

Dragon's Ball

The gentle folk of Dragonsmark,
Longed to dance the gay galliarde;
So across the land they sent their Bard,
For Dragon's Ball, for Dragon's Ball.

Many the Peers that smiled and came,
Many a bright and gallant swain;
Many the ladies with Amor's aim,
To Dragon's Ball, to Dragon's Ball.

But many ears had heard that call,
And some were green and ten foot tall;
A twitch of tail, a stretch of wing,
In Dragon halls, in Dragon Halls.

The snacks spiced well with Laurels rare,
The Chivalry peeled of armor bare;
And Pelicans called to serve the fare,
From Dragon's Ball, from Dragon's Ball.

The Dragons came to Dragon's Ball,
They trod the measures, they ate the cooks;
They laughed with pleasure 'midst wicked looks,
At Dragon's Ball, at Dragon's Ball.

© Elmar T. Schmeisser, 2003