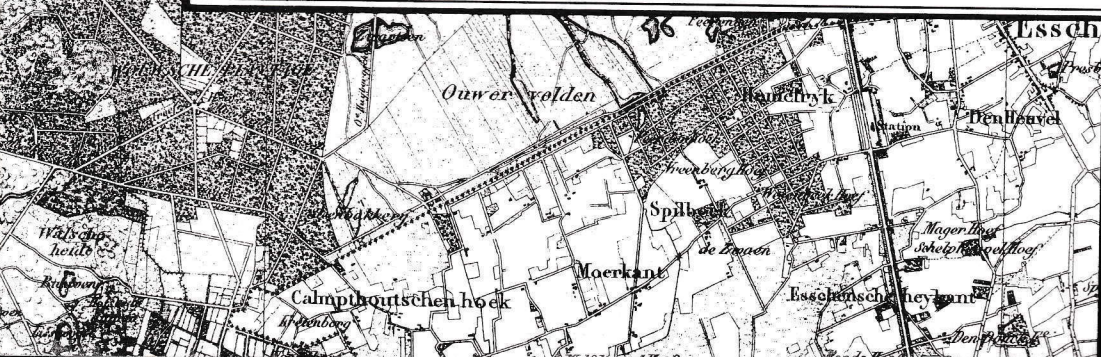




heemkunde kring
DE VIERSCHAER
WOUW

Wouw in de Tweede Wereldoorlog



In eighty-nine

I walk again on land where heroes fell,
Of those who lived, some surely glimpsed at hell,
To liberate these lands we came,
We never knew, one living Dutchman's name,
But when contact with, these folk was made,
Their love and friendship, was honest, and unstintingly displayed.
This bond I know will ever be, as long as true hearts beat,
The evidence is amply clear, when Dutch and British meet.
I'm sure it was not, just my tins, of McConnachie's M & V,
For after over forty years, I feel, some still like me.

Boys were quickly men, in those far off wartime days,
They did their duty willingly, seeking not one word of praise,
Their lives they left entirely, to uncompromising fate,
The deeds unsung, the battles won, no man could emulate.
When old campaigners sit, and contemplate their own demise,
The realisation is, that those who fell on battlefields, won a greater
lasting prize.
For now they will forever rest, in Holland's hallowed ground,
With devoted guardians of their peace, dwelling all around.
So now dear friends, spare us a thought, who fought, and walked away,
It fell our lot, to count the cost, and do it all again, another day.

Rupert E.Dorgan
49 Recce

