  
As 'We who are left' have seen  
Our Monument - a Sepulchre - as years pass by  
- Utterance thought as self esteem.  
Yet - how we valued comradeship in the every  
misery known to man  
The sharing of a "fag" - the mug of "Char"  
Not one apart - Exalted - A Clan?  
How we scoffed - us - heroes - !  
Jellied legs - and wobbly tum  
With a selfless pride of a nation  
Our freedom would never succumb.  
So Rest, old Comrades - Rest  
"Associations" link our past  
where comradeship still abounds  
"A s --We who are left" --- still last.

*SALUTE THE B.E.F.*

When the war broke out in Europe  
The lads went to do their stuff;  
But through some great big blunders  
They got it hellish rough,  
And fought like only Britishers can  
To keep the old flag up.

It was the memorable scene at Dunkirk  
That inspired every British heart  
Though the odds were all against them  
They gave the Nazis a start.

Although brave men were left behind,  
Their sacrifice was not in vain;  
For the biggest part of the B.E.F.  
Got safely home again.

And now they are back in England,  
Having a well earned rest;  
For the next time they meet Hitler's gangsters  
We shall see them at their best.

And victory will be theirs this time  
No matter what the cost;  
For every man's a fighting man  
Salute the B.E.F.

## *THE SPLIT MIND*

He walked along the canal, then he crossed a bridge.  
Through the town of Dunkirk, 'til he saw the ridge,  
The eyes began to play a trick, the mind began to spin.  
Through this Hell on earth how did we ever win?

In the distance he could see the pall from a smoking  
pier,  
Wherever he cast his eye everything's on fire  
The scream of an aero' engine, the rat-a-tat of guns,  
Pieces flew from buildings, the music from the Huns.

Then suddenly there came a whine, followed by a roar  
As the bomb had hit the ground, had it taken more?  
By now the sky was black and red amongst all hell let  
loose,  
The men just hid behind the dunes as if to find recluse.

On they trudge to the beaches, this piece of land called  
hell  
Open to the fire of every shot and shell,  
Rather than put down our guns we backed into the sea,  
And seeing all the little ships, "Save us" was our plea.

When they pulled us all aboard, we scanned the  
beaches all forlorn,  
Our best pals lay a sleeping for all of us to mourn,  
Suddenly his mind returned again to scan the place,  
This he could not recognise, what happened to the  
race?

There was only one reminder this Heaven had been a  
hell,  
We found the truth on tablets as we heard the toll of a  
bell.

These tablets clean and all in line, as if still on parade,  
The turf cut neat and tidy, as if cut by a silver spade.

There faces no one else can see, only in one's minds  
eye,  
We think of them, we pray for them, then raise our  
heads to the sky.

## Queen And Country.

### *ENGLAND MY ENGLAND.*

Many have fought and died for you  
But alas, today there are those who fail you  
By, their greed, they chose self destruction  
Selling our heritage and land to those of other nations  
England my England I cry for you.

No longer is there pride for the Mother Country  
Nor pride in work, nor chivalry  
Nor love nor honour faith and trust  
To the land that gave us our birth  
England my England my heart bleeds for you.

No longer proud allegiance to our Queen  
By men in the "House" once held in esteem  
No longer an example for all to follow  
The eyes and ears of the world listen,  
And the laughter is hollow  
England my England my heart breaks for you.

England my England what has happened to you  
Where is the pride and loyalty, once shown to you?  
By English men and women, who by courage and  
endeavour  
Made you great and were with honour  
England my England my heart aches for you.

*WE MARCH - CRUSADERS ALL*

They're coming from the Highlands,  
They're coming from the Glen,  
From pits and workshop benches,  
Come Britain's fighting men,  
From Empire's far flung countries,  
To answer the Mother's call,  
Proud heads aloft, in honours name.  
They march - crusaders all.

In response to Monarchs summons.  
To all that we hold dear,  
For Freedom, Justice, Liberty,  
While life is with us here.  
In the name of God and Empire,  
We rally to the call,  
We pledge our lives and all our strength.  
And march - crusaders all.

