

## **Firework Night—November 1976**

It's Firework Night, the children yell;  
we, have filled our 'Guys'; our pockets swell;  
and Grandpa Long has had his say;  
we can stay up late, to watch the Display.

Halloween was a pure delight;  
scary masks + ghostly sights;  
'grown ups' smiled, at our 'trick or treat';  
pumpkin pie, and sweets to eat.

Our Dad sold fireworks in our shop;  
Bangers, rockets; we sold the lot!  
Catherine Wheels, and Screechers too;  
for our friends and neighbour's true.

The cricket ground, with stars so bright  
were hosts, that cold Firework Night;  
baked potatoes and hot dogs too;  
warmed our hands from turning blue.

Scaffolding supported the Display in Ranks;  
to simulate war, with Rockets and Tanks;  
that 'fired shells' in blue and red;  
coloured lights, in a sky that bled.

But what is this; is Grandpa ill,  
he's tumbled down, and looks so still;  
mumbling words, from an age now gone,  
of comrades fallen, at the Somme.

His look of dread, it tells a story;  
of forgotten dead, the lads all gory;  
the Mills Bombs, mustard gas; he wails;  
machine guns still blazing at Paschendale.

As rocket and tanks, start to spray;  
the fireworks have turned Grandpa grey;  
his limbs a quiver, in the sunset glow,  
as children yell, his last breath goes.

His Old Pals Army, were betrayed;  
by champagne generals, on parade;  
the brave lads slain on Flanders Field!  
Our kids eat pies, and do cart-wheels.

Grand Dad, was buried on a day remembered;  
for Queen and Country; a nation dismembered;  
as Bugles played, the Last Post ceased!  
No more War; we march for Peace.

But please don't call us cowards; fools,  
our kin are dead; we learn't those rules.  
Keep a 'stiff upper lip'; our leader's chimed;  
and that is why, all wars are crimes!

Remember, remember the 5<sup>th</sup> of November;  
when children laughed, but grandpa trembled;  
don't be deceived by the Firework's displayed;  
or more 'Guys', will die, for a War replayed!