

## BLUE CLASS ENGLISH ACTIVITY – MAY 7<sup>TH</sup>, 2020

Hi Blue Class,

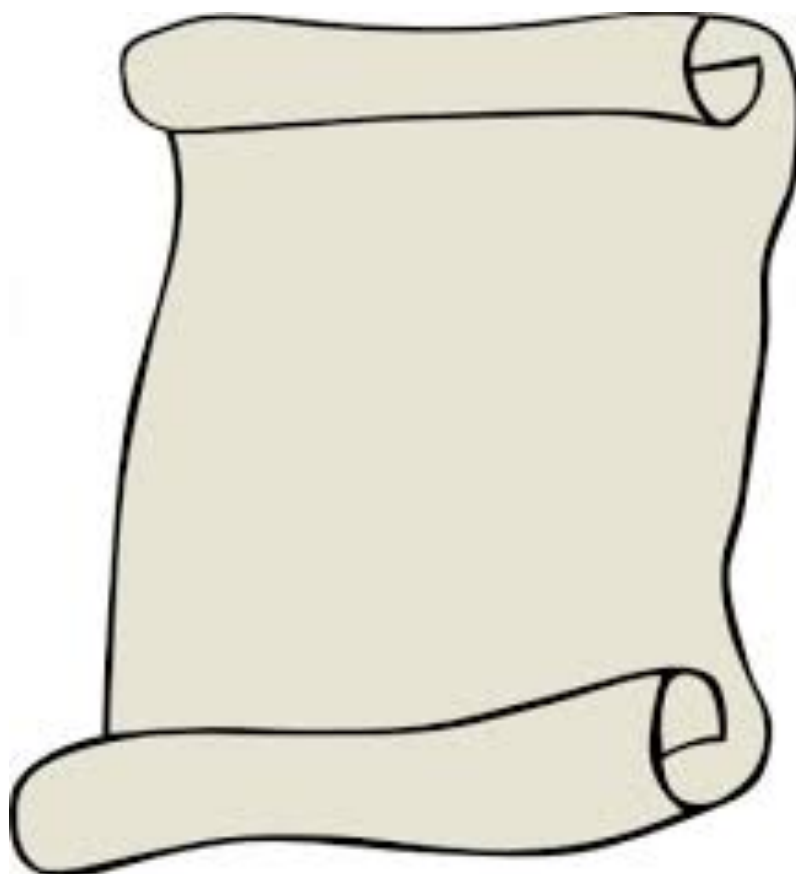
Hope you're all doing well.

Today's English activity is to write a poem about VE Day. You have a choice to write a rhyming poem or read the example poems below for some unique inspirations!

Don't forget to send your work to me for feedback!

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Mrs. Gifty 😊



## The Longest Day

Do not call me hero,  
When you see the medals that I wear,  
Medals maketh not the hero,  
They just prove that I was there.

Do not call me hero,  
Now that I am old and grey,  
I left a lad, returned a man,  
They stole my youth that day.

Do not call me hero,  
When we ran the wall of hail,  
The blood, the fears, the cries, the tears  
We left them where they fell.

Do not call me hero,  
Each night I stop and pray,  
For all the friends I knew and lost,  
I survived my longest day.

Do not call me hero,  
In the years that pass,  
For all the real true heroes,  
Have crosses, lined up on the grass.



## Forget Us Not

Forget us not,  
For we made our pledge for you,  
Gave Heart, and Mind, and Life,  
For peaceful times.



For us not,  
Our cause for England's sake,  
Look to those foreign fields,  
Upon our endless graves.



Look to the skies,  
To where the skylark sings in freedom's flight,  
Piercing with song,  
The tranquil morning light.



Look on, and think not of goodbyes,  
But with us pledge, that we, with thoughts of you,  
Gave body, hope for future years,  
Man's path would lead to right.



Forget us not,  
When thoughts of England flow,  
When in the fields  
The abundant poppies grow.

For life, gave life,  
As of the scattered seed,  
And this our sacrifice,  
In England's times of need.



## Memories of a 12-Year-Old Evacuee

The war is won. It's VE day.  
A wild excitement fills the air.  
Grown-ups busy, children play  
among the tables, standing there  
in roads bedecked with myriad flags  
and bunting hung across the street.  
Women dressed in their best 'rags'  
pile tables high with things to eat.

Men pull rafters from a bomb site,  
building a gigantic fire.  
Hitler, sitting very upright,  
waiting for his funeral pyre.  
Ernie plays the old 'joanna',  
favourite tunes that won the war.  
Any song for just a tanner;  
money goes to help the poor.

Beer and whisky flow like water,  
hoarded for this special day.  
Young men hang round Charlie's daughter,  
pretty as the flowers in May.  
Darkness falls, they light the fire.  
Flaming fingers reach the top.  
Adolph, sitting in a tyre,  
Burns until his head goes 'Pop'.

Dance and singing follow after.  
Okey cokey, Conga too.  
Food and drink and lots of laughter.  
Oh, it was a perfect do.

So our super day has ended,  
heads are aching, feet are sore.  
Still, at least they'll soon be mended;  
different from those hurt in war.  
Let us hope we never have to  
celebrate a VE day.

Be as one, just Europeans.

