

ODE TO TUMBLDOWN

It was the Guardsmen of the Crown
Who scaled the heights of Tumbledown,
And fought that night a bloody fight
To see victory by dawn's first light.
From crag to crag amongst the rock
They skirmished on, numbed by shock.
Through shell and mortar fire they moved,
Till at last the ground they'd proved.
Fort Stanley lay there - just ahead,
As they began to count their dead.
But where the glory, where the pride
Of those eight brave men who died?
They who made that lonely sacrifice
And through each death paid the total price.
In their final heroic act
Did surely speed the warring armies' pact.
Each one who there his life laid down,
Saved countless others from their own, unknown.
So those of you who live to talk,
Let your pride hover, as does the hawk,
And never let men these acts forget,
Nor the memory of our dead neglect.
But once returned across this vast sea
Remember then just what it was to be -
"A SCOTS GUARDSMAN"

20 JUNE 1982

Currently painted on the wall of the refrigeration plant at Ajax Bay alongside
a Memorial to 2 SCOTS GUARDS

Ode To Tumbeltdown.

It was a Guardsman of the Crown
Who scaled the heights of Tumbeltdown,
And fought that night a bloody fight
To see Victory by dawn's first light.
From crag to crag amongst the rock
They skirmished on, numbed by shock.
Through shell and mortar fire they moved,
Till at last the ground they'd proved.
Port Stanley lay there ~ just ahead
As they began to count their dead.

But where the glory, where the pride
Of those eight brave men who died?
They who made that lonely sacrifice
And through each death paid the total price.
In their final heroic act,
Did surely speed the warring armies part.
Each one who there his life laid down,
Saved countless others from their own, unknown.
So those of you who live to talk,
Let your pride hover as does the hawk,
And never let men these acts forget,
Nor the memory of our dead neglect.

But once return across this vast sea
Remember then just what it was to be
"A Scots Guardsman"

Ajax Bay: East Falkland.

20 June 1982
Stanley.

Currently painted on a wall of the Refrigeration plant at Ajax Bay
alongside a Memorial to 2 Scots Guards

The Nature of Things

Oh I have gazed with
wondrous eyes
Across this rugged land
And seen the splendour of
Sunrise
Bright upon the strand

I have seen the Red-tailed
hawk
Swoop from up on high.

And I have seen the weather
change

From warmth to angry skies
This land an ancient barren
place

Where nature's rules supreme
With wild sky and wilder winds
On hills and lochs and streams

This is hallowed land.

Unspoiled untamed and free
That is just how nature's things
Are always meant to be.

Don Holt. Aug. '82

The Nature of Things.

" Oh I have gazed with wonderous eyes
Across this rugged land
And seen the splendour of sunrise
Alight upon the strand.
I have seen the red-tailed hawk
Swoop from up on high.
And I have seen the weather change
From warmth to angry skies.
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Where nature rules supreme
With wild sky and wilder winds
On hills and lochs and streams.
This hallowed land
Unspoiled, untamed and free
That is just how nature's things
Are always meant to be."

Don Holt. Aug. 1982.
Stanley

THE LONG MARCH IS OVER
from Goose Green ~~and~~ SAN Carlos.
When the rain and the sleet tore
like wolves through the herd.
No more call us Argie or Brit,
We were soldiers,
Vanquished and victor are too easy said.

Soft now the wind blows
on Tumbledown Mountain.
Lonely the bird's cry o'er the field
of the slain.
They lie there at peace now,
Old foes on the mountain.
Sad mothers and lovers
weep dreams for the brave.

Softly as snow falls
Each dream on the mountain,
Faithful as prayer 'neath the
clean Southern sky,
And the high clouds of Heaven
arch over the Islands.
Play the pipes softly
where young heroes lie.

Gibson. 8/9/82.

at Gibson.

M/V Baltic Ferry. 11th Sept 1982

Dear Monsignor

Please excuse the bad typing. But perhaps you can appreciate
the sentiments expressed, ^{at} accept this copy. I finished it on
Our Lady's Birthday

The Long March is Over.

The long march is over
From Goose Green and San Carlos.
When the rain and the sleet tore
Like wolves through the herd.
No more call us Argie or Brit,
We were soldiers,
Vanquished and victor are too easy said.

