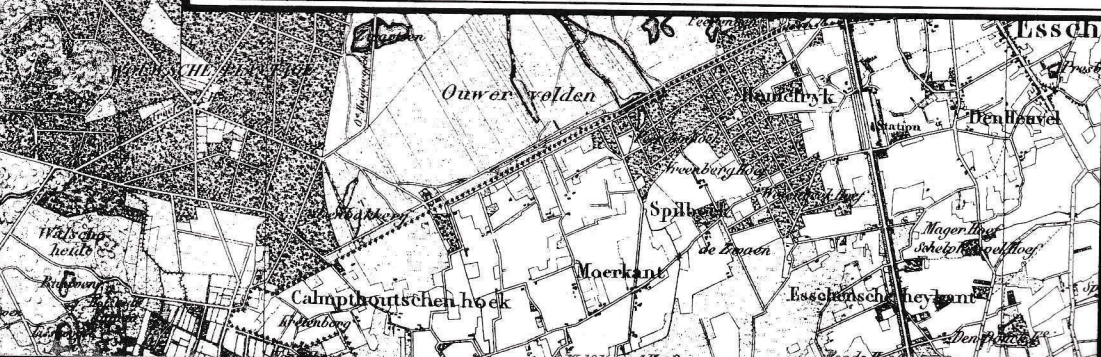




heemkunde kring
DE VIERSCHAER
WOUW

Wouw in de Tweede Wereldoorlog



Just Another Day

From Roosendaal to Doggen's Barn, that German missile flew.
It hit the lintel, spitting out it's deadly shrapnel spey.
Infantry men sleeping, their backs against the hay,
In that one flash were never more to see the light of day.
Lt. Probert lost a leg,
Mrs. Doggen wounded in the head,
Four RECCE men were also lost,
We had no time to count the cost.
Although so young, their race was run,
Each was some mother's precious son,
To us a comrade or a friend,
Too many friendships had to end.
Do bash on lads, another day,
The gamble's there, we all must play
And when the joker does appear,
Just thank the Lord that you're still here.

Rupert E. Dorgan

49 RECCE

