

Never Forget

Whistling a happy tune
Our brave young boy set off to war,
Not knowing what to expect
Hoping to win the war.

As soon as tomorrow
There will be no sorrow,
Bravely he stepped onto the battlefield.

As the smile was wiped of his face
Blood was shed all over the place,
Guns blasting very loudly
While the German soldiers stood proudly.

Torn from his family,
He suffered for many hours
And many days
Before he lay in his dark, solemn grave.

Every day a grave was added,
As the poppies grew, they were surrounded,
For their loss there is regret,
That is why we must never forget.

Gan Eowyn, Ela, Cara

