

## Woodland

### "The Dragon"

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The dragon rising from the cave  
From the cauldron of rebirth,  
The sleeping one again awakes  
From within the olden earth.

Sweep my hand across the grains,  
My eyes a violet sky to meet.  
A flower on a scarlet day,  
A weed amidst the golden wheat.

The mistletoe shall ever grow,  
Within the grove of magic dreams.  
The serpent in the round of oaks,  
The medicine of poison leaves.

Sweep my hand across the grains,  
And thank the blessed giving rains.  
For the dragon is born again,  
And none have ever lived in vain.

The earth trembles with blessed dreams,  
And the unseen dreamer weaves the seams,  
The rainbow serpent has taken flight  
And the magic dream has come to life.

When harvest skies are cold and grey,  
Fol de rol I'm on my way.  
Through winter nights and summer days,  
Fol de rol I'm on my way.

Sweep my hand across the grains,  
Fol de rol I'm on my way.  
For the dragon is born again  
And fol de rol I'm on my way...

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