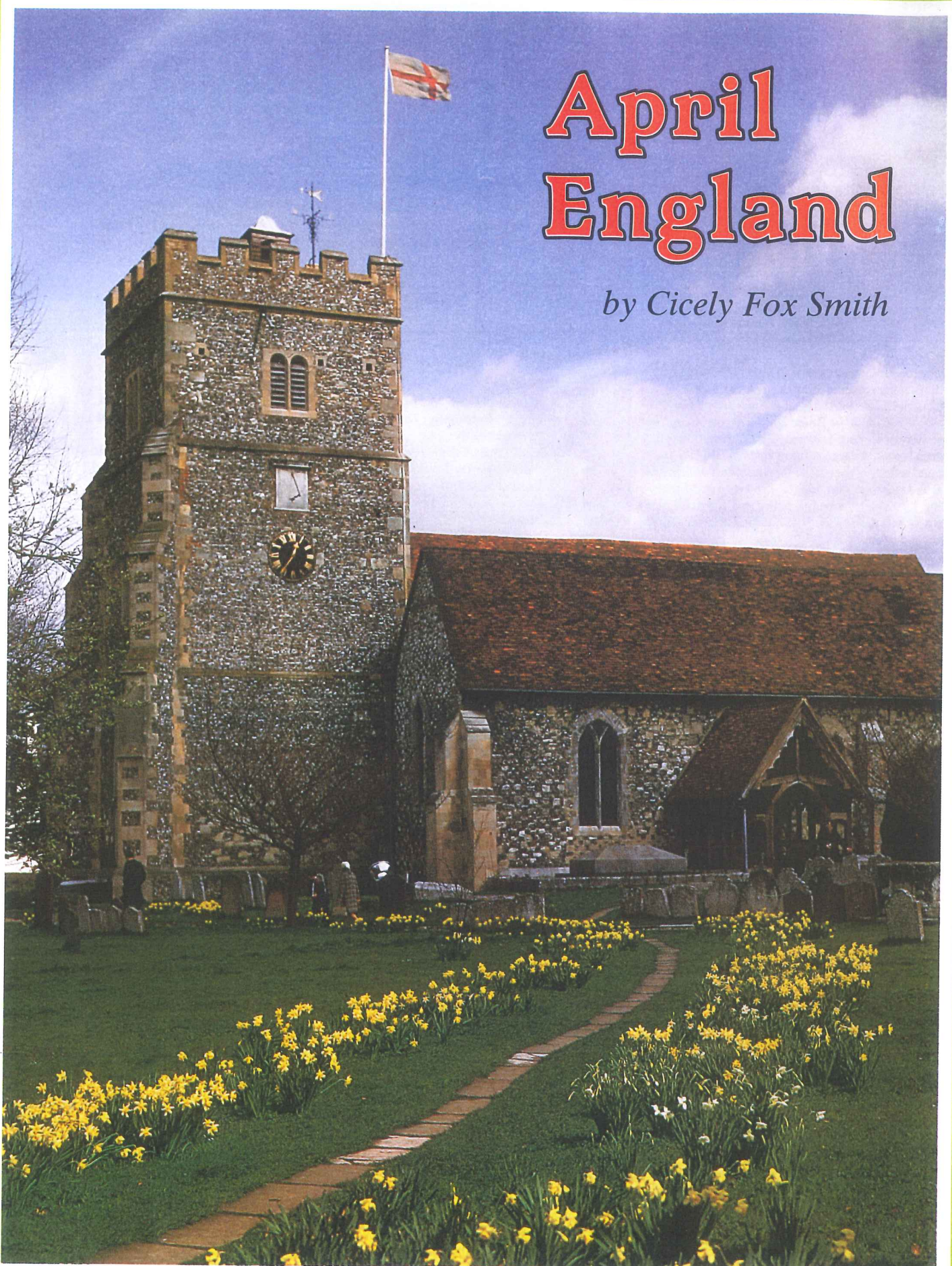


# April England

*by Cicely Fox Smith*



△The Red Cross of St. George — England's own flag — flies proudly over Cookham Church in Berkshire, amid the daffodils.

RAYMOND BALFOUR



Saint George he was a fighting man,  
as all the tales do tell;  
He fought a battle long ago,  
and fought it wondrous well;  
With his helmet and his hauberk  
and his good cross-hilted sword,  
Oh, he rode a-slaying dragons  
to the glory of the Lord.  
And when his time on earth was done  
he found he could not rest  
Where the year is always summer  
in the Islands of the Blest,  
So back he came to earth again  
to see what he could do,  
And they cradled him in England—  
In England, April England—  
Oh, they cradled him in England  
where the golden willows blew.



Saint George he was a fighting man  
and loved a fighting breed,  
And wherever England wants him now  
he's ready to serve her need;  
From Crecy Field to Neuve Chapelle,  
he's there with hand and sword,  
And he sailed with Drake from Devon  
to the glory of the Lord.  
His arm is strong to fight the wrong  
and break the tyrant's pride;  
He was there when Nelson triumphed,  
he was there when Gordon died;  
He sees his Red Cross ensign float  
on all the winds that blow,  
And oh! his heart's in England—  
In England, April England—  
Oh, his heart it turns to England,  
where the golden willows grow.