We march in tens of thousands,  
All colours, race and creed,  
Calm and strong, united,  
Till tyrants slaves are freed.  
Courage then brave people,  
For we have heard you call,  
We will not fail you, steel your hearts,  
We march ó crusaders all.

## **The Little Ships.**

### *IN THE LITTLE SHIPS.*

Three hundred thousand warriors  
From Hell to Home they came  
In the little ships, the little ships  
Of everlasting fame.

### *OH LITTLE SHIP*

Oh Little Ship, Little Ship,  
You've survived the run,  
In glad day and sad days,  
To laughter and fun,  
And war days to rescue  
the lads from the Hun.  
Oh Little Ship, Little Ship,  
May you continue to steam,  
Happy people to glean,  
Grand sights and pleasure,  
from trips to be seen.

### *THE LITTLE SHIPS*

From Tyne and Thames and Tamar  
From the Severn and the Clyde,  
The little ships, the little ships  
Went out in all their pride.

And home they brought their warriors  
Weary and ragged and worn.  
Back to the hills and shires  
And the towns where they were born.

Three hundred thousand warriors  
From Hell to Home they came  
In the little ships, the little ships  
Of everlasting fame.

### *THE OTHER LITTLE BOATS*

A pause came in the fighting and England held her  
breath,  
For the battle was not ended and the ending might be  
death.  
Then out they came, the little boats, from all the  
Channel shores  
Free men were these who set the sails and laboured at  
the oars,  
From Itchenor and Shoreham from Deal and  
Winchelsea,  
They put out into the Channel to keep their Country  
free.  
Not of Dunkirk is this story, but of boatmen long ago,  
When our Queen was Gloriana and King Philip was our  
foe  
And galleons rode the Narrow Seas and Effingham and  
Drake  
Were out of shot and powder, with all England still at  
stake.

They got out shot and powder, they charged the guns  
again,  
The guns that guarded England from the galleons of  
Spain.  
And the men that helped them do it, helped them still to  
hold the sea,  
Men from Itchenor and Shoreham, men from Deal and  
Winchelsea  
Looked out happily from Heaven and cheered to see the  
work  
Of their grandson's, grandson's, grandsons, on the  
beaches Dunkirk.

## On A Lighter Note

### *THE RETREAT*

Oh! Bloody hell ó bugger and blast it  
Weøve only fired one round in this war  
When a Jerry Heinkel did spot us  
Up in the clouds he was hidden away---  
His wireless must be working real lovely  
And messages received by the Hun---  
Major thought this a Lysander  
For no Ack-ack and no firing was done.  
The weather was nice, a bit breezy  
Albert Canal was not too far away---  
Our guns were lined behind bushes  
So not to give our position away.  
We were waiting instructions from someone  
To open up --- and blow Jerry to bits  
But Sergeant he were behind bushes  
He were scared and having a shit.  
Weæd just finished eating hard rations  
And settling down for a snooze  
When all of a sudden it happened  
Right in middle of twelve oøclock news.  
A bloody great salvo had hit us  
Our guns were pock marked and scared.  
And one or two bodies were scattered  
And vehicles were burning and scarred.  
Oh! Bloody hell, bugger and blast it  
Weøve still only fired one round in this war  
But what was to follow this carnage  
Was an order that left us all sore.  
An order that finished the battle  
But was not to finish the war.

