

Just To Say Thank You

The sun sets slowly over the stones

As it gives them a golden hue

So Many stones marking the bones

Of the veterans of World War Two.

Stones engraved with years too short

Yes, the years, by far, too few

Because the men who lie in these graves

Were willing to give them for you.

Has our generation forgotten

What these brave souls were willing to do

They fought and they died in most horrible ways

To secure this freedom for you.

Could our Nation master the spirit

To raise the red, white and blue

And offer the last full measure of life

Like those boys in World War Two.

Or would we run to lands far away

As you know, others did do,

Unwilling to fight, to do what is right

Like those heroes in World War Two.

They came in blue and khaki and white

To do what they had to do

To fight without flight, to stand up for right

Those soldiers of World War Two.

Have you stopped one to thank him

For the freedom he purchased for you

Have you ever considered, where you'd be today

If he hadn't followed through.

So slowly their numbers dwindle

Till now there are just a few

So take the time while you still have the chance

To thank a veteran of World War Two.

Elizabeth Tucker

This poem was written by 14 year old British girl

**Elizabeth Tucker from Hampshire, England and presented to
an 81 year old squadron leader at the 60th anniversary of the Battle Of Britain**