

Gentle Giant

"Pantagruel's Nativity"

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How can I laugh or cry
When my mind is sorely torn?
Badabec had to die
Fair Pantagruel is born
Shall I weep, yes, for why?
Then laugh and show my scorn

Born with a strength untold
Foreseen to have great age
Set in Gargantuan mould
Joyful laugh, yet quick to rage
Princely wisdom, habits bold
Power, glory, lauded sage

Pantagruel born, the earth was dry and burning

In Paradise dear Badabec prays for him
Pantagruel born, the earth was dry and burning
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