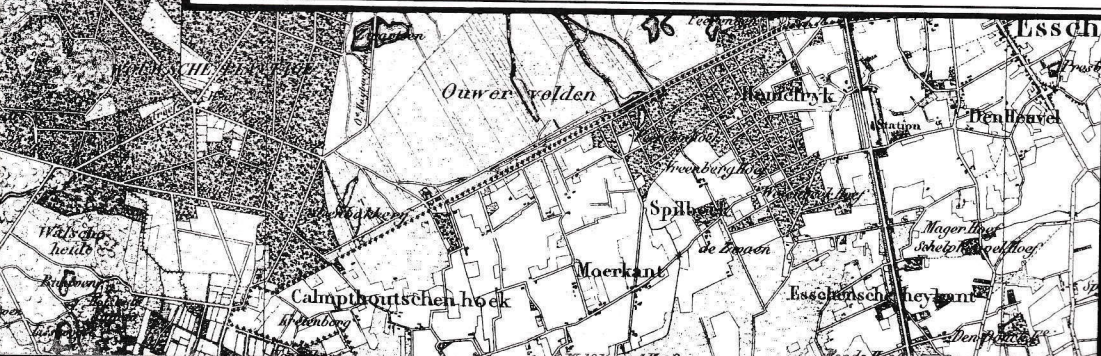




heemkunde kring
DE VIERSCHAER
WOUW

Wouw in de Tweede Wereldoorlog



Love and liberty

In armoured cars and bren carriers we came,
That day in May to soothe your pain,
A pain endured with dignity,
Until that day of liberty,
In 45 our stay, was short but very sweet,
We return again today, that visit to repeat.

Now that testing time has had its say,
They were not casual friendships made that day,
These friendships will, all things endure,
Unique as comradeships, that are forged in war.
Remembering young friends, that fell along the way,
These words, though inadequate, I would like to say,

'Some were not too old to cry,
None of them too young to die,
They knew silent fears alone,
They knew death, far from home,
How can we not, remember them,
They were brave, unflinching men.'

Retreat! surrender! never! this is what I vowed,
Then I saw a special smile, in that joyous crowd,
No act of cowardice made my heart grow tender,
For it was to sweet young love, that I did surrender,
That love would no way be denied,
I had found myself a Lowland bride.

Over 40 jaren heb ik geleerd Hollandse taal,
Soms heb ik ook geproefd een echte Hollandse maal,
Nu ken ik poffertjes en lekkere verse haring,
Ook speculaas en heerlijke gerookte paling,
Woorden zoals 'potverdrie' en 'reuze leuke mop',
Maar red mij alstublieft van jullie vieze, vuile drop.

Holland I consider, as a second home to me,
Proud am I to be, a minute part of your history,
In modern wars things are always far from nice,
Both soldier and civilian, have to pay the price.
Now of all the towns I helped to liberate abroad,
Dear Utrecht, it was you that gave me my reward.

Rupert E.Dorgan

49 Recce

