

'Twas on a cool September day,  
They did start to wend their way  
And as they started to emplane,  
Their thoughts flew back once again  
To bitter battles of the past  
When they had been within death's grasp.

And as the planes flew through the sky,  
They wondered who would be first to die -  
They thought of all their boyhood years,  
In an effort to drive away their fears  
And whether they were rich or poor,  
Their Mothers held their hearts secure.

Then Zero Hour came at last,  
They leapt into the slipstream blast -  
The gliders, too, went round and round  
Till they crash landed on the ground,  
This glorious spectacle lit by the sun  
Did strike terror in the heart of the Hun.

Thus, as they ended their airborne trip  
With the Hun they came to grips,  
Towards Arnhem Town they made their way  
Into the thick of the fray,  
Soon the fields were coloured red  
With blood flowing from the wounded and dead.

In Arnhem Streets the fighting was bitter,  
Bodies covered the Streets like litter,  
The din of battle was everywhere  
Mingled with "cries of despair",  
When "Whoa Mahomed" filled the air  
Those Jerries trembled with deep fear.

At Arnhem Bridge, a brave little band  
Made a gallant heroic stand,  
Aided by the gallant Dutch  
But the odds proved too much,  
Whilst on earth they have been in Hell  
We hope - "To Heaven" goes those that fell,  
So when you pray - remember them,  
Those "Angels of Arnhem".

Their deeds shall live in glory  
And take an honoured place  
In the pages of our history,  
In the fight for the human race  
Lest we forget SEPTEMBER, 1944.

Pat O'brian and Norrie Hill.

(Two of <sup>1</sup>Bde. Para's 3rd Parachute Bn. 1944).

(Written 1945).

*W. C. Hill* . . . . .