

VICTORY IN EUROPE DAY 8 th May 1945

April 2020

As we approach the 75th anniversary of VE Day the Trust has made a donation to the **Royal British Legion** in remembrance of the **13 Cobbolds** who lost their lives in WWII.

“Let us remember those who will not come back: their constancy and courage in battle, their sacrifice and endurance in the face of a merciless enemy...” **King George VI’s** speech broadcast on May 8th 1945



Poppies by Humphrey Cobbold

Corporal Albert George J Cobbold, The Queen’s Royal Regiment, 9th September 1943

Barbara Elizabeth Cobbold, Civilian War Dead, 8th December 1940

Private Christian Alston Cobbold, Royal Norfolk Regiment, 6th January 1941

Private Eric Donald Cobbold, The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment), 24th June 1944

Ernest Percival Cobbold, Civilian War Dead, 17th August 1940

Lieutenant Frederick Hardy Cobbold, Pioneer Corps, 9th August 1946

Trooper Frederick William Cobbold, Royal Tank Regiment, RAC, 22nd July 1942

Private George Albert Cobbold, Bedfordshire & Hertfordshire Regiment, 16th July 1943

Lieutenant Colonel John Murray Cobbold, Scots Guards, 18th June 1944

Peter Charles Victor Cobbold, Civilian War Dead, 1st September 1942

Lance Corporal Percy Leonard Cobbold, Corps of Military Police, 6th June 1944

Reginald Arthur Cobbold, Civilian War Dead, 10th October 1940

Major Robert Nevill Cobbold, Welsh Guards, 27th May 1944

For the Fallen

Poem by **Robert Laurence Binyon (1869-1943)** published in *The Times* 21st September 1943

*With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.*

*Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.*

*They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.*

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

*They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.*

*But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;*

*As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.*



D Day, 6th June 1944 by IWM



Laurence Binyon (1869-1943) by William Strang