



St George and the dragon

St. George

Who was St. George and how did he become patron saint of England?

Read the text. Put the verbs in parenthesis in the past simple tense. Then answer the questions.

St. George is the patron saint of England. His emblem, a red cross on a white background, is the flag of England. During the Crusade wars the English King's soldiers _____ 1.(wear) it on their tunics to avoid confusion in battle. Saint George is popularly identified with England and English ideals of honour, bravery and gallantry, but actually he _____ 2.(not be) English at all.

St. George is believed to have been born in Cappadocia (now Eastern Turkey) in the year A.D. 270. He _____ 3.(be) a Christian. At the age of seventeen he _____ 4.(join) the Roman army and soon _____ 5.(become) renowned for his bravery. He _____ 6.(serve) under a pagan Emperor but never _____ 7.(forget) his Christian faith.

When the pagan Emperor Diocletian _____ 8.(start) persecuting Christians, St. George _____ 9.(plead) with him to spare their lives. However, St. George's pleas _____ 10.(fall) on deaf ears and it is thought that the Emperor Diocletian _____ 11.(try) to make St. George deny his faith in Christ, by torturing him. St George _____ 12.(show) incredible courage and faith and _____ 13.(be) finally beheaded near Lydda in Palestine on 23 April, 303.

In 1222, the Council of Oxford _____ 14.(declare) April 23 to be St George's Day and he _____ 15.(replace) Edward the Confessor as England's patron saint in the 14th century. In 1415, April 23 was made a national feast day. St George is patron saint not only of England but also of Aragon, Catalonia, Georgia, Lithuania, Palestine and Portugal amongst others, although he is celebrated on different days.

The most famous legend of Saint George is of him slaying a dragon. In the Middle Ages the dragon _____ 16.(be) commonly used to represent the Devil. It is likely that the many stories connected with St George's name are fictitious.

1. In the Middle Ages what did the dragon often signify?
2. Where and when was St. George born?
3. What was George's job?
4. Why did George get very angry with the Roman Emperor?
5. What religious beliefs did St. George follow?
6. Why was George tortured and beheaded in Palestine?

The Legend of St. George and the Dragon

Read the story. Put the paragraphs in the right order.

St. George travelled for many months by land and sea until he came to Lydda. Here he met an old man who told him that everyone in that land was frightened of a dragon.

The dragon's scales were so hard that the spear broke and George fell from his horse. Fortunately he rolled under an enchanted orange tree. The dragon tried to kill George with his poisonous breath but the magic orange tree protected him. Within a few minutes George recovered his strength and was able to fight again.

A

When St. George heard this story, he was determined to try and save the princess, so he rested that night at the old man's house and at daybreak set out to the valley where the dragon lived. When he was near he saw a beautiful girl dressed in pure Arabian silk. She was Princess Sabra being led by her attendants to the place of death. The knight spurred his horse and overtook the ladies. He comforted them with brave words and persuaded the princess to return to the palace.

B

As soon as the dragon saw George it rushed from its cave, roaring with a sound louder than thunder. Its head was immense and its tail fifty feet long. But George was not afraid. He struck the monster with his spear, hoping he would wound it.

C

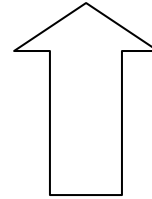
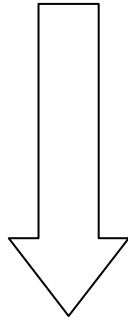
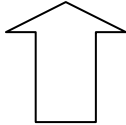
Then with his sword in his hand, he rushed at the dragon and pierced it under the wing where the dragon had no scales. The dragon did not die immediately and George allowed the princess to lead it back to the castle by a rope, like a pet dog, and then he killed the dragon in front of all the people.

D

'Every day,' said the old man, 'the dragon demands the sacrifice of a beautiful maiden and now all the young girls have been killed. The king's daughter alone remains, and unless we can find a knight who can slay the dragon she will be sacrificed tomorrow. The king of Egypt will give his daughter in marriage to the champion who overcomes this terrible monster.'

E

Here you have some pictures which illustrate three different moments in the legend. Read the story again and write the letter of the paragraph next to the photograph.



Illustrating the legend

You will be assigned a paragraph. Draw a maximum of three pictures to illustrate it.

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Write a summary of the legend:

St. George and the Dragon



Read the Legend of '**St. George and the Dragon**' carefully and then answer the following questions in full sentences.

- 1) In your opinion, what are the features of a legend?
- 2) What was the Dragon fed to keep it happy?
- 3) What happened when all the young girls in the land were fed to the dragon?
- 4) What did the King decide to do to avoid the death of his daughter?
- 5) How do you think the people of the kingdom felt about this solution?
- 6) Why was it hard for St. George to kill the dragon at first?
- 7) What is the magical element in this legend?
- 8) Where did St. George kill the dragon?
- 9) What did you like and dislike about this legend?
- 10) In what way is it different from the legend in Catalonia?

St George and the Dragon in Art

The two following paintings are two versions of the legend by Paolo Uccello. They have been arranged in chronological order for you. Search the web and fill in the missing information in the fact files.



A



B

PICTURE A

Title	
Location (museum)	
Year	
Dimensions	

PICTURE B

Title	
Location (museum)	
Year	
Dimensions	

Search the web and complete the fact file about Paolo Uccello.

Artistic name		Paolo Uccello	
Birth name			
Born		Died	
Nationality			
Field			
Movement			
Works			

What does "ucello" mean in Italian and why was he nicknamed "Uccello"?

Look at the paintings and find the following elements in them.

- | | | | |
|------------------|--------------|---------------|---------------------|
| a) A cave/cavern | b) a castle | c) fields | d) the princess |
| e) the knight | f) the horse | g) the armour | h) the shield |
| i) the lance | j) a leash | k) a girdle | l) the tail |
| m) the wings | n) blood | o) the moon | p) clouds |
| q) whirlwind | r) fangs | s) clouds | t) red cross tabard |

Look at the paintings and answer the following questions:

1. What time of the day is it? How do you know?
2. What are the dominant colours in each picture?
3. What is the princess doing in picture A? And in B?
4. Which picture looks more real? Why?
5. Do you think the pictures illustrate the legend well? Why/why not?
6. What would you add? What would you take out?
7. Write a short paragraph comparing the two pictures and state your opinion at the end of it.

On Saint George's, a rose and a book

This tradition, which combines religion with the rose as a symbol of love and the book as a symbol of culture, has turned the 23rd of April into the fondest, most shared and celebrated day for all Catalans.

Saint George in Catalonia

Historical evidence of the devotion to Saint George (*Sant Jordi*) in the Catalan territory dates back to the 8th century: documents of that period mention a priest from Tarragona, whose name was *Jordi*, who escaped to Italy. Already in the 10th century, a bishop from Vic bore the name of *Jordi* as his first name, and in the 11th century abbot Oliba consecrated an altar dedicated to the saint in the monastery of Ripoll. Samples of the cult to *Sant Jordi* are found, in that period, in the consecration of chapels, altars and churches in several places of the country.

The Catalan kings showed their devotion to Saint George: in his *Crònica*, *Jaume I* (James I) writes that the saint was seen helping the Catalans in their conquest of the city of Mallorca; *Pere el Ceremoniós* (Peter the Ceremonious) created an order of knights under his cult, and *Alfons el Magnànim* (Alfonso the Magnanimous) dedicated chapels to the saint in his kingdoms of Sardinia and Naples.

The monarchs and the Government of Catalonia fostered the celebration of Saint George's day in all the Catalan countries. In Valencia, it was already a popular event in 1343; in 1407, Mallorca publicly celebrated the day. In 1436, the Government of Catalonia proposed the Catalan Courts, which had gathered in Montsó, the official and compulsory celebration of Saint George; in 1456, the Catalan Courts, gathered in the Cathedral of Barcelona, created a constitution establishing the festivity, which was included in the code of the constitutions of Catalonia.

The remodelling works carried out on the building hosting the Government of Catalonia during the 15th century are the clearest example of devotion encouraged by the Catalan Government: the medallion of the Saint was placed in order to preside the gothic façade and a chapel to his name was built within.

Sant Jordi: Day of the book and the rose

It is very difficult to set a date to establish the beginning of the popular Catalan tradition consisting of offering roses on Sant Jordi's day. It has to be a very ancient one, since there is evidence of the celebration of the Roses Fair on the occasion of Sant Jordi's day since the 15th century. This very fact tries to explain the link existing between the popular tradition and the symbolism of courtly love represented by the rose. However, beyond, all possible theories that might justify a tradition, the most important thing is that it has



remained alive, and that it is an unmistakable symbol of Catalonia.

In 1926 Spain established the 23rd of April as the Day of the Book because this date coincided with that of Cervantes' death; this fact annoyed England, which already celebrated the very same day for being that of Shakespeare's death.



The celebration took quickly root in Barcelona and it was expanded in Catalonia, but the official purpose was gradually lost, as it coincided with the saint patron's day. While in other places the festivity survived only vaguely or disappeared, in Catalonia it became one of the most celebrated popular events, and, indirectly, it helped to encourage the diffusion and sale of Catalan books. And so, in Catalonia

the 23rd of April is Sant Jordi's day, the day of the rose and the book: the day of the Saint Patron, of love and culture. All in all, it is a day of civic virtue, of culture and respect among all those who live in Catalonia and, therefore, among all the individuals and the cultures of the world.

23rd of April: International Day of Book and Copyright

On the 15th of November 1995, the UNESCO general Convention, held in Paris, considering that books had historically been the most powerful tool for the diffusion of knowledge, that all initiatives promoting the diffusion of books were factors of cultural growth, that one of the most efficient ways of promoting books was that of annually organising a "day of the book", and recognising that this initiative had not as yet been taken at an international level, declared the 23rd of April "International Day of Book and Copyright".

Write a summary of the text:

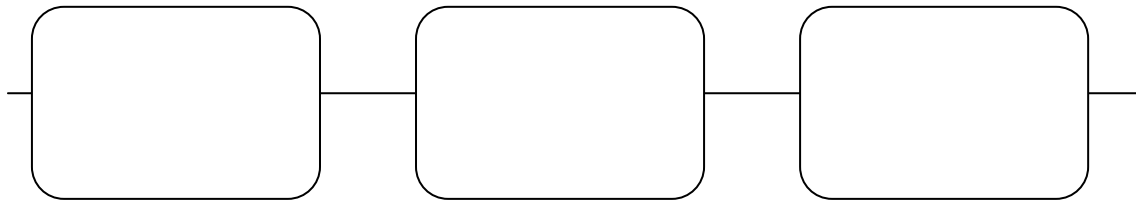
A. Read the text and answer the followings questions:

Who...

When...? / Where...?