øBlow up your guns and depart lads  
Jerryø just crossed the Albert Canal  
Take to a vehicle and scarper---  
Wedl meet up again in Pall Mall.ö  
We were then all of a dither  
No more orders could protect us from harm  
That Heinkel was still up above us  
And Jerry was nearing our farm.  
We had turkey and Guinea Fowl boiling  
And cookhouse was smelling a treat  
But Jerry had caught the aroma  
And blew stew pot inø middle of street.  
No more could we fire back in anger  
No more our bellies to fill---  
We had orders to move like the clappers  
And we did--- till we were forced to stand still  
We had thoughts of swimming the Channel  
Up to our necks in seaweed and slime  
I thought of my girl back in Britain  
And if Big Ben was still telling the time.  
We found coast of France quite deserted  
Not a soldier, dead horse or cow  
We thought we were the lost army  
And to find Unit we didnø know how.  
We made our way to the seaside  
And poked our heads up øer the dunes  
And singing some kind of ballad  
But then had to change all our tunes  
The sea was as flat as a pancake  
All littered with debris and muck  
On beach was nearly all army  
From shells no cover to duck.  
Dunkirk was now really blazing  
Black smoke was reaching the skies.

And Jerry was hurling huge missiles  
And shit was getting in our eyes,  
Oh! Bloody hell, bugger and blast it  
Our safety beginning to fear  
As bomb hit one of the troop ships  
And it sank all off the end of the pier.  
Oh! Please Lord God Almighty save us  
And get us out of this plight  
But then a miracle happened  
The Lord had answered our prayer.  
As scores of wee craft were approaching  
And we waited till they came in quite near  
We were crowded on bard a wee coaster  
And sailing away out to sea  
When a Stuka decided to bomb us---  
Missed -- and blew bloody great hole in the sea.  
The epic was now nearly over,  
White cliffs were coming in sight  
Thank God for a night's kip in England  
But where in the middle of night.  
We were cold and wet - but real happy  
As train sped us to Camp and a rest  
Good night sir - but we did do our best.  
Now Jerry he were a great ninny  
After Battle of Dunkirk was lost---  
And we - all tired out and sleeping  
The Channel he then should have crossed  
He had all his army awaiting  
Great Britain about to invade --  
All we had to oppose him -  
Was Home Guard with bucket and spade.  
Oh! Bloody hell, bugger and blast it  
We've only fired one round in this war  
But please give us a new gun sir  
So we can fire a bloody lot more.

*A TALE OF SOME BONNY SCOTSMEN*

The Sappers tell the story-  
It's of Scotsmen they avow-  
Who flirted so with danger  
It's a wonder they're here now.

These Scotties, when in Italy,  
A-roaming in a town,  
Found a handy little drinking pub  
That hadn't been knocked down.

So feeling pretty thirsty-  
They'd earned a drink or two-  
They invaded this estaminet  
As soldiers sometimes do.

They helped themselves to vino,  
They helped themselves to "it",  
They eased their limbs, they slaked their  
thirst,  
Some even got quite lit.

It chanced that later in the day  
The Sappers came along,  
Searching for mines and booby trapsô  
But all they heard was song.

The song it was from the Scottish lads  
As out to the street they came,  
Clutching bottles 'neath their armsô  
They considered them fair game.

Now this upset the Sappers;  
In anger they did shout:  
"Hi! Can't you read, you blasted fools?  
Booby traps: Keep out!"

But the Scotties all were undisturbed  
By the Sappers' frantic fuss,  
"Oh yes," said they, "there are traps in there  
But they haven't worried us!"

The Sappers took a shufti  
Within that death-trapped lair.  
They marvelled at the miracle  
That the building was still there.

Wines and whiskies wired and mined,  
Traps on every hand;  
Why they hadn't gone sky-high  
They couldn't understand.

This story is a true one.  
It's not a tale of pluck  
It's a tale of sheer bravado--  
With a hell of a lot of luck.

But you know what the Highland lad is like  
You know what Scotsmen are,  
They earned a star in Africa--  
Perhaps it's their lucky star.

*JOCK DEMPSTER'S LAMENT or  
"MA GONG'S AWA"*

"Once more unto the Breach dear friends"  
T'was Jock Dempsters rallying call.  
For "recognition" medal or bar  
For this w'ell stand or fall.

To show that we who in early days  
For freedoms cause had fought.  
At Dunkirk, Norway, Crete and Greece  
We did not ask a lot.

