



Lest We Forget



by Joyce Neale

A member of the Age UK Gloucestershire Silver Singers Choir

*On a grey November morning the thunderous gunfire ceased,
And men crawled from the trenches, their fear somewhat decreased;
With hope at last arising that the fight was finally done
And there'd be no more war ever, now the "Great War" had been won.*

*Here at home in towns, on village greens, in cities large and small,
We raised our memorials to all who answered the call
To fight for King and Country and had perished in the mud,
The names engraved in stone of those who died in fear and blood.*

*While "over there" they stand to attention, like troopers on parade,
Those stark white crosses where the many dead are laid.
The numbers overwhelming, but again, with names engraved
We remember the huge price, the sacrifice each soldier made.*

*Had we forgotten then, when in 1939
We were forced to confront the gloomy sign
That war clouds were gathering, and the skies overhead
Would need to be defended, and many brave young men said
"Let me fly the airplanes, and do battle with the foe"
We at home were anxious, but we had to let them go.
And as in 1914, thousands marched with heads held high,
To man the guns, drive tanks, sail ships or do battle in the sky.
Many never came home, and more ranks of crosses now are seen,
And more names have been carved in stone, in cities, towns, and on village green.*