- | | | |
|---|-------|-------|
| 1. ...escaped to Italy? | _____ | _____ |
| 2. ...bore the name of Jordi as his first name? | _____ | _____ |
| 3. ... consecrated an altar dedicated to the saint? | _____ | _____ |
| 4. ... showed their devotion to Saint George? | _____ | _____ |
| 5. ... writes that the saint was seen helping the Catalans? | _____ | _____ |
| 6. ... created an order of knights under his cult? | _____ | _____ |
| 7. ... dedicated chapels to the saint? | _____ | _____ |
| 8. ... fostered the celebration of Saint George's day? | _____ | _____ |

B. Complete the timeline with the years and the places where Saint George's day was celebrated.



C. When and where was St. George's day established as a festivity in all the Catalan territories?

D. What are the two clear examples of devotion of the Catalan government to St. George?

E. Are the sentences true or false? Correct the false ones.

1. In the 15th century there was a Roses Fair on St. George's day.
2. The rose is a symbol of courtly love and of Catalonia.
3. April 23rd was established as "the Day of the Book" in Spain but not in Catalonia.
4. Cervantes and Shakespeare were born on the same day.
5. The British were happy that Spain established the 23rd of April as "the Day of the Book".
5. The Day of the Book helped increase the sale of books written in Catalan.
6. The UNESCO declared the 23rd of April "International Day of the Book" at the end of last century.

F. Make a list of the reasons why the UNESCO declared the 23rd of April "International Day of the Book and Copyright"

CREATIVE TASK: CALLIGRAMS

A calligram is a poem, a phrase or a word that is arranged in a design that creates an image or a visual representation of the subject of the text. In essence, it is a combination of poetry and visual art. Throughout history, calligrams have been a part of many cultures and civilizations as a way for artists to express themselves.

A calligram uses letters as a means of creating different designs. These designs generally are abstract, geometric representations of different ideas discussed in the text itself. One of the most famous examples of a calligram is encompassed within the work of the French poet Guillaume Apollinaire. He wrote a series of calligram poems that made him and this form of word art famous all over the world. The volume containing those poems was named *Calligrammes*. His poem that mimics the shape of the Eiffel Tower probably is one of his most popular calligrams.

Concrete poetry, also known as visual poetry, is a



form of art and literature derived from Apollinaire's calligrams. The arrangement of the words and the visual aspect of the poem are just as important as the content. Also, the visual form of the poem can be related to the other elements of the poem, including the meaning of the words, the rhyme or the rhythm.

The art of calligrams has become popular as technology and the Internet have made it possible for almost anyone to create and share calligrams with the world. This art form also has evolved with the modern ways of communicating, and calligrams can be seen on a variety of websites, blogs, forums and online art galleries. Enthusiasts can find calligrams that have been graphically designed with different colours, characters and even animation. Technology has made it possible for individuals to artistically express themselves in a variety of ways through calligrams.

This is an example of text shapes made using a web application: tagxedo

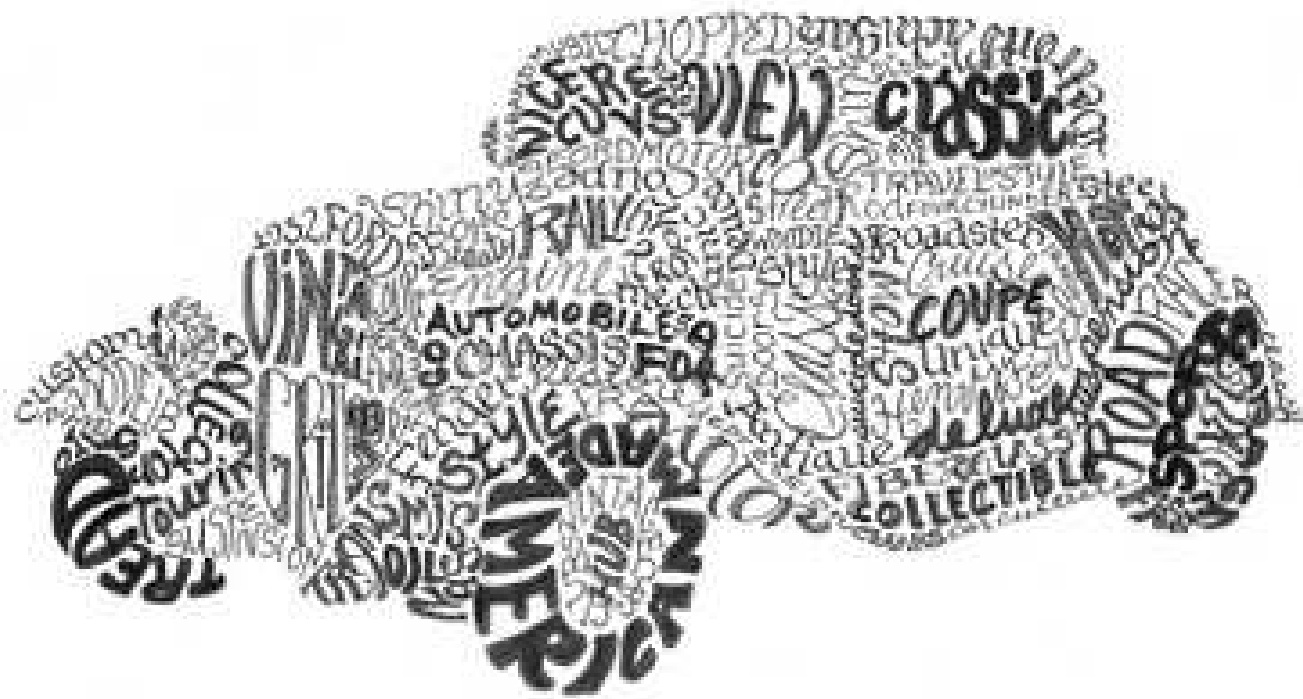


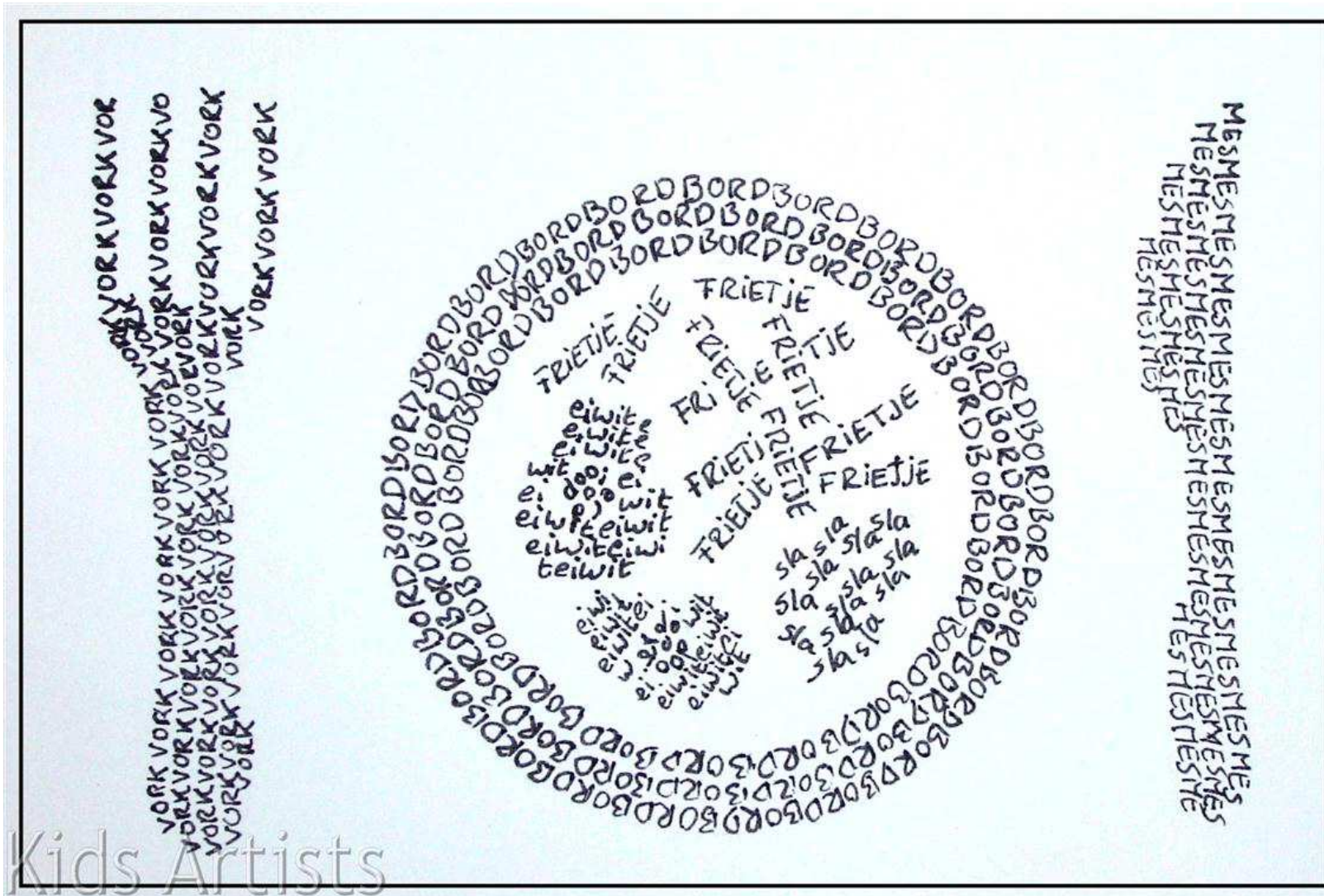
Now, choose a template and using either the summary of the legend or the text about the rose and book tradition, make your own calligram. If you prefer, you can search the web to find a poem which suits the chosen shape.

These are some examples of calligrams:



