

My Father's Journeys

By Barbara Schiff

I write to you from Stettin
I'm glad you got away
I pray that all of us
May meet again some day

I'm safe for now in England
But I don't know how long for
I should be off to Shanghai
But maybe there'll be war

I've joined the British army
I think that I've done right
If evil can be overthrown
Then I know I must fight

We're fighting here in Belgium
I can't tell you just where
Like all soldiers there's danger
And hardships we must bear

I'm on leave in Manchester
With a girl who wrote to me
I think we'd have a future
In a world forever free

We marry in October
I wish you could be here
My sole regret is distance
From those that I hold dear

With one brother in the US
One in the Isle of Man
Our parents cruelly murdered
I'll do the best I can

We honeymooned in North Wales
A time of great delight
But now that time is over
And I've returned to fight

One event spoiled our joy
And almost made me cry
The police questioned me
They thought I was a spy

I never thought I would be
In Germany again
With an invading army
Witnessing their pain

I've seen so much destruction
Both sides had to bear
It's the British I admire now
But I try hard to be fair

The past has been all sorrow
Hardship, danger, pain
But I look now to the future
Life must start again

We've a daughter now called Barbara
Forgive me if I dote
I'm a British citizen now
Once again I've got the vote

There have been so many losses in my life.
But without them I'd not
Have my daughter or my wife.

I am one of the lucky
I think of all the slain
I pray that we shall never see
Such horrors come again

