

Whilst researching Operation Corporate I came across this poem. It was probably written by an "Islander" and to him/her all credit goes.

## THE BATTLE

The date, April 2nd, the year 1982, the day of the Argie invasion,  
Bravely they fought, just 84 men, to hamper the Junta's aggression,  
Our hero's surrender, inevitable defeat, in a land bleak and bare with no cover,  
Our brave lads are safe, the Islanders sigh, the Battle that they fought is over.

Carry on as before the Argies announce, then curfews, new laws to restrict us,  
Do as we tell you, or you'll be in jail, but we're not bloody Argies, we're British,  
Then Maggie tells us a Task Force we're sending, the Argentine Junta is sinning,  
Three cheers for Maggie, the Islanders cry, the Battle she fights is beginning.

The Task force has sailed we hear on the news, the parting, the pride, and the cheers,  
The might of the force will soon face her foes and show the whole world we are theirs,  
We sit and we listen with tears in our eyes, so many to come for so few,  
Steadily on Southwards, the Islanders wait, the Battle they'll fight is now due.

The Belgrano is sunk, the first blow to us, but we'd hoped the Argies would run,  
Then the Sheffield is hit, twenty men died, the war has surely begun,  
How can we thank the Mother and Wives, whose men died for our liberty,  
God Bless you all, each Islander weeps, for the battle he fought was for me.

The Task Force has landed the World Service said, they've a Bridgehead in San Carlos Bay,  
An unopposed landing, a tactic surprise, the British are now back to stay,  
But the death toll is rising, so many brave men, when will the killing end,  
We'll never forget, the Islanders pledge, the Battle they fought for their friends.

The fighting, continues, brave men in trenches, the Harrier Pilots, the Ships,  
Bomb Alley ablaze as Sky Hawkes in waves, fly in on their suicide trips,  
Out from the Bridgehead the armies advancing, the Union Jack flies to show where they've  
been,  
A grave on a hilltop, the Islanders mourn, after the battle they fought for Goose Green,

Fitzroy has now fallen and onto Bluff Cove, carnage, destruction and death,  
Grim, tired faces, they carry their wounded, and fifty men breathe their last breath,  
Ever determined, the men struggle onwards, Stanley is now in sight,  
Down in the town, the Islanders wait, the Battle has reached its last night.

On the mountains and hilltops the tired men stand, into Stanley the Argentines run,  
Then in the breeze, white flags flutter, for a price the Victory is won,  
Sorrow strains faces, they turn down the hills and seek the bodies of friend,  
While out of their shelters, the Islanders come, that Battle is now at an end.

We've picked up the pieces, we've buried the dead, but we still have to live with our fears,  
For in New York a battle is waiting, a torment that's lasted for years,  
British we are, British we'll stay, we want no negotiations,  
For we too have courage, and we too can fight, though our Battle is at the United Nations

Anon