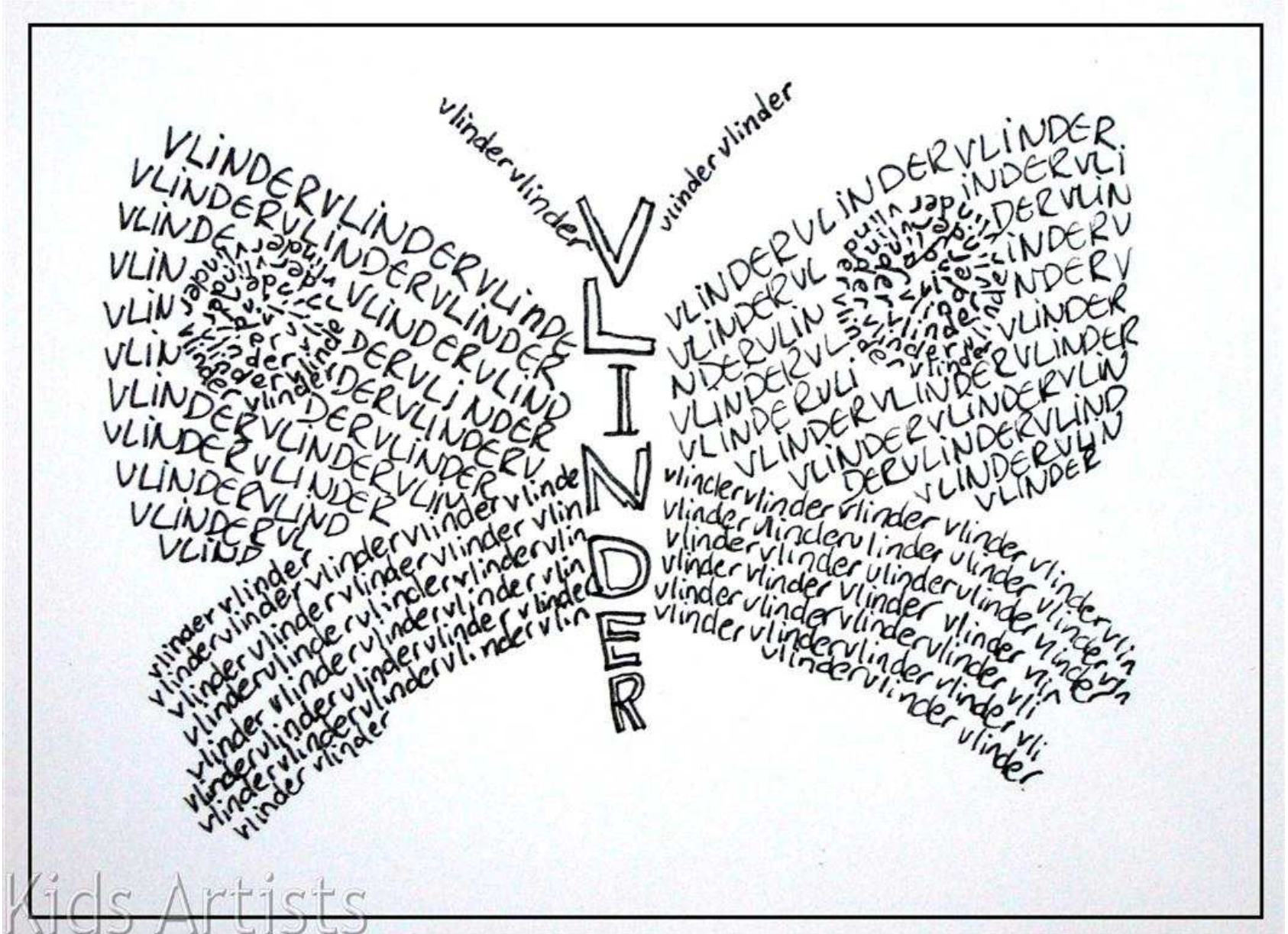








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Kids Artists

Origami Bookmark with Roses

Instructions for Origami Bookmark

Folding Instructions

(Remember to work on a solid surface and always crease each fold sharply with your fingernail.)

1. After you have printed out the bookmark, cut along the outer dashed lines. You will then have a square of paper with the bookmark in the center.

2. With the image facing you, fold the paper down along all four diagonal dashed lines. The tips of each corner should all meet in the center of the back of the bookmark. You should now have a diamond shaped piece of paper with the bookmark in the center on the outside.

3. Holding the folded paper with the image facing you, carefully fold down along the long sides of the bookmark being sure that you are folding along the outside edges of the border away from the image. Unfold each one after you're done.

4. Place the bookmark image side down. You will see four dashed lines ... one where you have folded along the long sides of the Bookmark and one further out toward the point of the diamond shape on each side. Fold up along each outer dashed line. You will notice that the tip reaches the center of the bookmark on the back.

5. Now you will see another dashed line on each triangle shape you just folded up. Fold back along this line in the opposite direction of the previous fold.

6. The folding is now done and you are going to tuck in the triangle points to complete the bookmark. Pick up what was the top and bottom edges of the original square you cut out. (They are folded to the middle of the Bookmark.) Unfold and then refold the dashed line folds tucking them under these edges.

The front of the bookmark should look like this.



The back of the bookmark should look like this.



Print, fold, enjoy!



ROSE BOOKMARKS



You'll need:

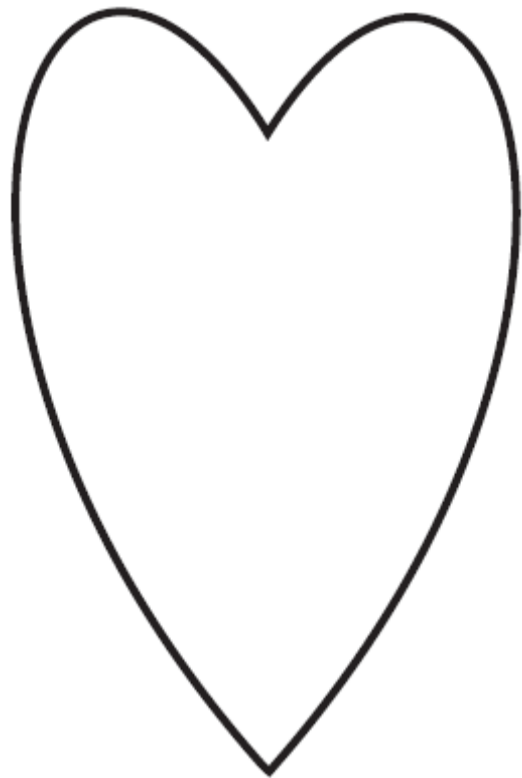
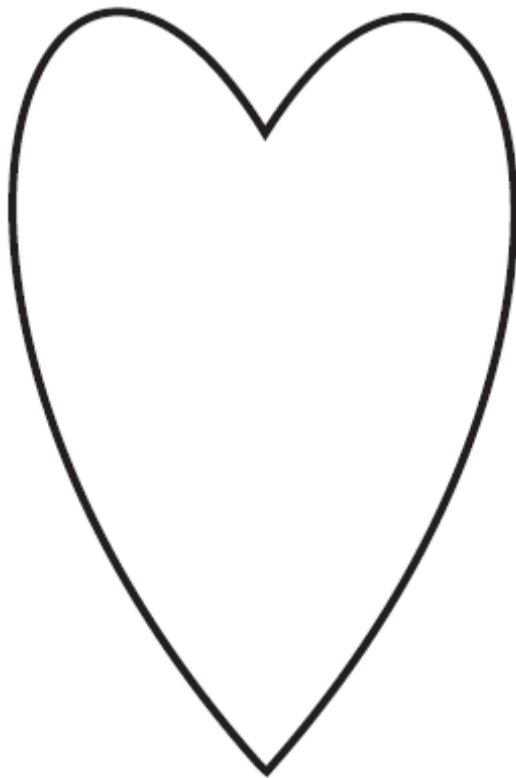
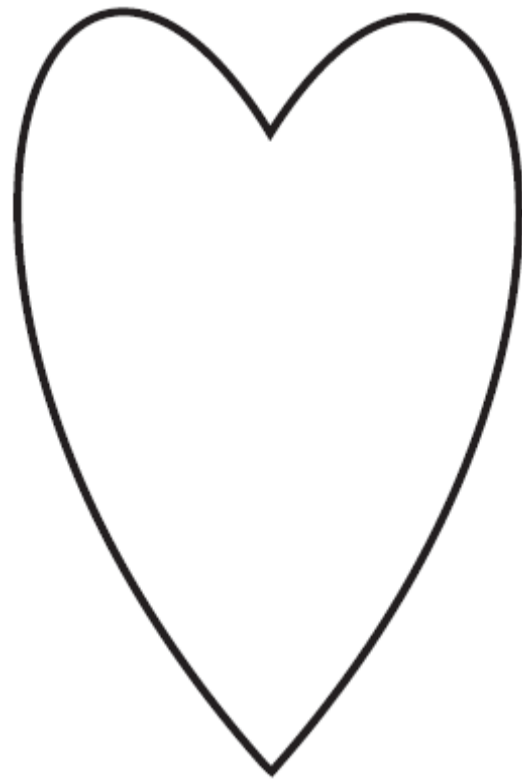
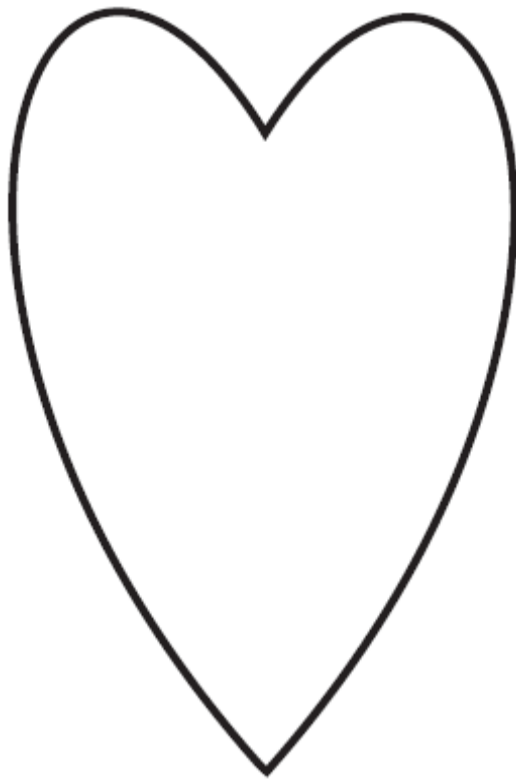
- ♥ Heart template
- ♥ Scrapbook paper
- ♥ Glue dots
- ♥ Wooden food sticks
- ♥ Green ribbon
- ♥ Green crepe paper

Instructions:

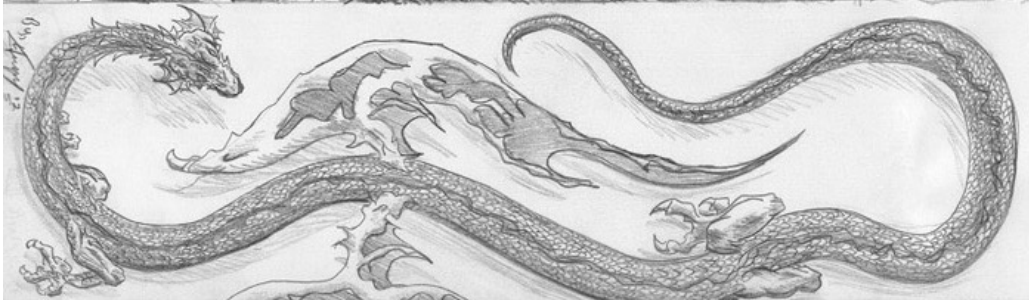
1. For each rose, cut out four hearts from scrapbook paper.
2. Wrap a wooden food stick with green crepe paper.
3. Turn one of the hearts upside down to resemble one of the center petals of a rose bud, and use a glue dot to stick the green wood food stick stem in place, as shown. Place a second heart on top of the first, matching up all the edges and pressing down firmly to adhere it to the glue dot. Use your fingertips to curl the tips of the hearts.
4. Fold each of the remaining two hearts in half vertically. Fold back the rounded sides of the hearts, as shown, and then fold down the tips.
5. Sandwich the sides of the center petals between the folded hearts, using glue dots to hold them in place.
6. Tie the ribbon making a lace.



Extra idea: Instead of using scrapbook paper you can use white paper and you can decorate it as you please. You can even write a short poem in red ink so that it can be read as well as adding colour to the petals.



DRAGON BOOKMARKS



Extra ideas: Choose the bookmark you like best, cut it out, write a poem about a dragon or St. George's legend at the back and finally laminate it. You can even make a small hole and put a piece of ribbon through it.

How to Make a Ribbon Rose



Ribbon roses are quite easy to make and look lovely as decorations on gift packages or to decorate on special occasions. You can make them with ribbon or fabric, and they can be large or very small. Make individual roses or leave a length of ribbon at the end to use as ties.

The pictures below show the front and back of one piece of ribbon. If you wish, you can use a multi-coloured ribbon for a unique effect. The length and width of ribbon will determine how large or small and how full your rose will be. Experiment with a shorter piece to begin.

Steps to Follow

Follow the illustrated steps to make a ribbon rose.

1.



Lay your ribbon straight.
Fold the bottom half of the ribbon up and to the right diagonally at the middle.

