

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

In days of old, a dragon fierce,
Did from his foul and loathsome den
Steal forth and havoc make of men.
His eyes were keen, his claws were sharp,
His mouth was reeking red with blood,
His savage heart by pity was unmoved,
And moans and shrieks were music to his ear.
Equipped by Hell with every hellish power,
He ravaged and he killed and did devour
All who within his fearful clutches came,
And woe and misery followed in his train.

The gallant Knight, Saint George, no sooner heard
The fearful story of the monster beast
Than he resolved the world of it to rid.
Mounted on gallant steed and fully armed
With shield and sword, breast plate and helmet, too,
He on his bosom bore the conquering sign,
And thus apparell'd sallied forth to war.

No sooner on the noxious beast he came,
Than straight the fight began with deadly force.
The dragon every cunning art essayed
To lure the valiant Knight within his power.
But he, most wary, all these arts o'ercame
And ever and anon a mighty stroke brought home
Upon the monster's head or through his body drove
His sharp two-edged sword with all his might,
Until at last by many weighty blows
The noisome beast lay prostrate at his feet.
Then from a stricken world the shout went forth
"Rejoice, the dragon's slain."

Once more in this poor World a dragon is abroad,
More venomous, more hellish than of yore,
By Devil furnish'd well with every art
And every foul device his ends to gain.
For forty years within his den he lurk'd
Preparing for "the Day" when he should spring
Upon a careless unsuspecting world,
For which the hideous monster look'd with glee.
Alas! that Day has dawned and this sad world beholds
The cruel monster raging through the earth,
And this vile beast which erstwhile look'd so fair
Now to mankind its true self doth declare—
A child of Hell.