

He was born in 1888 in Queen Victoria's reign

That saw the rise of Empire and the coming of the train

His father was an artist and died when he was five

His mother leaned upon the church so all six children thrived

*He was my mother's father and my hero made of gold*

*Though he died when I was just a lad, barely eight years old*

He earned prizes in exams for an insurance company

And in nineteen-ten decided to join the RNV

Fought at Ypres and worked on airships, lost friends on the R101

Got demobbed but had no job when the Great War was done

So he trained to be a farmer on the Hog's Back's hard dry slopes

And to feed his growing family worked hard with highest hopes

But in 1926 he stood and watched in helpless tears

As he burned the worthless harvest, the best he'd had in years

*Chorus*

The times were hard and many a farmer took his desp'rate life

Ken moved to a smaller dairy farm with his strong and faithful wife

Their children all gained scholarships but then came the Second War

His wife and landgirls ran the farm when he joined the Pioneer Corps

They moved to the heart of London when they had to leave the farm

Despite the Blitz and doodlebugs neither came to harm

They were working for two ministries and happy for a time

But Ken had to retire when only fifty-nine

*Chorus*

With a legacy they bought themselves a small house by the sea

Ken taught himself to sail and row – and then taught me

No car they had but a gaff-rigged sloop they sailed round the Isle of Wight

Then suddenly he was gone and the world changed overnight

I lost my hero much too young but I love him still the same

On our wall his watercolours hang in their golden frames

One of Cader Idris where his ashes are

Reminding me of what he was – my great KWR

*Chorus*