2.

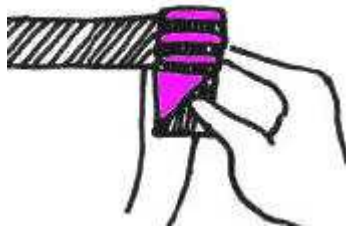


Fold the bottom right side of the ribbon around the back so that it is now on the left side.

3.



Fold the top over the back.
The triangle is the centre of the rose.
Continue to fold first one side, then the other, to the back.



4.

The folded ribbon will look like an accordion when you are done.

5.



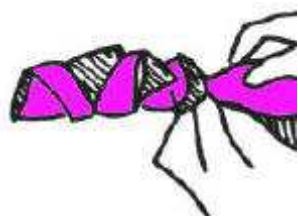
Hold the ends of the bottom of the ribbon firmly.

6.



Let go of the folded ribbon.

7.



Begin pulling gently on one ribbon end, holding the remaining folded part carefully.

8.



When you can't pull any more, you will have a rose.
Tie off the ends.

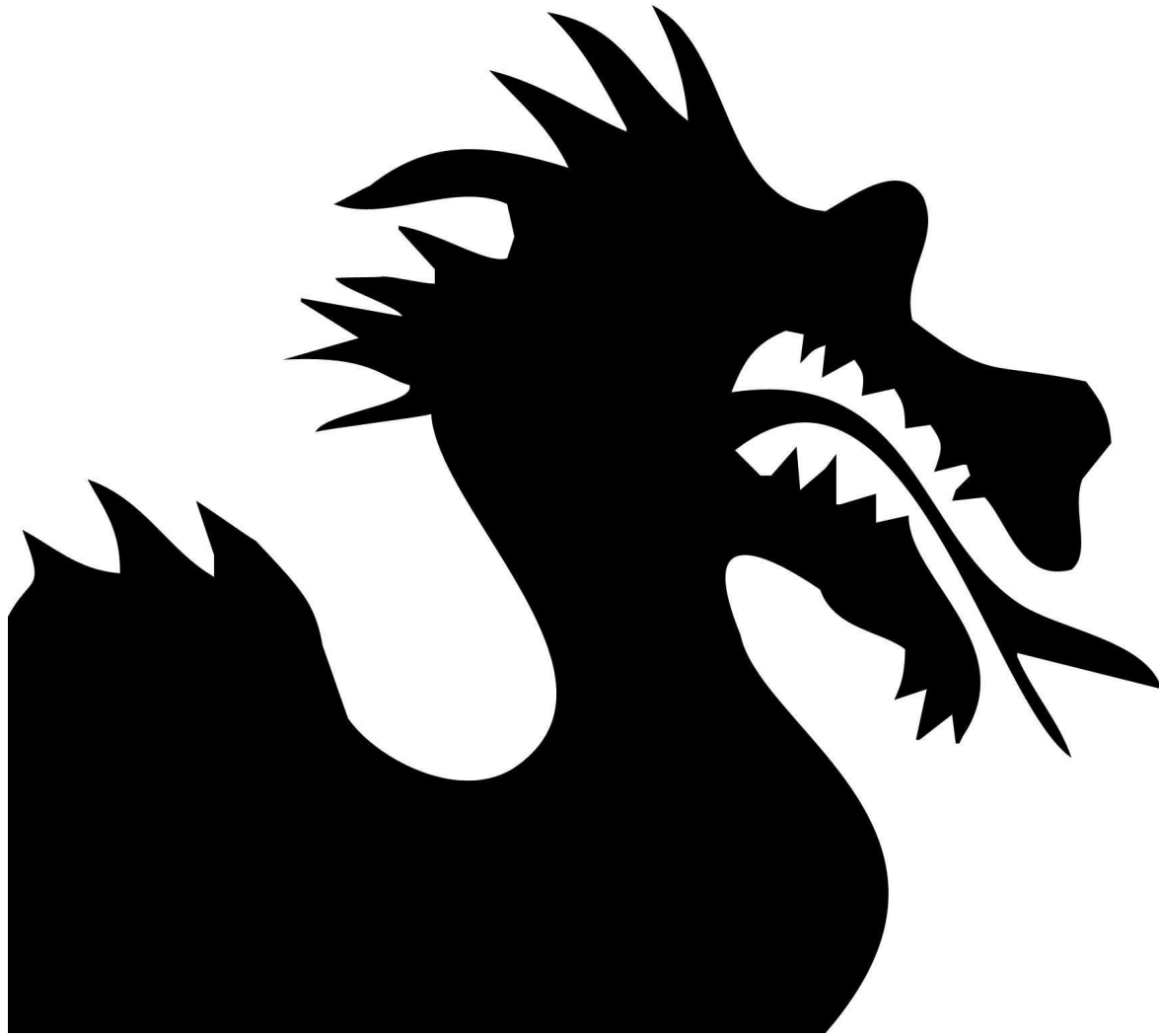
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Wt2xJdhvuQA&feature=relmfu>

RESOURCES

♥ Silhouettes and templates for the calligrams

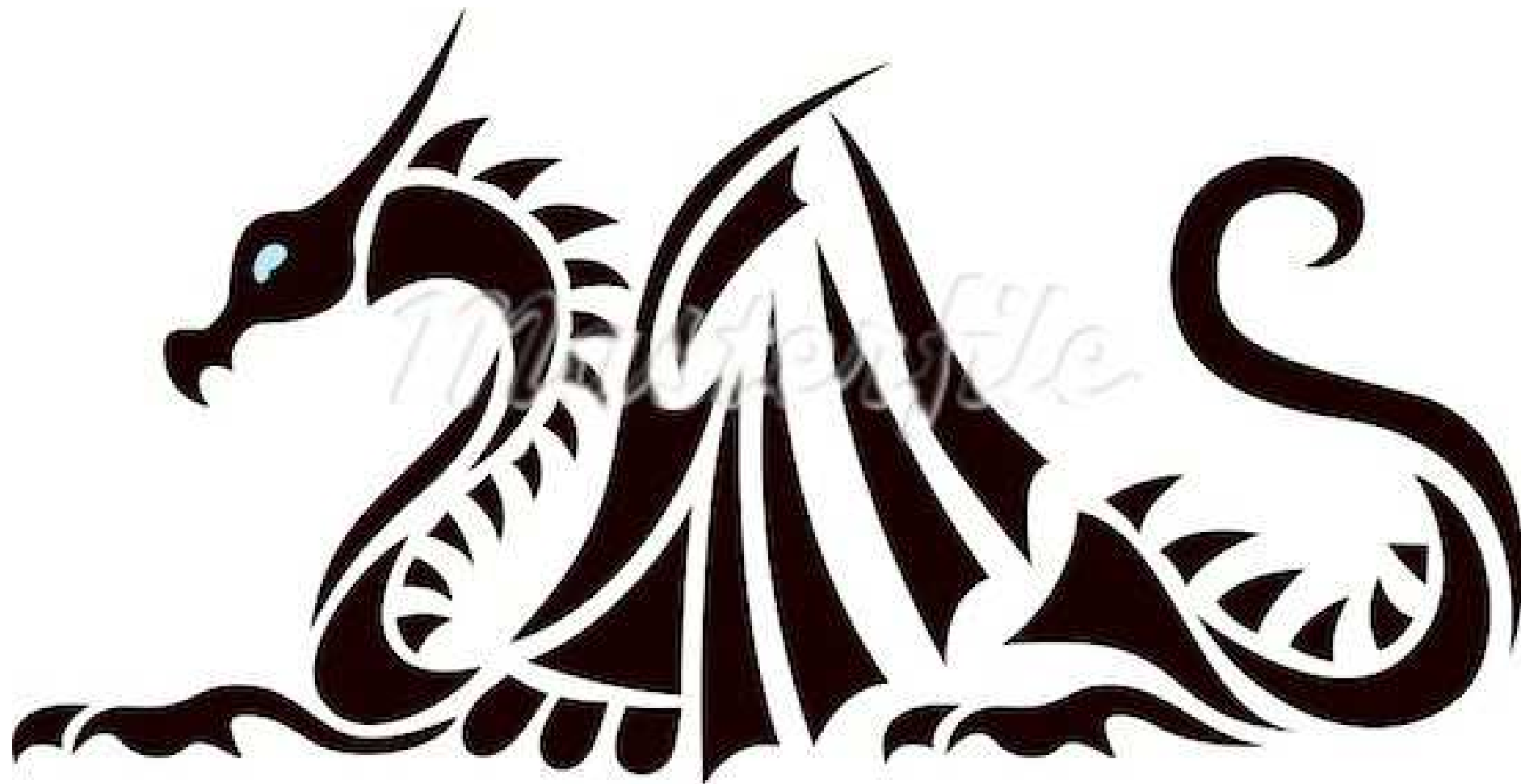
- ✓ **Dragon**
- ✓ **Knights**
- ✓ **Castles**
- ✓ **Princesses**
- ✓ **Roses**

