

DRAGONSNORE

A Dragon dwelt in a mountain cave,
And when he came out there was none so brave,
As did not quiver and did not quail,
At his fifty-two feet from head to tail.

When the Dragon soared, our knees would quake
When the Dragon roared, we'd shiver and shake!
His breath was flame and his knife-blade claws
Were matched by the sword-teeth in his jaws.

Now he'd stay in his cave for a year and a day,
While we'd all hope that he'd stay away!
But he'd always come out and seize a sheep
And swallow it whole, and go back to sleep.

He'd slurp a sheep,
And fall asleep,
That terrible scary -
Better be wary! -
Dragon would seize our sheep.
His eyes would roll
As he swallowed it whole,
Then he'd leave for a year-long sleep.

There was a lass and her laddie true,
Who said, "This robbery just won't do!"
They gathered the weed that makes things sleep,
And they stuffed it into the skin of a sheep.

They put the skinful of sleeping weed
Where the Dragon usually came to feed.
"If the Dragon turns up his nose at it,
He's sure to go into a frightful fit!"

The farmers hurried to hide their flocks
In a pen all covered with chains and locks.
We hid and heard the Dragon roar,
Then the roar turned into a snarling snore!

We heard a roar
And a snarling snore
He'd swallowed the skin
With the sleep weed in
And snored forever more.
Yes, the Dragon went, "hffff!"
And the Dragon went, "pffff!"
And he snores forever more,
(we hope)
He snores forever more.

Anne of Briar Ditch