

Puff the Magic Dragon

The Irish Rovers

Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah
Lee,
Little Jackie Paper, well he loved that rascal Puff,
And he brought him strings and sealing wax and some
other fancy stuff.
Oh!

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Together they would travel, in a boat with billowed
sail,
And Jackie he kept a lookout, perched on Puffs gigantic
tail,
And noble kings and princes, would bow whenever they
came,
And pirate ships would lower their flag when Puff
roared out his name.
Oh!

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A dragon lives forever, but not so little boys
Painted wings and giant things just make way for some
other toys.
One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more
And old Puff, the mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless
roar.

His head was bent with sorrow, green scales fell like
rain,
Puff no longer went to play along the Cherry Lane.
Without his life-long friend, Puff could not be brave,
So Puff, the mighty dragon, sadly slipped into his
cave.
Oh!

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