♥ Poems



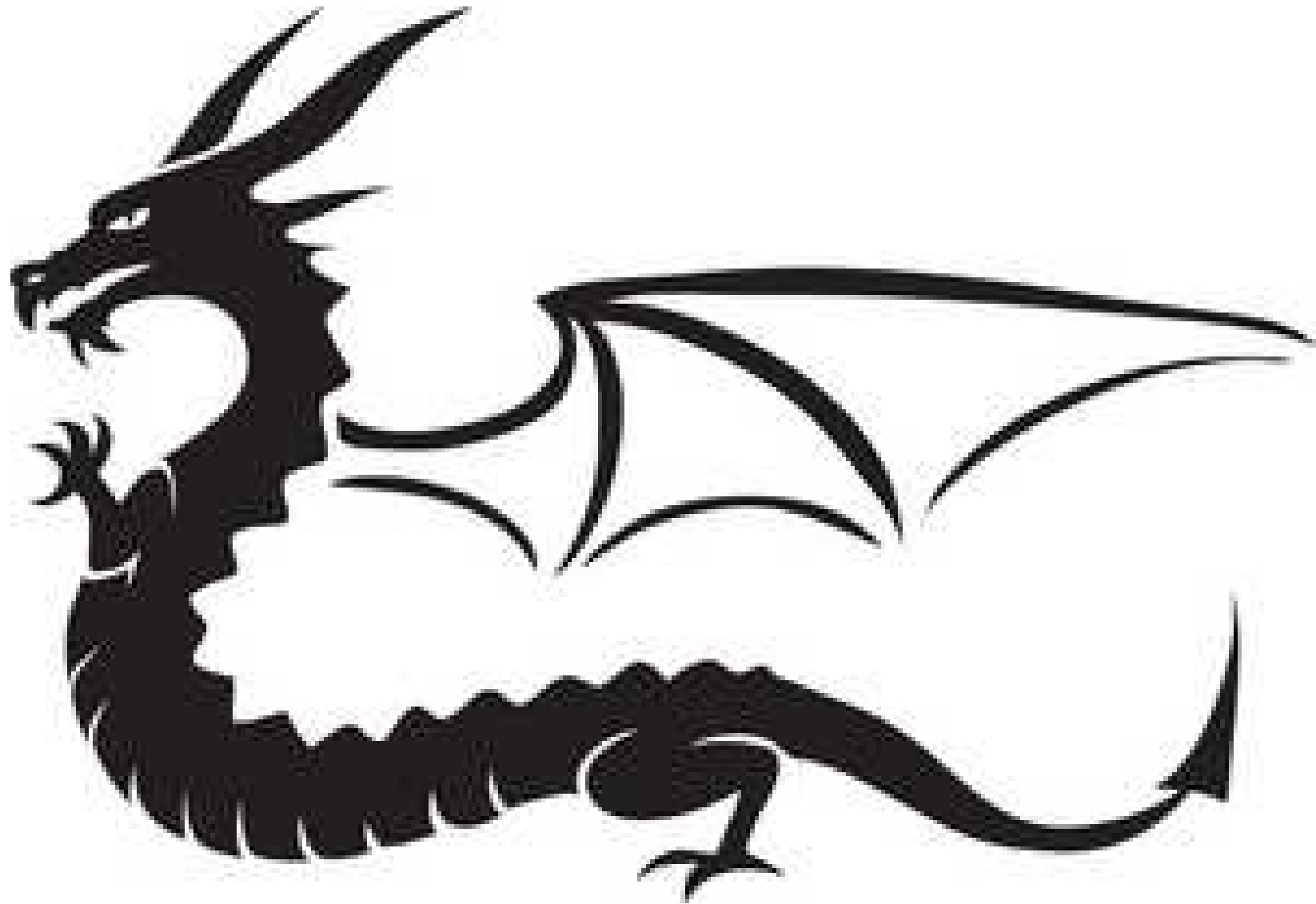
Mercè Ballabriga

m-ballarbo.wix.com/flyinghigh





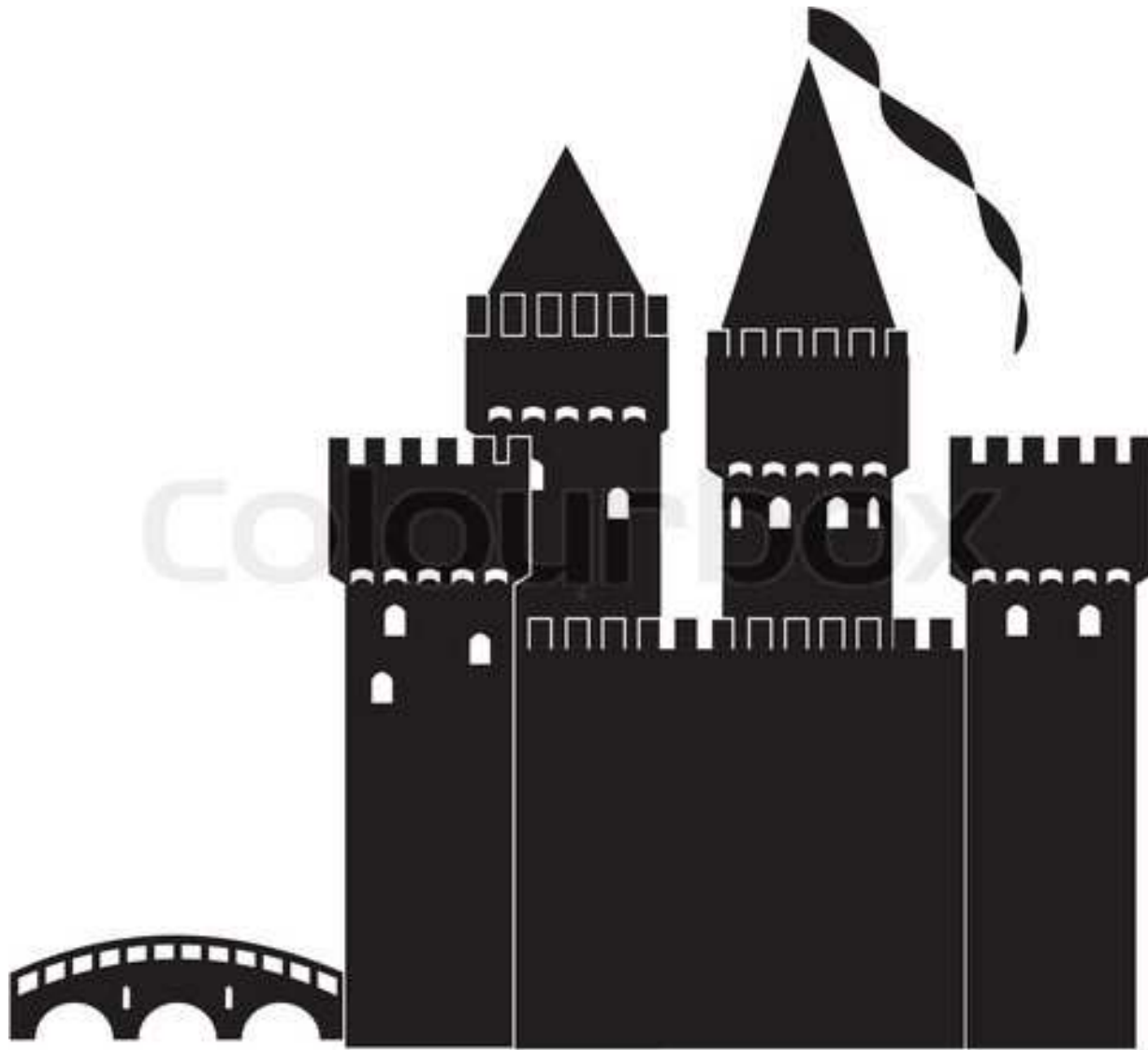


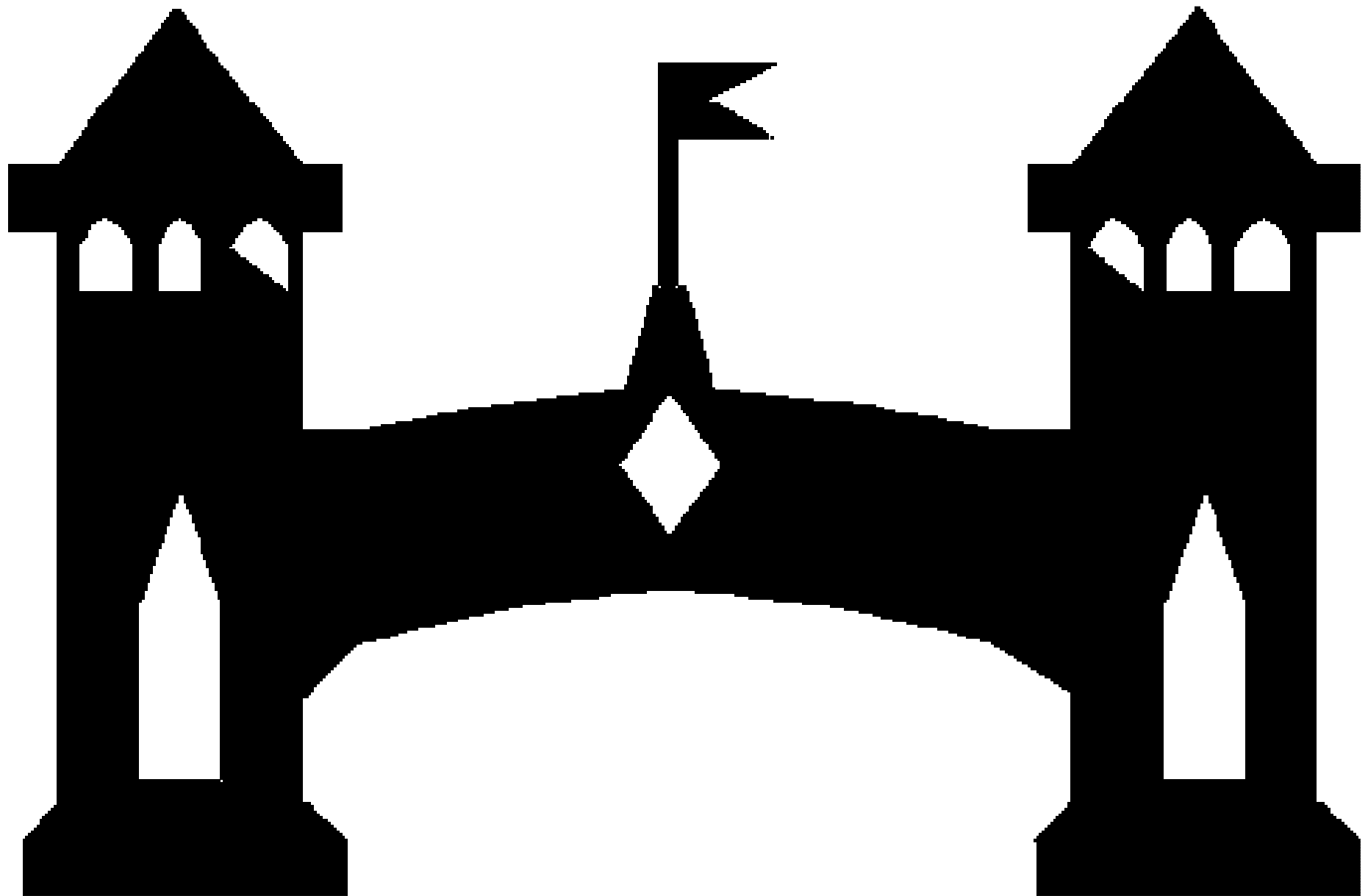












Mercè Ballabriga

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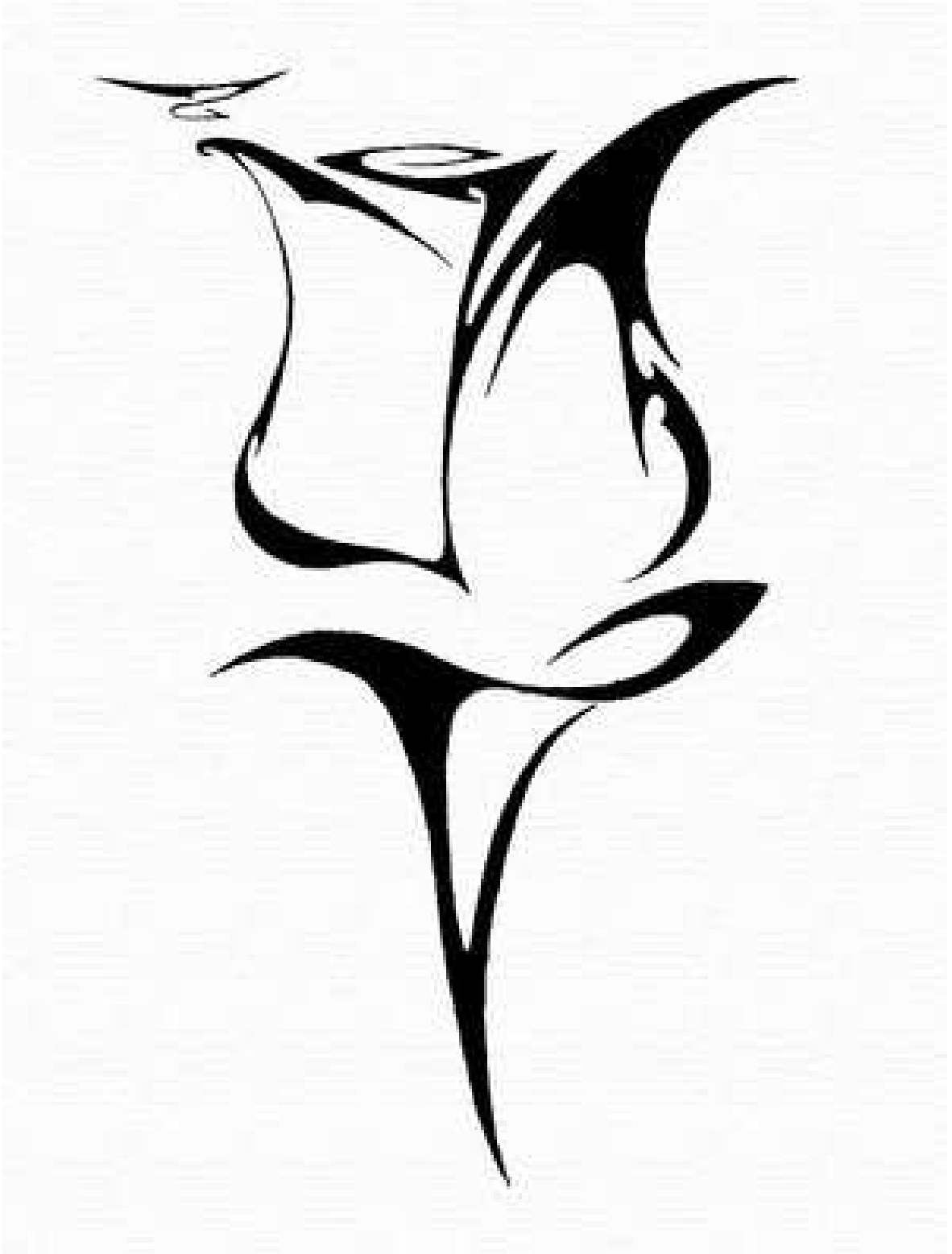