△Myriads of golden trumpets herald the return of Spring to the Vale of York — this is the village of Crayke, near Easingwold.

CLIFFORD ROBINSON



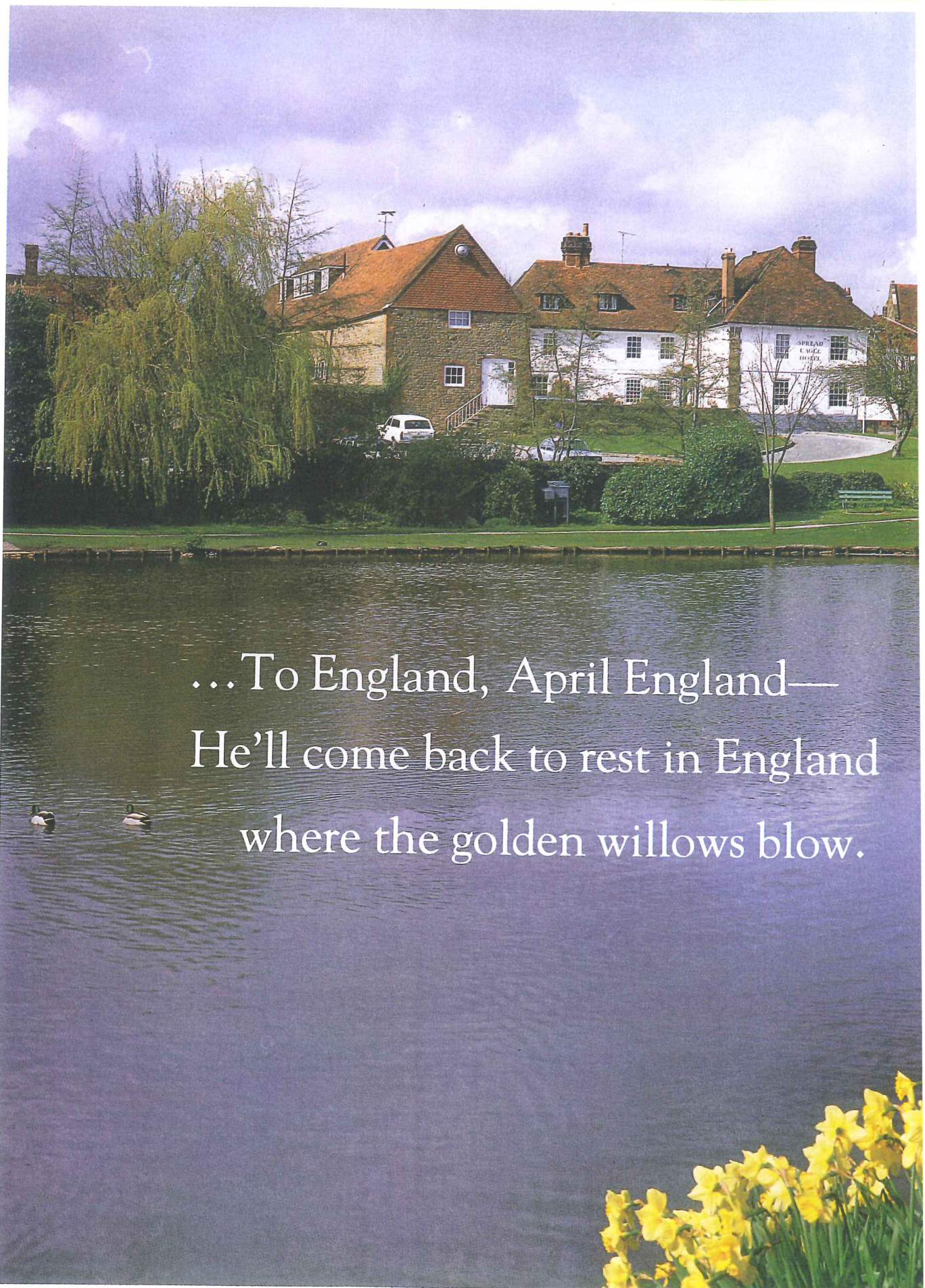
Saint George he was a fighting man,  
he's here and fighting still,  
While any wrong is yet to right  
or dragon yet to kill;  
And faith! he's finding work this day  
to suit his war-worn sword,  
Thwarting enemies of freedom,  
to the glory of the Lord!



△ Sheep with their growing lambs gambol amid the blossom trees near Chipping Campden in the Cotswolds.

RONALD GOODEARL

Saint George he is a fighting man,  
but when the fighting's past,  
And dead amidst the trampled fields,  
the fiercest and the last  
Of all the dragons earth has known  
beneath his feet lies low,  
Ah! his heart will turn to England...



...To England, April England—  
He'll come back to rest in England  
where the golden willows blow.