1947

Black bodies digging, in a landscape of white.
Digging and digging, with all of their might.
Black bodies shivering, freezing and wet.
We'll beat this white stuff lads, we're not beaten yet!
Black gold is what they're after, we all call it coal.
That's the aim of these black bodies, to get to work, that's their goal.
They've dug a long hard road now, black against the white.
You've got to Desford Pit lads; you've gone and won the fight.
The freeze of 1947, it didn't stop your goal, you defeated all the elements, and carried on mining coal.





One tiny pebble, one very big beach.
One tiny child, one bucket and spade.
A few grains of sand, then a lot of grains more.
One tiny hand, digs and digs on,
Till the bucket is full, and a sandcastle made.

One big sand castle, on a very big beach,
One happy child,
Picks up that pebble,
His treasure to keep.



V.E. DAY.

No more fond farewells, no sad goodbyes.
No more happy welcomes, on my return.
No more blue skies, rain drops, rough seas.
No more hard lessons for me to learn.
No more scrambling, in an unknown land,
To reach an unfamiliar place.
No more wind in my hair, sand in my face.
No more comrades, with a joke to share.
They are all buried on some beach, I know not where.
No more smoke, no noise, no flame,
They are out there, to get us.
Men without name.
No more shouting, crying and pain.
Alas I am gone now, but you will remain.