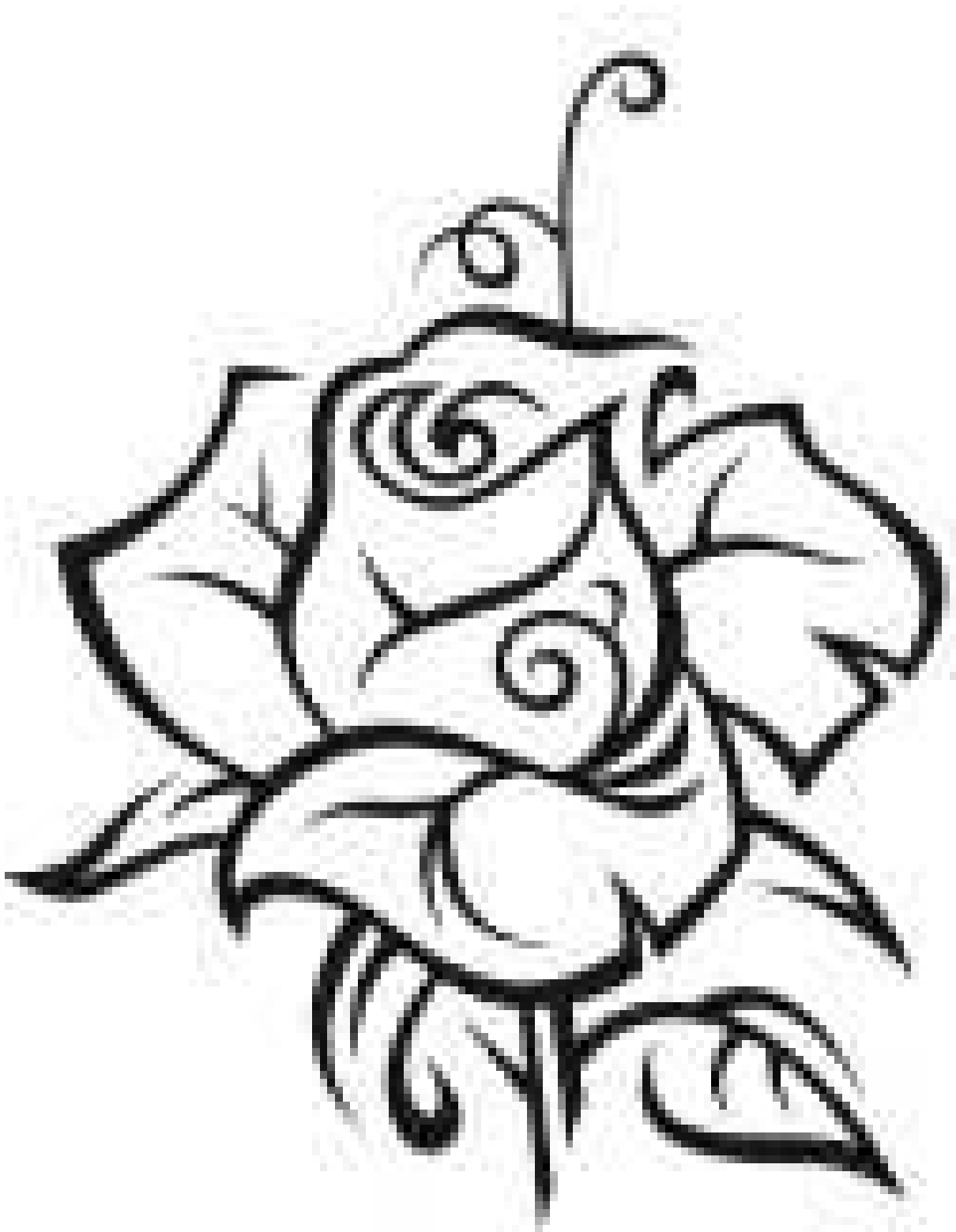
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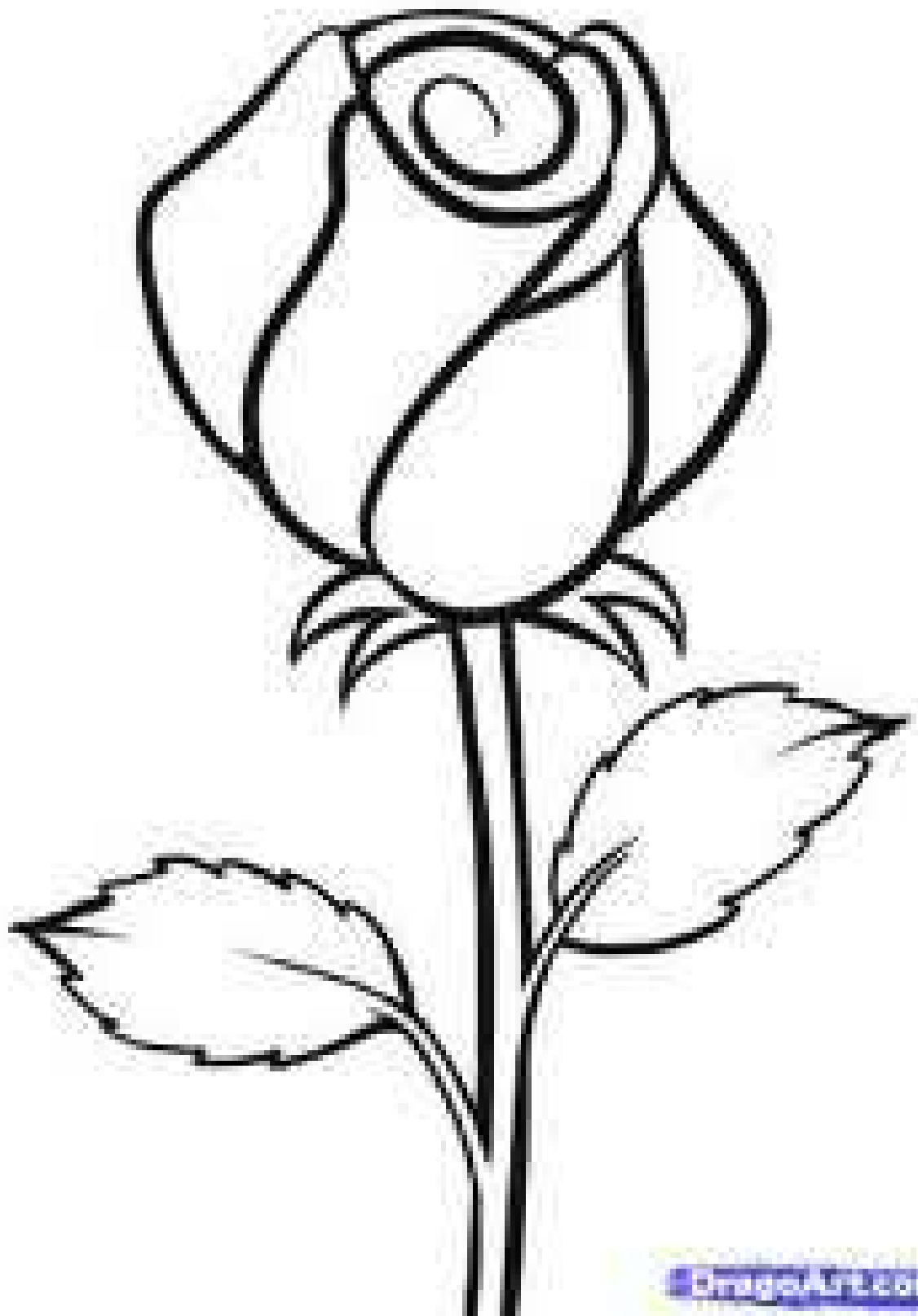










