

Puff (The Magic Dragon)

Leonard Lipton and Peter Yarrow

Puff, the ma-gic dra-gon, lived by the sea. And

frol-icked in the au-tumn mist in a land called Ha-na-lee.

Lit-tle Jack-ie Pa-per loved that ras-cal Puff. And

brought hum strings and seal-ling wax and oth-er fan-cy stuff. Oh!

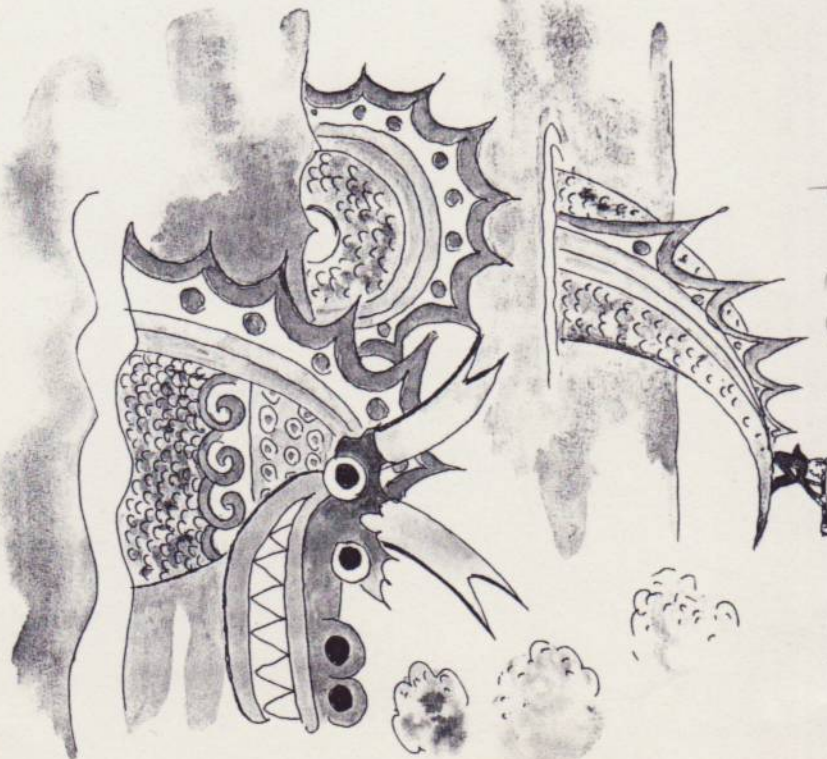
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Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail,
 Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail,
 Noble kings and princes would bow whenever they came
 Pirate ships would lower their flag when Puff roared out
 his name.

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A dragon lives forever but not so little boys,
 Painted wings and giant rings make way for other toys,
 One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more,
 And Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar.
 His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain,
 Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane,
 Without his lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave,
 So Puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into his cave.

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