

11 MAR 2020

MAY the 8th.

Have you heard - the conflict is over,
The fighting is finished at last;
All the bloodshed, the grief and the agony,
Three cheers - it's all in the past.

Let's hoist up the flags, drape the bunting,
Let's put on the red, white and blue;
Bring on the bands - let's sing in the streets,
Let's show what a victory can do.

Let's have a terrific street party,
With jellies and trifles and cakes;
Raid larders, use rations, spend coupons,
Let's party - whatever it takes.

Let's climb on the statues, jump in the fountains,
Let's dance and parade in the streets;
Let's all be happy - laugh till we cry,
And hug everyone that we meet.

Let's listen to Vera - 'We'll Meet Again',
Let's have a really good fling;
Let's sing of the bluebirds and Dover's white cliffs;
Let's hear it - May God Save the King'!

Let's give three cheers for old Winnie,
The V-sign, the big fat cigar,
In history's books the great hero;
Let's shout and cry - WE WON THE WAR!

So many years on, in the Care Homes,
Faded photos look down from the walls;
Young men, only boys, bright and eager,
They'd no choice but to answer the call.

So many years lived without husbands,
Brothers, fathers, sweethearts and sons;
So many fatherless children,
Orphaned by enemies' guns.

So many men lost in the deserts,
In jungles and aircraft and seas;
So many held captive and tortured,
Lives blighted by death and disease.

The cheers and the singing are silent,
Dimmed by the passing of years;
Just a few, from the thousands left lonely,
Whose memories are shrouded by tears.