



# A Poem for your Club

## Rise like an Eagle

Gazing through the smog of history  
there's a name that's getting hazier  
we were born of sandman dreams  
we used to be The Glaziers.

From a Victorian palace of iron and glass  
long gone to fire and smoke  
arises not a phoenix – but the Eagle  
from broken windows: soaring hope.

From Sydenham Hill to Selhurst Park  
in Croydon is this Eagle's nest  
the jewel in South London's crown  
this steel and concrete fortress.

Men and women grace this pitch  
the players in the Palace grounds  
Kings and Queens who rule this land  
where rival houses bow down.

Compared to the Lions, we are braver  
and the Addicks are far less regal  
though the fiercest fight takes to the skies  
or down the A23 against the Seagulls.

But back home this club is a heartbeat  
a lifeline pumping out opportunities  
with care for the streets in which this club lives  
that deep love for our local communities.

Improving lives through football on and off the pitch  
every generation pulling the next one up  
that's the legacy of the club and Palace for Life Foundation  
though not to brag, but: we also won the FA Cup.

We are a red and blue army that's Glad All Over  
the pride of South London's people  
we have history, we embrace the present, we fly to the future  
we are Crystal Palace: we are The Eagles.

**By Dan Simpson**  
**Inspired by fans**



Supported using public funding by  
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