A simple emblem was all we sought  
A sign to other men  
That when the call to action came  
We were not wanting then.

The massive rank of Whitehall closed  
Their wrath was hard to face  
"For who were we to ask for this  
Did we not know our place?"

A gong you men already have  
You dare to ask for two  
It matters not if it was debased  
-Tis good enough for you.

So take it, lump it, leave it, or stuff  
We wish to hear no more  
And on this simple humble plea

They firmly closed the door.

But we'll live on in history' page  
While men breathe freedoms air  
And when the name of Dunkirk sounds  
Proudly answer "I WAS THERE.ö

*WE ARE BRITISH AREN'T WE?*

I read last journal issue  
The piece that Priestly wrote  
About the Dunkirk Epic  
And the lads who fought.

Surprised was I to learn  
That during those three weeks  
-Twas only English soldiers  
Had fought upon that beach.

English this and English that  
English everywhere  
The Irish, Welsh And Scots I am sure  
Could only read and stare.

The British Army we had joined  
To try and play our part  
And then to read such bloody trash  
It makes us sore at heart.

For such a man of letters  
It really is absurd

When he means the British Army  
He can't use such a word.

Seems British is a dirty word  
That Priestly did ignore  
Is it a fair description  
Of the lad on that far shore?

Grand English comrades I have known  
Good men strong and true  
And I am sure they will agree  
That this will simply not do.

So may I say to Jacko  
Please let this be the last  
Of ignorant articles  
You simply should not pass.

Do not print such fairy stories  
But leave the space a blank  
And I'm sure the Irish, Welsh and Scots  
Our Editor will thank.

*PADRE WOODBINE WILLIE.*

The troops he said was heaven sent  
To use cigs as sacrament.  
To me he was affectionate,  
Sometimes I was his Curate.

Willie once said to me,  
 ðLad if a preacher you would be  
 Use terms that are not particular,  
 In fact employ the vernacular,  
 Then those asleep in the pew  
 Might wake up and listen to you.ö  
 He preached in the ðPrincess Beatrice hut,ö  
 Dimping out his cigarette butt.  
 The theme was ðHope and Penitence,ö  
 ðBloody,ö embellished one sentence,  
 Also he used the word ðSod,ö  
 But the message came from God.  
 All concurred in the theology,  
 In spite of his phraseology.  
 He stood on a beer swilled table top,  
 At sermonø end the men yelled ðDonø stop!ö  
 Iøve not forgotten that famous night,  
 Willie said ðTo fight was right  
 God would not let the Germans win  
 To invade Belgium was a sin.  
 Honoured are the wounds and scars  
 The insignia of Mars.ö  
 Post War Willie had a premature end,  
 I lost a counsellor and friend.  
 In France heød spent himself so quick,  
 No wonder he died aged forty six.

## Devoted Friends.

*A PAL*

Friends I've had, Friends I've got,  
But real pals, are thin on the ground,  
Since 76, in particular, for me,  
One, had been always around,  
Until last year, annually we met,  
At Blackpool's EI Alamein,  
Since last year, we've met each month,  
He was always, just the same,  
Ready to help, quick to advise,  
How could one be, so very wise,

Encouragement often, restraint now & then,  
He was one of this worlds, finest men,  
I often thought, how can it be,  
He wished to remain, a pal, to me,  
His life he devoted to E.A.V.A.  
His work will be thought of,  
Long after this day,  
I stand to say, for all to hear,  
Here lies that pal, I held so dear.

## *MY MUCKER*

He was only a simple gunner,  
No rank on his arm, did he hold,  
No say in the Battery, or the way it was run.  
He just did as he was told.

He wasn't clever or brainy you see.  
Just a youngster. in full bloom of youth,  
He wasn't an old timer, like you and me.  
Just a kid, not old in the tooth.

Oh he was devil may care, kind of casual you'd say.  
Always late on parade and in trouble,  
But when he was needed, just give him a shout.  
And he'd be there, on the double.

