

Evacuee

By Daphne Bourne

Everyone waits anxiously for the dreaded news,
Hoping it won't happen, is every Christian's view,
For the world will be in turmoil, from the youngest to the old;
But now the waiting's over, the dreaded news is told.
'War is declared', I heard him say, and me a little lad,
I didn't realise then that day, that I would lose my Dad.
Off to war! He'll have to go, so that we'll all be free,
But then I'd never heard the word EVACUEE!
EVACUEE! EVACUEE! All of a sudden that was me,
What was happening, where would I go?
Leave my family? oh dear no!
But oh dear yes!, I'm afraid it's true.
Oh, such panic! What will I do?
I'm all dressed up in my Sunday best,
My new strong shoes and my woolly vest,
For I'm off to the country, I'm told it's fine,
But I'd sooner stay with this mother of mine.
I'm all dressed up with my label that reads,
Everything that explains my needs,
My name and address of the place I call home,
Why can't I stay there, why must I roam?
Into the lorry with others I'm loaded.
I was so sad, I nearly exploded.
This could be fun in a different way,
But this lorry doesn't thrill me today.
Off to the station and into the train, I'll never make it!
Oh what a strain, kissing my mother and waving goodbye'
Standing there seeing the tear in her eye.

I'm settling down now and enjoying the ride,
I still have my brothers here by my side.
Perhaps in the country we'll find someone who,
Will help us and feed us like Mum used to do.
I still wish I was with them, my Mum and my Dad,
For I'm still very frightened, I'm only a lad.
I've promised to be good in the country you see,
There are good homes waiting for my brothers and me.
But Mum's all alone now, how will she cope?
So sad and so lonely with nothing but hope,
For with Dad away and her sons now gone,
What can I do, but to soldier on?
She'll do her best, I know that for sure,
Then when it's all over, we'll be back once more.
Back together in the place I call home,
Hoping then that no more need I roam.