

-Evacuation Rap-



I wanna tell you a story about evacuation
I found myself at Shotton station.
Dressed in my best with my coat and tag
And a few little essentials in my bag.



Head to the country I heard the news say
Away from the bombs you'll be safer that way
So on to that train we eagerly got,
Travelling far to who knows what

We arrived at the station hungry and tired
My head was buzzing I felt I was wired
We all lined up and went down the lane
And that's when my heart began to cry in pain,

I didn't want to go to leave my mum,
I wish that soon this war could be won
A new home and family lay ahead
And here was the day that I now would dread.

Would they treat me nice
Would they be so kind
Will it be tidy
I guess I really don't mind



Off we marched to the village hall
And lined up miserably against the wall
The public came in to choose us well
I wanted to be first so my head would swell

The big boys looked strong and were first to go
Off to a farm I believe so
Some girls went to help with house cleaning
The hall was hot and the tea was steaming.

Slowly we left that holding room
I hope someone will choose me soon
I try to smile and to look keen
I don't look too hard and certainly not mean



Now we're down to the last remaining few
There certainly isn't a massive queue
I must be picked I tell myself
I don't want to be left on the shelf!

The door suddenly opened with a sorry I'm late
I smiled and he shouted "Come on then mate"
So I picked up my bag and my gas mask too
And we walked to his house I was out that queue.

The house was dark and old and grey
But it didn't seem to matter as at least I was away
I was shown to my room with a light and bed
Somewhere I could lay down my sleepy head

The smell of cooking came from the stove
Drifted up the stairs and up my nose!
Bacon was rationed that I knew
But it was certainly cooking or maybe a stew

I think I'll be alright I might like it here
I unpacked my things and felt a tear
Fall down my face as I thought of home
Would mum be safe all alone?

Each passing day came and went
The quiet of the country was different
From the noise of the bombing in the big City
We were all safe and needed no pity

The war went on would it ever end
Letters home I could send
But I thought of my family each of the days
Did upset me in many ways

Will this war ever end?
How many more bombs will Hitler send
Are we winning?
I just don't know
I'm just an evacuee you know!



-The End-