

## VE Day

### Poem by Angela Wybrow

It was really the most brilliant day;  
It was 1945; it was the 8<sup>th</sup> of May;  
It is a date, forever remembered,  
As the day when Germany finally surrendered.

The war across Europe had come to an end:  
A war in which many had lost family or friend;  
It was a day of much celebration  
In towns and cities across many a nation.

Very soon after they had heard the great news,  
Communities came together and really let loose;  
Folk, they rejoiced: there was a great atmosphere,  
With many a pub running right out of beer.

Raucous revellers filled Trafalgar Square,  
Where hugs and kisses, with strangers, were shared.  
As, on the Palace balcony, King George appeared,  
The massed crowds below him chanted and cheered.

Soldiers and sailors were dancing the Conga:  
The line, which they formed, growing longer and longer;  
People danced in the streets and danced in the parks –  
They danced and they danced until way after dark.

From out of folks' windows, lights dared to glow,  
And many a gallon of cheap champagne flowed.  
A kaleidoscope of colour lit up the night –  
As did blazing bonfires, which were burning so bright.

People held parties right there in the street,  
With sweet and savoury dishes laid out to eat;  
There was Homity pie, and Corned Beef Hash,  
Bread with Beef Dripping, and Faggots with mash.

There were glory buns, Welsh cakes, and bread, spread with jam,  
Apple Brown Betty, Plum Charlotte, and even Prune flan;  
There were scones, carrot cookies, and eggless Fruit Cake,  
Rock buns, Jams tarts – all hastily baked.

The war had raged on for almost six years,  
And, during that time, it had caused terror and tears;  
It was a day of thanksgiving; a day of relief,  
But, for some, just another day of deep rooted grief.

The people of Europe are finally free,  
And many a face was shining with glee;

At the Western Front, the fighting had ceased,  
And, all throughout Europe, there was now, much welcome, peace.