He had a heart of gold he did,  
Always there by your side when wanted.  
Thru thick and thru thin, with always a grin.  
That was the thing that counted.

He was there when we landed, one day in July.  
He gave me a hand with my kit.  
As we ran up the Beach, he let out a cry.  
'Oh Bob,' he said. 'I've been hit'.

He died like he'd lived, without bother of fuss.  
No brass bands or crying for him.  
Nothing special was he, just one of us.  
But life's race now, he just wouldn't win.

Wherever we marched, I felt he was near.  
Thru Sicily, Brindisi and Rome.  
Thru Italy's mud and danger and fear.  
With his spirit, I was never alone.

Wherever we went. I felt he was near.  
His presence, I could almost feel.  
He watched over me, even though he was dead.  
My sorrow took along time to heal.

And now when it's quiet and I'm sitting at home,  
All warm and snug, by the hob  
The wind in the trees, makes a strange moaning sound  
And I think I can hear him call "Bob."

I'll never forget him, I think of him still,  
And the way we watched over each other,  
What was his name? Oh didn't I say?  
Why, he was simply, my Brother.

### *IF*

If you can promise, and by that promise stand,  
If you can take a beating and then shake the victor's hand,  
If you can do a deed without looking for the glory,  
If you can hold your tongue when you hear a gossip's story,  
If you can make good better, and try to make bad good,  
If you can keep your soul alive with the grace of God as  
food,  
If you can carry on until life's craggy road should end,  
Then here's my hand, my comrade, you've made a life-long  
friend.

## Thoughts To End With.

### *IF HE DID ...*

How good it is that God above has never gone on strike,  
Because he wasn't fairly treated on things he didn't like.  
If only once He'd given up and said, "That's it, I'm through,  
I've had enough of those on earth, so this is what I'll do.  
I'll give my orders to the sun to cut off heat supply,  
To the moon to give them no more light, and let the seas run dry  
Just to make things really tough and put the pressure on  
I'd turn off vital I oxygen till every breath is gone."  
You know, he would be justified, if fairness was the game,  
For no one has been more abused or met with more disdain.  
Yet He still supplies both you and me,  
and everything for free.  
Men say they want a better deal, and so on strike they go,  
But what a deal we've given God, to whom all things we owe.  
No one seems to care who's hurt, to gain the things they'd like,  
But what a terrible state we'd all be in if God should go on strike.

*THE CHALLENGE*

When I was young, I squandered Time  
As though I owned Eternity;  
I played my games and dreamed my dreams  
And wasted hours meant naught to me:  
With health, youth, friends and love possessed,  
Squandered Time, yet was well-blest.

Then came grim war and stole my youth,  
Took friend away, brought dire suspense,  
Yet gave strange joy of parenthood,  
With loveliness and innocence:  
War stole my youth; yet Life was sweet,  
After war's night, bright day to greet.

Now I grow old I cherish Time-  
The tick of life is slowing down;  
Yet, Heaven forbid that I should spend  
An old age in a dressing-gown:  
So rich is Life with every breath  
I cherish Time---to challenge Death!

*THE DOOR.*

Unleashed one hell, each lad aghast  
At fire, at bomb, at sinking mast  
At ache, at loss, the foe amassed  
To force us quickly through the door.

Inherit we a memory's store  
Of our escape, a distance war  
Of some not coming from the shore

And slower move we by the door.

We see around us ageing grace  
The flush of youth has left the face  
We fell not at a foreign place  
But slower move us by the door.

There's still some time for laugh and song  
To link with those we still belong  
To find there's still more good than wrong  
Though slower move we by the door.

Our standard flies like each decade  
Let's watch the innings truly played  
You may be last to stand parade  
As slowly moved we through the door.