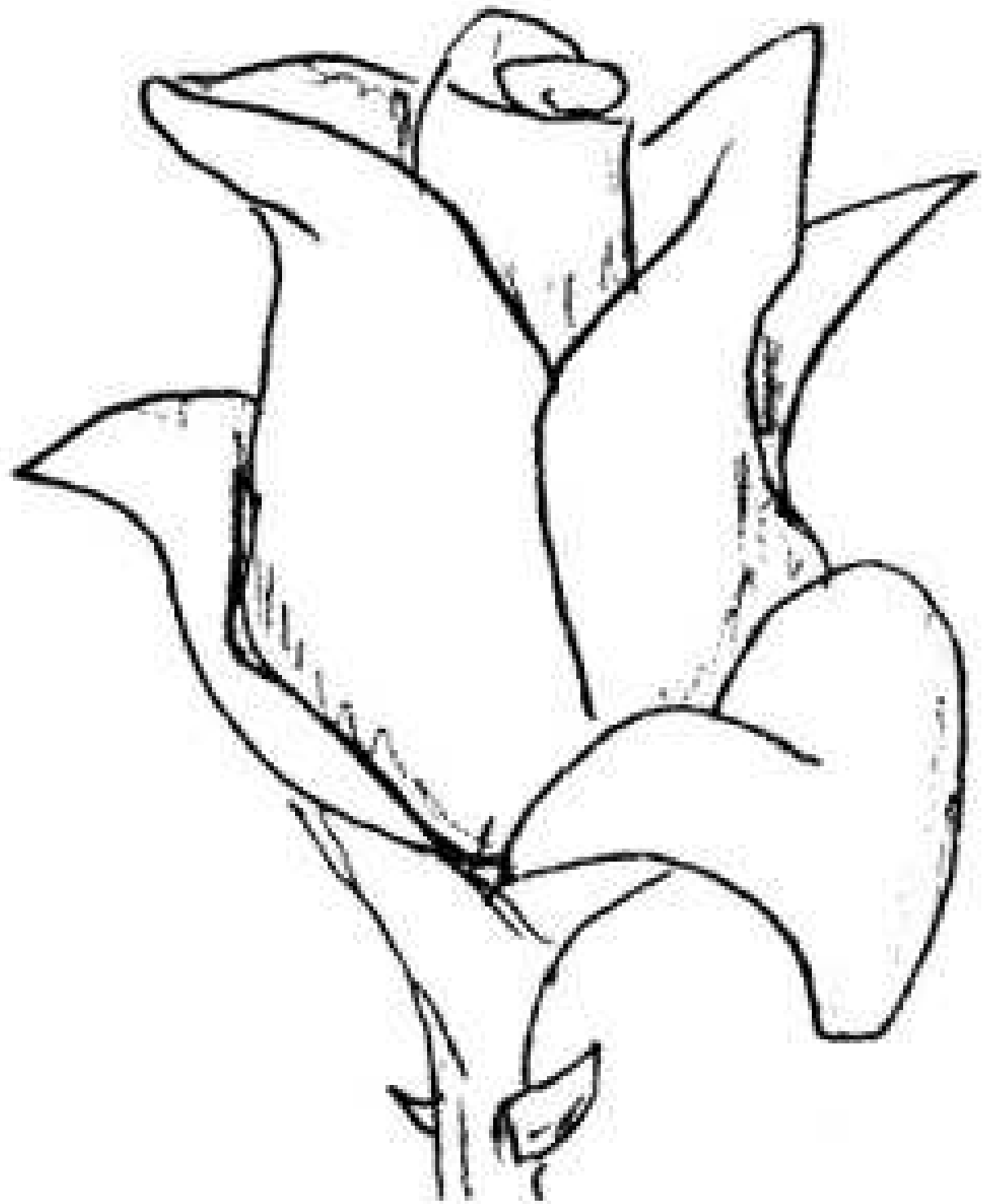


DragonArt.com



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TattooArtists.org











Dragon Poems

"Lord of Skies"

Soaring through the skies,
Knifing through the thermals,

Dragon rules the air.

Wind blows, while rain falls;
Dragon lies in its cavernous lair.

Leathery wings taught,
Stretched out to greet the dawn,
Reaching for the yesterdays;
While ancient eyes,
Seek out the paths of tomorrow.

Dragon rules the day.

Light fades, while darkness descends,
The starlight gleams from dragon hide.

Dragon rules the night.

"My Dragon Ate My Homework"

My dragon ate my homework,
No really, he did!
He likes the taste of paper.
I swear I do not kid.

My dragon ate my homework,
I guess it's just his way.
He likes the taste of ink as well.
I shouldn't let him stay.

My dragon ate my homework,
He does it all the time.
I think he would eat anything,
He even likes the taste of lime.

My dragon ate my homework,
This my dragon would do.
And if you won't take that excuse,
I have a phoenix too.

"Dragon in Flight"

The most majestic thing,
That I have ever seen,
Is the all-encompassing splendor,
Of a dragon in flight.

With wings spread wide,
Riding through the thermals,
And those same leathery wings,
Knifing into puffy clouds of purity.

Golden scales flashing,
Neck arched so regally,
And tail twining with the wind,
Lethal claws and head held high.

Eyes so enchanting,
Great golden orbs,
Able to see through the mists of time,
And piercing the veil of worlds.

"Will you survive, Brighteyes?"

The soft, tan egg;
Buried under the sand,
Hardening until the summer dawn blooms.

Little dragon's tooth,
Peaking through a crack,
The shell is coming undone.

Baby dragon coming forth,
Spreading membraneous wings wide,
To dry in the whispering fires.

Enormous, shimmering eyes,
Blink against the brightness,
Of the harsh reality outside the nest.

"Dragons"

Dragons fight so mightly
burning down things nightly
With a deathly roar
(hopefully with no gore)
He may take your mind
(although it's probably not that kind)
It's obviously not so clear
With fear so near
With the old King's sigh
and the widow's cry
He may take your life with a plume of fire
Now the brave knight will never find what he may desire
Nobody knows why the dragon has killed
I bet the quest will never get fulfilled
So isn't it obvious why it isn't clear
With so much fear, so near.

"Dragons"

Dragons flying in the sky
Swooping down and soaring high
Mighty wings, so awe inspiring
Always moving, never tiring

Outlined against a yellow sun
Giant shadows, having fun
Rising, diving, again repeating
In a game of dragons, meeting

Jeweled bodies in the light
A golden wingspan, shining bright
Powerful tails in joy entwining
Playing, while the sun is shining

Oh, how wondrous is this sight
When great dragons show delight

"Dragon's Lullaby"

(Sung by the Mother Dragons)

Rest warmly dragon eggs
In this nursery cave
Grow very strong Dragon babies
Feel our loving thoughts

Listen quietly to our lullabies
Little Dragon babies
You are loved so very much
By your Mothers here

Hear us softly speak to you
Sweet Dragon babies
Sleep peacefully in your shells
Until the time is right

Feel treasured and welcome
Precious Dragon babies
Hatch quickly from your eggs
We are waiting with love

"Flying Song"

Spread your wings far and wide
Be the master of the air
Gliding on the thermal flows
Be a flying Dragon

Leave the rocky mountain cave
For the freedom of the sky
Exercise your golden wings
Be a flying Dragon

Soaring high through the clouds
Feel the mist on your wings
Swoop down to the mountaintop
Be a flying Dragon

Flying high and flying strong
Giant shadows on the wing
Owners of this airy kingdom
We are flying Dragons!

"Learning Song"

(Sung by the young Dragons)

We can see our Mentors coming
Wisest Dragons of them all
We bow our heads to show respect
And keep our wings folded

We listen to our Mentor's teaching
Telling tales of long ago
Sharing wisdom, they have gathered
Ancient wisdom of our past

We share the knowledge of our Mentors
It is an honour to be here
We listen carefully and pay attention
Wisdom is passed on again

We show respect to our Wise Mentors
We hope to be like them one day
Continuing in our ancient traditions
Knowledge is never lost.

"Mother's Song"

(Sung by the Mother Dragons)

Let us sweep the cave with joy
Clean the dust of the tiniest rock
Make it suitable for our eggs
Perfect for our babies

Let us lay our golden eggs
Tend them with our loving care
We sing our tender lullabies
To make our babies grow

Let us speak the words of Love
Softly to our treasured eggs
Make sure that our babies know
How welcome they will be

Let us gather in this special cave
Be as one in happiness
Mother Dragons, all together
Waiting for our babies

"Lonely Song"

I am "Cloud" the grey dragon
The only one of my kind
All other young Dragons are a green
I know I am different?

Other dragons have golden wings
Mine are a shadowy grey
I am a ghost, living in a sea of colours
I know I am different?

I hope for a miracle every night
Maybe I will turn blue
The morning comes, with me still grey
I know I am different?

I want to be like other young dragons
Sometimes I feel so alone
Their adult colours are starting to show
I know I am different?

My name is "Cloud" the grey Dragon
I am the only one...

What a Dragon Might Do

By Chris

A long time ago, way down by the bay

On an ancient island a Dragon lay

His muscles relaxed and strength magnified

His jewelled body glistened as it lay in the tide
He saw, though it was dark,

through the corner of his eye

A knight on his sturdy steed,

the Dragon took to the sky

The air was thick with smoke

from the dragon's fire
Having the dragon dead
was the knight's greatest desire
An arrow struck the Dragon!
He made an awful sound
As he dropped from the sky,
plummeting to the ground
The splash was tremendous,
the noise was so loud
As the knight rode off
feeling so very proud
But this was a trick, everyone was fool
In this land where the dragons ruled
That dragon lived and may be alive today
But if you ever see one,
remember: keep at bay
For if you see one,
he'll definitely see you
**And you never can tell
what a dragon might do**

The End of the Dragons

By David Bankson

Teeth of silver, talons of gold,
Dragons did live in the days of old
They flew where they like,
they ate what they wanted,
Like dwarves and elves,
and the humans they taunted,
They ate more than that,
they ate many more,
And if it got in its way,
they'd chew up a door!
But one starry night, a man got fed up,
He pulled out a dagger,
and held his sword up,
He yelled into the air, "I will succeed,
I will kill the last of them,
if it's what the world needs!"
So every day of his life,
he slew the deadly beasts,
He did what was best,
what he thought, at least.
Till finally one was left,
he found him by a hill,
He was standing all alone,

standing very still.
And finally one spoke
to a human that day.
He said, "My time is over,
I shall die anyway.
I am very old,
and these bones are weak.
My skin is very feeble,
My wings are no more sleek.
So don't worry about me,
I'm dying as I speak.
My heart is failing me,
and broken is my beak."
"Sorry to hear that,"
said the warrior to he.
"I shall go home now,
and my family I shall see.
I'll tell them that they're gone,
that I have killed the last.
And I can die in peace,
now that dragons are the past.

The Dragon's Feast

By David Bankson

See the shadow of the dragon on the moon at night
See the little people running for their lives in fright
The angels of grace thinking only of gore
They'll eat all the cattle just to have a little more
The glistening eyes from the demons of the sky
They can hypnotize the soul, but nobody knows why
Telepathic powers and strength of the gods
Gives them an advantage that beats all the odds
Elves and orks and humans alike
All have a fear of the dragon's great bite
And nobody dares to fight the great creature
For there's something to fear of its every little feature
As the moon wanes away and readies the morn
The dragons sees his body fully adorned
The blood of his victims glistens in the morning sun
And the dragon knows his feasting for that night is done.

"Dragon days"

There's a creature in a cave unknown
sleeping in a sleep that looks quite deep
in comes a man
sword up drawn and ready to slay.
A piece falls beneath his feet
the creature awakes with its mighty wings aspread
with a mighty roar and a burst of flame the man falls to death
the creature walks out of the cave
its mighty wings aspread
it soars into the air on the hunt
longing for the fresh taste of mutton
the prey is spotted and the hunger is growing
the shepard is gone and the the creature strikes
the flock is gone and the shepard is back
the creature flies and is gone
that,
which a dragon calls a day
is this.

"Dragon Friendship"

On wings of thunder
Honour bound
Search me out, I drum the sound
Twist and turn in the night
Dragon come, my guiding light.
Protector, guardian, friend not foe
Come to me, see my sigil glow.
Strong and true this friendship charm
I beckon thee, keep me from harm.
Around and about your magic swirls
Come to me
Your wings unfurled.

"Dragon Garden"

Amongst my herbs and veggies,
between my rosebush and flowers,
there is a castle made of glass,
with four tiny glass towers.
Inside this pretty castle,
in a big cold room,
Is a princess held captive,
Fated to her doom.
Outside this glass prison,
in the garden that keeps it hidden,
are tiny winged fairies,
that do the queen's evil bidding.
The girl was surely doomed,
The queen mother locked the princess away,
It was a horrid thing,
Marrying a troll on your birthday.