Soft now the wind blows
On Tumbel-down mountain.
Lonely the bird's cry o'er the field
Of the slain.
They lie there at peace now,
Old foes on the mountain.
Sad Mothers and Lovers
Weep dreams for the brave.

Softly as snow falls
Each dream on the mountain,
Faithful as prayer 'neath the
Clean Southern sky,
And the high clouds of Heaven
Arch over the Islands.
Play the pipes softly
Where young heroes lie.

A. E. Gibson · 8'9'82
M.v. Baltic Ferry. 11th. Sept. 1982.

THE DIFFERENCE

I WOKE UP EARLY ONE MORNING,
AND RUSHED RIGHT INTO THE DAY.

I HAD SO MUCH TO ACCOMPLISH
THAT I DIDNT HAVE TIME TO PRAY
PROBLEMS JUST TUMBLED ABOUT ME.

AND HEAVIER CAME EACH TASK
"WHY DOESNT GOD HELP ME" I WONDERED
"HE ANSWERD" YOU DIDNT ASK"

I WANTED TO SEE JOY & BEAUTY
BUT THE DAY TOILED ON, GREY & BIEAK
I WONDERED WHY GOD DIDNT SHOW ME
HE SAID "BUT YOU DIDNT SEEK."

I TRIED TO COME INTO GODS PRESENCE

I USED ALL MY KEYS AT THE LOCK
GOD GENTLY & LONGINGLY CHIDED
MY CHILD, YOU DIDNT KNOCK

I WOKE UP EARLY THIS MORNING,
AND PAUSED BEFORE ENTERING THE DAY,

I HAD SO MUCH TO ACCOMPLISH
THAT I ~~HAD~~ HAD TO TAKE TIME TO PRAY.

The Difference.

I woke up early one morning
And rushed right into the day.
I had so much to accomplish
That I didn't have time to pray.
Problems just tumbled about me.
And heavier came each task.
"Why doesn't God help me" I wondered.
"He answered" "You didn't ask."
I wanted to see joy and beauty
But the day tilted on, grey and bleak
I wondered why God didn't show me.
He said "But you didn't seek."
I tried to come into God's presence
I used all my keys at the lock.
God gently and lovingly chided
My child you didn't knock.
I woke up early this morning
And paused before entering the day
I had so much to accomplish
That I had to take time to pray.

Anon.

Handed to Msgr. D. Spraggon : Stanley : 1982 '83.
from ship or shore.

FALKLANDS FACTOR

The Falklands, land of Baron Waste
A land ~~of~~ simple folk were time that
moves slowly and without haste.

WHERE

A land of hale wind snow and sleet,
covered in rock moss sand and peat.
A quiet bleak and lonely land,
~~were~~ the British fought to make a stand.

High on "Mount 'tumble' down" you can see
all around, what was in a fighting
soldiers mind, with the enemy at his front,
and the enemy behind.

AND
BUT

Was it worthwhile and was it justified, for
those who lived, and for those who died.
~~But~~ now the enemy have long since gone,
~~and~~ the memory will linger on.

A
STILL

WHERE

The FALKLANDS:
A land of hale wind snow and sleet,
covered in rock moss sand and peat,
a quiet bleak and lonely land,
~~were~~ the British fought and made a
stand, to keep and protect this precious
land.

B J BEAMONT RPC

The Prayer.

Be gentle with her, grey-haired Time,
Walk with slow pace;
Beat not with bitter blows
Against her face.

Be generous to her, O Life,
Fill her with laughter
That there be no sad memories
When Death comes after.

And thou, sad Death be chivalrous to her,
Come without pain;
Fall on her tender, smiling brow
Like summer rain.

P/O John G. Magee
R.A.F.
1922 - 1941.

MEMORANDUM

From: ~~Senior~~ Chaplain

To:



Anstin

John McCrae was a Colonel in the Canadian Army Medical Services. The poem was composed in a Battery dug out during the second Battle of Ypres in 1915. He died of wounds towards the end of the First War, and is buried at Wimereux, near Boulogne.

Robin

9 May 83.

In Flanders Fields

John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.