

It was an invitation.  
An invitation to come  
"Help re-build the Mother country"  
It seemed like an opportunity  
Jobs for everyone  
A better future for our children  
Then home again  
Just a few years

We left the blue skies  
The sun, the sea, the light  
And then the shock  
The cold and damp  
The grey skies  
The cold stares  
The cold grey stares

The ship arrived on June 22nd 1948  
No band played a welcome  
492 hopefuls stepped ashore  
Hopefuls  
With our British passports in our hands  
We thought the journey had ended  
It was just beginning

We came for a few years  
We stayed a lifetime and more  
Hopefuls with our British passports in our hands  
They didn't think we were British  
And now our children know no other  
This is their home  
And ours

Poem reproduced with kind permission from Clare Lavery.