Every night on the terrace of her room,
The Princess would sing a sad song to the moon and stars,
Oh how she wished she was free to do as she pleased,
Instead of feeling like she was behind bars.
One night not to long before the eve of her birthday,
while she sang her melancholy song,
a young prince flew by on his dragon steed,
To the sweet sad melody he was drawn.
He watched from afar as she sang her heartbreak,
She whispered to the sky 'How I wish my true love would rescue me',
The prince knew from the moment he saw her face,
That she was his one true love and they would be free.
Drawing his sword from its sheath and letting out a cry,
The prince and his mighty dragon stormed the castles tower,
Calling to the princess 'I am here my love!',
The Fairies fought but were defeated by the dragon's power.
On the back of the mighty dragon,
They flew away from the glass castle with tiny glass towers,
they went on to live happily ever after,
amongst my garden's flowers.

"Dragon Fountain"

Out in the courtyard there is a fountain that's shaped rather massive,

The body is large, the scales sculpted by an artist,

The face is remarkable, Its eyes follow as people pass it.

The mouth and teeth can be frightening, I'm sure, but everyone loves it, our dragon.

The dragon fountain commands everyone's attention,

You can't seem to look away,

Oh, did I mention,

that if you look close enough, the dragon breathes and sways!!

Wild imaginations and children of all ages,

give life to our dragon, like a book with a million pages!!

If you love dragons, and I am sure that you do,

The dragon fountain will make your fondest dreams come true.

"Dragon Song"

Twas a night of awe and magic
Every dragon--one and all
Had gathered by the sea to fly
And answer instinct's call.

One by one, they would step forth
and sing their own heartsong
Hoping it'd attract the one
To whom their heart'd belong.

A dragon stood, waiting his turn
to step forward and sing
a newcomer to the whole event
and tense as a coiled spring.

Finally his turn arrived
He stepped forth into the ring
Cleared his throat, searched deep inside
and then began to sing...

'Calling, calling, hear my cry
O love, I'm searching through the sky
For you, O love, wherever you fly
My love for you shall never die! no! Love shall never die.

I cannot bear anymore my longing and pain
O love though I lost you, now I'm searching again
I pray I am not searching in vain! in vain!
But my love for you shall always remain! yes! shall always remain."

The dragon stopped, his song now done
Silence pressed in all around
he blessed and cursed his voice and heart
and hoped and prayed love would be found.

no answer came for quite some time
The dragon hung his head
Had no dragon's heart adored his song?
Would he be left alone instead?

Then from the crowd a female stepped
And met him in the ring
She opened her mouth and smiled at him
And then began to sing...

"I hear thy call, though thou art far
I wish upon a shooting star
To come to thee and give my heart
So I'd be with thou, wherever we are.

O thou, my love, I loveth thou true
Somehow I vow I shall come through
And give thee my heart, and my soul too
No words can tell how I love you."

The female's voice was like a harp
her eyes were ocean-blue
her scales were the shade of an autumn sky
She was a dream come true.

The dragon stood for a moment, unsure
And speechless of his luck

Then he knew he had to do
And Inspiration struck.

Their voices rose together in song--
A perfect harmony
Then while the crowd chanted loudly
the female whispered, "Fly with me."

Still singing like angels, both dragons rose
And began to dance in the sky
Coming closer, ever closer
With every moment passing by.

The dragon's song had found the one
to whom he gave his all
Twining and singing over the sea on that night
the dragon lovers heeded instinct's call.

"Dragon Tears"

Dragon's eyes,
Gold and bright,
Shining out
Into the night.
Fire rising
Through the mist,
Lighted by
The sun's first kiss.
People fleeing,
Full of terror,
Except one girl
With golden hair.
Brave is she,
Strong and bold.
Never bound
To any hold.
Scales of green and gold,
Glittering blue
In the morn,
Shining through.
"Brave are you,
Not to fear me," says he.
"I will not harm you
You may go free."
His golden tears
Fell all around.

Dripping softly
to the ground.
"Why do you cry,
Oh Dragon sir,"
The maiden asked
To be quite sure.
"Oh, maiden,
You do not need
To know the problems
Of this weed."
"But, oh, sweet dragon,"
She touched his nose,
"where there are weeds,
A flower grows."
"Ah, but maiden,"
He gazed from above.
"When I looked at you,
I fell in love."

"Dragon's Blood"

As I look at him I see him bleed.
As he bleeds he gets weaker till he cannot see any more.
Soon he cannot breathe any more.
The dragon has tears in his eyes,
tears of fear, fear of dying,
and not knowing how it feels to die.

"Dragon's Call"

We sleep with the dragons,
in the hidden lair.
We sing their call,
in our every prayer.
Through our eyes,
their world is clear.
Their forgotten song,
our heart can hear.
They guide our way,
through the darkest night.
We use their wisdom,
to give us sight.
Through our voice,
you hear their cries.
Their fire can be seen,

deep in our eyes.
They are alive,
deep in our minds.
In us the dragon,
you can find.

"Fading Dragon"

Fire born of Dragon's breath.
Immortal creature, immune to Death.
Eyes of emerald, gleaming cold.
Claws of Iron, Scales of Gold.

Turns her head to gaze at night.
There is no moon within her sight.
She knows tonight she won't be found.
Her wings raise her from the ground.

The dark land below drops out of sight.
She soars towards mountains, tall in the night.
But alas, she knows she will soon fade away,
Born of the night, yet dying by day.

Life fills her heart, as the air fills her wings.
And she opens her jaws, and she silently sings,
"Free for the night, wishing for always."
But the light is dawning with chill morning haze.

Then the pages are closed, and the Dragon is caged.
She is just a memory, there on the page.
And I beg of you reader, free her, my friend.
Open the pages, let this not be the end.

"Gold Dragon"

Dragon young, dragon bold.
By my kind I am told,
to protect those weak and old.
Call me a mighty dragon gold.

"Little Dragon"

A dragon,
a little dragon
curled up, head over tail.
Sleeping.
Sleeping quite happily,
warm, happy,
curled around something.
A toy.
A little doll of him.
Or more like what he was.
What he was not so long ago.
But now he's happy.
Never has he slept so peacefully,
so blissfully.
He never had the chance to do so before,
but now there was comfort.
In a place surrounded by those who love him.
Figures,
that little dragon could have never guessed how
nice heaven really is.

"Sleeping Dragon"

To an eyeless mind -
a pile of dusty bones
To human carrion
a rotting carcass
A figure cast in stone
to desensitised bodies
A whimsical relic
to lost, wearied souls.
Lying undisturbed -
as peoples toss and turn
Soundly in wait
as cities crumble
The dragon sleeps
while worlds wage war
And awakes refreshed
when strife and pestilence

are no more.

"Why Dragons?"

The smoke still hangs heavily over the meadow,
Circling down from the mouth of the cave,
While kneeling in prayer, full armored and haloed,
The lone knight is feeling uncertainly brave.

The promise of victory sung in the churches,
Is hardly a murmur out here in the air.
All that he hears is the thud of this faint heart
Echoing growls of the beast in its lair.

The steel of his armor would flash in the sunlight,
Except that the smoke has quite hidden the sky.
The red of the cross on his breast should sustain him,
Except - he suspects - it's a perfect bull's-eye.

The folk of the village who bet on the outcome
Have somehow all fled from the scene in dismay.
They'll likely return in a fortnight or longer,
He doubts that they'll be of much help on this day.

And then - with a scream - the fell beast of the cavern
Flings its foul body full out of the cave.
The knight forgets prayers and churches and haloes
And tries to remember just how to be brave.

The webs on the wings of the dragon are reddened,
With blood or with sunlight, the knight is not sure.
The head of the beast is a silver-toothed nightmare,
Its tongue drips a poison for which there's no cure.

He thrusts his sword and he pokes with his gauntlets,
He knees with he poleyn, kicks out with his greave.
He'd happily give all the gold in his pocket
If only the dragon would quietly leave.

There's smoke and there's fire, there's wind and there's growling.
There's screams from the knights, and his sobs and his cries.
And when the smoke clears, there's the sound of dry heaving
As one of the two of them messily dies.

Of course it's the knight who has won this hard battle,
Who wins in a poem beaten out on a forge
Of human devising and human invention.
BUT:

 If there's no dragon - then there's no Saint George.

"The Dragon"

He licks the Yellow custard
From the dead dog's eye.
He feeds upon the maggots
that in its stomach lie.
He breaths a cursed fire
that scorches mans desire
And crushes little children 'til they cry.

His jaws are dripping wet
With the slime of mortal sin.
He acknowledges the world
through a black toothed grin.
The slime is dripping down
Upon the hallow ground
And the smell of death to cover where he's been

His eyes like glassy beads
Stare through the soul of man.
And see their lives in destitution
As only evil can.
He has the smell of death
Upon his rancid breath
This has been his way since time began.

You can find more dragon poems at <http://dragonsinn.net/poetry.htm>

George and the Dragon

(To accompany St George and the Dragon)

Verse 1

Dragon's coming better blow all the horns.
He's like a cloud in a growing storm.
But George is waiting and come the dawn,
He's gonna fight the dragon.
He's gonna fight the dragon.

Verse 2

Encase yourself in a coat of steel,
Pick up your sword, strap on your shield.
You must conquer, George don't ever yield.
When you fight the dragon.
When you fight the dragon.

Verse 3

A crash like thunder,
A flash of light.
A dragon's fury
'Gainst one brave knight.
The battle raged
Both day and night
When George fought the dragon.
When George fought the dragon.

Verse 4

Dragon's vanquished has the knight survived?
He's bruised and battered but still alive.
The maiden stands proudly at his side
Now George has slain the dragon.
Now George has slain the dragon.

Rose poems

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rose bud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

~ John Boyle O'Rielly 1844-1890

Roses Are Red

Roses Are Red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you,



Poems About A Rose

"It was upon a Summers shynie day,
When Titan faire his beams did display,
In a fresh fountaine, farre from all mens view,
She bath'd her brest, the boiling heat t'alley,
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowers, that in the forrest grew.

By Sir Edmond Spencer (1552-1599)

This poem is traced back to year 1590, when Sir Edmond Spencer, an important English poet and Poet Laureate wrote this. He is famous for writing the epic poem 'The Faerie Queene', that celebrates Queen Elizabeth 1st and the House of Tudor, an English royal dynasty that lasted 118 years and began in 1485.

The lines that are found in this epic poem are believed to be the origins of the 'Roses are Red' poem.

Red Rose Nursery Rhyme : A Child's Poem

Roses are red, diddle,diddle
Lavender's blue
If you will have me, diddle, diddle
I will have you.
By Gammer Garland, 1783

This English nursery rhyme written by Gammer Garland in 1783 is a lot closer to today's version of Roses are Red poem.



Red Rose With Love Poems

A Later Love Poem

"We will buy very pretty things
A-walking through the faubourghs
violets are blue, roses are red,
Violets are blue, I love my loves.
By Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

A French poet and playwright Victor Hugo (1802-1885) published a novel in 1862 named 'Les Misarables'.

There are a lot of texts with songs within this famous novel. One is from this 1862 English translation.



A Red Rose Love Poem

A Love Poem

Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you,
Our love will last forever I knew

Because of memories past and new,
My eyes met yours and you said Hello,
Music was playing soft and low,
I heard an Angel whisper to me,
Take her hand and dance away,
It was a feeling, strange as it seems,
Now I know today, it was love at first sight,
How could this happen to me !

You can find more poem about roses at
<http://www.poemhunter.com/poems/rose/>