

## England's Pride

They left field, factory and farm

As they hoped to come to no harm

Smart in their uniform they stand

As they faced a hostile foreign land

Stomp, stomp they march to be free as they face a different enemy

The chirping, ringing sounds of battle fore told their destiny

They pick up their tears as they try to brake free

Although they see a different victory

This victory that stands alone

Is one to be faced in many a home.

**Lucy Chesters    Aged 10**