

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Green-Eyed Dragon

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Once upon a time lived a Fair Princess most beautiful and charming;
Her Father, the King, was a wicked old thing, with manners most alarming.
And always on the front door mat, a most ferocious Dragon sat,
Who made such a fearful shrieking noise that all you little girls and boys
Beware, take care, and creep upon tiptoe,
And hurry up the stairs, and say your prayers,
And tuck your head, your pretty curly head,
beneath the clothes, the clothes, the clothes.

The Dragon lived for years and years, and never got much thinner.
For lunch, he'd try a Policeman pie, a roast M.P. for dinner;
One brave man went 'round with an axe and tried to collect his income tax -
The Dragon smiled with fiendish glee, and sadly murmured 'R.I.P.'
Beware! Take Care! And creep upon tiptoe,
And hurry up the stairs, and say your prayers,
And tuck your head, your pretty curly head,
beneath the clothes, the clothes, the clothes.

The Dragon went down to the kitchen one day
Where the Fair Princess was baking;
He ate, by mistake, some rich plum cake
which the Fair Princess was making.
This homemade cake, he could not digest;
He moaned and he groaned, and at last went west -
And now his ghost, with bloodshot eyes
At midnight clanks his chains and cries:
Beware! Take care! And creep upon tiptoe,
And hurry up the stairs, and say your prayers,
And tuck your head, your pretty curly head,
Beneath the clothes, the clothes, the clothes. . . .
AAAAGH!

(This last was shouted (the 'aaagh!') while throwing one's hands above
one's head, and looming.)

Written for Stanley Holloway; recorded by Holloway, John Charles
Thomas