



Countdown Calendar

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1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23					

A Saint George's Day Poem

St George was out walking
 He met a dragon on a hill,
 It was wise and wonderful
 Too glorious to kill

It slept amongst the wild thyme
 Where the oxlips and violets grow
 Its skin was a luminous fire
 That made the English landscape glow

Its tears were England's crystal rivers
 Its breath the mist on England's moors
 Its larder was England's orchards,
 Its house was without doors

St George was in awe of it
 It was a thing apart
 He hid the sleeping dragon
 Inside every English heart

So on this day let's celebrate
 England's valleys full of light,
 The green fire of the landscape
 Lakes shivering with delight

Let's celebrate St George's Day,
 The dragon in repose;
 The brilliant lark ascending,
 The yew, the oak, the rose

