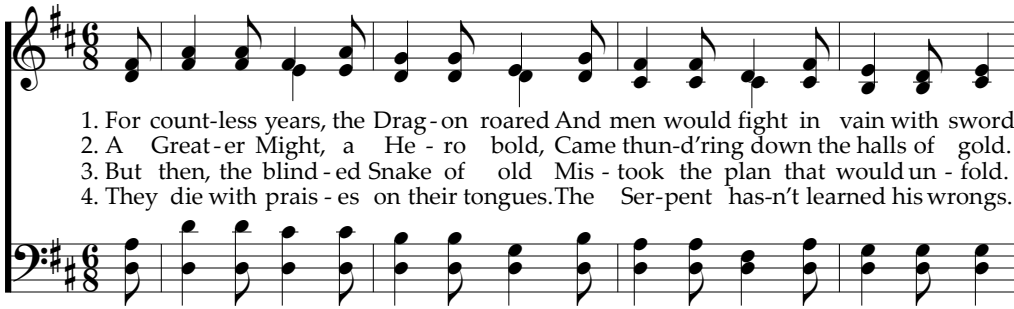
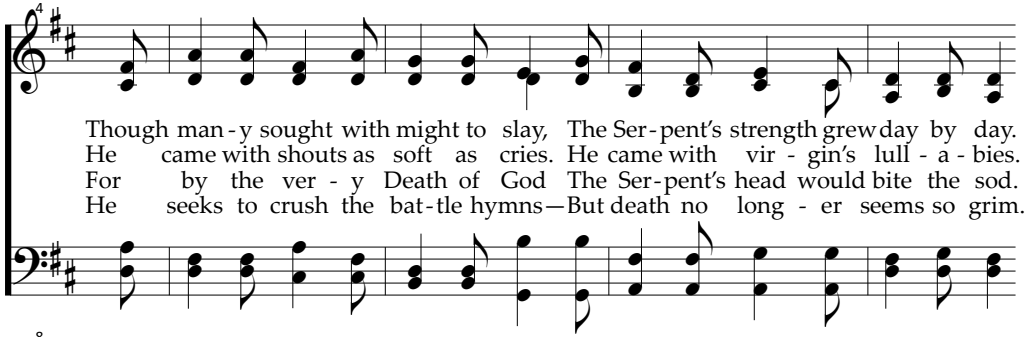


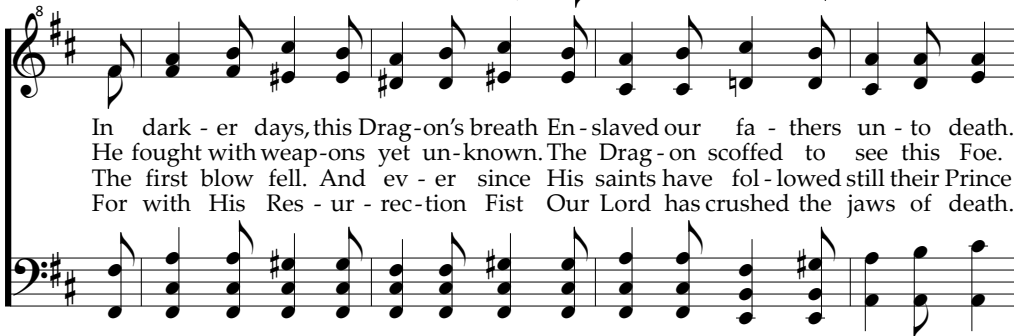
The Dragon Carol



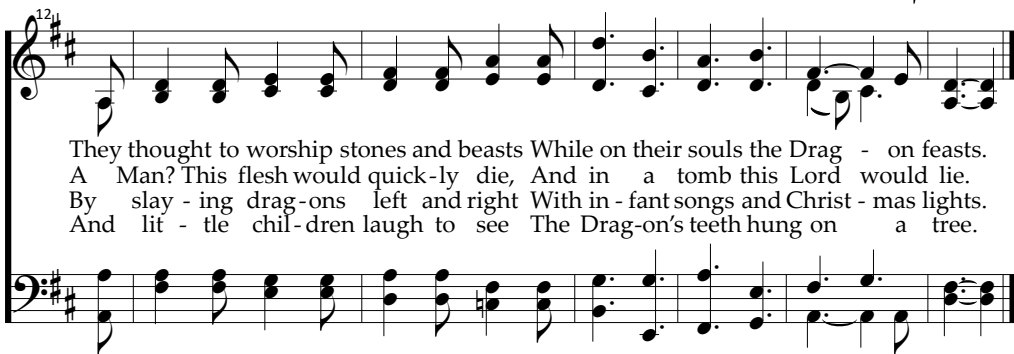
1. For count-less years, the Drag-on roared And men would fight in vain with sword.
2. A Great-er Might, a He-ro bold, Came thun-d'ring down the halls of gold.
3. But then, the blind-ed Snake of old Mis-took the plan that would un-fold.
4. They die with prais-es on their tongues. The Ser-pent has-n't learned his wrongs.



Though man-y sought with might to slay, The Ser-pent's strength grew day by day.
He came with shouts as soft as cries. He came with vir-gin's lull-a-bies.
For by the ver-y Death of God The Ser-pent's head would bite the sod.
He seeks to crush the bat-tle hymns—But death no long-er seems so grim.



In dark-er days, this Drag-on's breath En-slaved our fa-thers un-to death.
He fought with weap-ons yet un-known. The Drag-on scoffed to see this Foe.
The first blow fell. And ev-er since His saints have fol-lowed still their Prince
For with His Res-ur-rec-tion Fist Our Lord has crushed the jaws of death.



They thought to worship stones and beasts While on their souls the Drag-on feasts.
A Man? This flesh would quick-ly die, And in a tomb this Lord would lie.
By slay-ing drag-ons left and right With in-fant songs and Christ-mas lights.
And lit-tle chil-dren laugh to see The Drag-on's teeth hung on a tree.