

THE TRUE DRAGON

*St George was out walking
He met a dragon on a hill,
It was wise and wonderful
Too glorious to kill*

*It slept amongst the wild thyme
Where the oxlips and violets grow
Its skin was a luminous fire
That made the English landscape glow*

*Its tears were England's crystal rivers
Its breath the mist on England's moors
Its larder was England's orchards,
Its house was without doors*

*St George was in awe of it
It was a thing apart
He hid the sleeping dragon
Inside every English heart*

*So on this day let's celebrate
England's valleys full of light,
The green fire of the landscape
Lakes shivering with delight*

*Let's celebrate St George's Day,
The dragon in repose;
The brilliant lark ascending,
The yew, the oak, the rose*

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