### *NIGHT PATROL*

Silhouettes fade into the Desert Night,  
Oblivious of their fate.  
Star shells burst their silvery light.  
Across the sands without abate.  
Dawn breaks on this barren land.  
Advance we must to meet our fate.  
And see our stricken band.  
Faces ashen, with sightless eyes.  
Gazing into the Libyan skies.  
Sacrificed, but duty done.  
A mother's grief, her only son.  
A simple cross, which bears his name.  
Another Soul, the deserts gain

### *EGYPTS MOON*

Oh, sink your starveling crescent by the sea.  
You moon.  
I'll laugh now, but the laugh will be on me.  
For soon.  
You'll flaunt your swollen body in the sky.  
All night.  
Drenching the sands where I lie.  
With light.  
And the bombs will fall, the earth will jar.  
And quake.  
And I'll lay in my bed, in my armoured car.  
Awake.

### *THE MAN IN THE GLASS*

When you get what you want in your struggle for self,  
And the world makes you king for a day.  
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself,  
And see what the man has to say.  
For it isn't your father or mother or wife,  
Whose judgement upon you must pass.  
The fellow whose verdict counts most in your life,  
Is the one staring back from the glass.  
Some people may think you're a straight shooting chum  
And call you a wonderful guy;  
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum  
If you can't look him straight in the eye.  
He's the fellow to please, never mind all the rest  
For he's with you clear to the end;  
And you have passed your most dangerous test  
If the man in the glass is your friend.  
You can fool the whole world down the pathway of life, And  
get pats on the back as you pass;  
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears  
If you cheat the man in the glass.

*THE RESCUE.*

The rescue boats were out at sea,  
I hoped that one would take me.  
But when they did come right inshore,  
A bloke called out, "We can't take more".  
I created such a protesting din,  
That he said to me, "All right, get in".  
The mine-sweeper **Gracie Field**,  
Cavorted round upon its keel.  
The cause of all the trouble  
A bomb went blasting down its funnel.  
I was blown out into the sea,  
And prayed "Dear God, please save me".  
The **Scimitar** took me on board,  
And I said "Dear God, thank you Lordö  
When we arrived at Dover Harbour,  
The Doctors came, and looked me over.  
One said "I think you were barmy,  
At your age to join the army".  
I said "No I'm not,  
I'm a patriot.  
To war I am no stranger  
And I'm impervious to its danger.  
They said "You may be heroic,  
But you are psycho-neurotic.  
We will put you to sleep  
For a period of six weeks.  
Through your veins you'll be fed  
On glucose and egg".  
I emerged a new man  
So comrades, here I am.

## *THE LAST SOLDIER*

An empty world, surrounded by darkness, dust and  
desolation,  
Nothing left but one wounded soldier,  
Sitting crookedly amongst the tiny fragments of the  
earth's crust,  
The whole world gone to waste,  
All those villages blown into minute crumbs,  
All those people, men with no faces,  
Fragments of dead bodies lay across the remaining  
horizon,  
I am the leader but of what?  
There is nothing left to rule,  
I feel lonely and afraid,

What will happen now, how will I survive?  
No food, water or plants of any description,  
Now I wish I could have died with the rest of the  
earth,  
I remember the good times and remember how it was  
before it happened.  
The trees, whispering flowers and singing birds,  
Humming bees, spiders' webs and butterflies,  
Sunshine and happiness,  
They wanted disarmament and now they have it!

The' have destroyed everything!  
Now I no longer care,  
I just sit here, alone, awaiting my death which is  
slowly approaching.

## *STUKA RAID*

"Blue as a sapphire was the summer sky;  
The orchard apple blossom, pink and white;  
God in his heaven up above on high  
Gave sunshine too to further this delight."  
ōThen from the East where Belgium writhed in flames  
Came softly first, then like a growing breath,  
The German hunters, seeking out new game,  
Their chargers Stukas, loaded with vile death."  
"And now they're here, their power reverberates.  
The human mind is tortured, numbed and still.  
The Nazi devils downward hurl their steeds  
Their human quarry eagerly to kill."  
"That screaming, shrieking death is at us now,  
And men in khaki pressed face down to ground;  
A space of near eternity - and then  
A flame, a roar, warm blood, a moaning sound."