

## Coffee laced with rum

They laughed and chatted in anticipation  
Drinking their coffee laced with rum.  
A fine squadron of our great nation,  
Ready for the hardest battle to come!

Fine pilots took to the skies that night,  
The paratroopers asked no pardon.  
Ready to fall and ready to fight,  
At the campaign of market garden

Spirits that had been so high, were broken.  
As the machine gun fire cracked  
For some their last words had been spoken  
And their last war fight had been battled

So many brave men paid the ultimate price  
Polish, American, British and Dutch,  
The glider pilots ready to sacrifice  
We owe them so much

This battle will be remembered forever,  
Lest we forget those men everyone  
They took to the skies fearless together  
Drinking their coffee laced with rum.

By Cassie Hill