



Good morning, everyone!

Today's poem was written by George Santayana, a Spanish-born American philosopher regarded as one of the most important thinkers of the first half of the 20th century.

GEORGE SANTAYANA (1863-1952)

**On a Piece of Tapestry**

Hold high the woof, dear friends, that we may see  
The cunning mixture of its colours rare.  
Nothing in nature purposely is fair,—  
Her beauties in their freedom disagree;  
But here all vivid dyes that garish be,  
To that tint mellowed which the sense will bear,  
Glow, and not wound the eye that, resting there,  
Lingers to feed its gentle ecstasy.  
Crimson and purple and all hues of wine,  
Saffron and russet, brown and sober green  
Are rich the shadowy depths of blue between;  
While silver threads with golden intertwine,  
To catch the glimmer of a fickle sheen,—  
All the long labour of some captive queen.

**Music**

This lovely piece - the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana by Mascagni - comes recommended by one of our English teachers.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9sw9efeUJng>

**Fitness Challenge**

Can you sit down crossed-legged on the floor and then stand up again *from that position* without putting your hands or any other body part on the floor? It is meant to be a good indicator of your flexibility and young people *should* find this easier than adults!