

# Darcy The Dragon

Roger Whittaker

Christmas was coming and Darcy the dragon  
Was thinking what he should do  
Go through the forest and into the village  
To pick up a gift or two For through the forest, dear Darcy had friends  
That he loved very much  
He thought it'd be fine, at Christmas time  
To give each a present or such But Darcy'd forgotten the very thing  
That makes a dragon unique  
Unlike a horse, a dragon, of course  
Breathes fire whenever he speaks Off to town, dear Darcy went  
But woe is me, oh lament  
Before a dragon penny was spent  
He'd started a tiny fire He said he was sorry, our Darcy did  
He helped put the fire out  
The folks forgave him for he'd been kind  
And off he went looking about Into the toyshop did Darcy go  
With thoughts of his forest friends  
"I'll buy each a game", he said with a flame  
And the second fire it was then And this time, when the fire was out  
The villagers charged along  
Pursuing Darcy with angry shouts  
'Be off, away, be gone!' Poor Darcy sparked, "No harm I meant"  
But from the village, he was sent  
And woe is me and oh lament  
No presents for his friends Darcy was sad  
As he sat at the edge of the forest, by and by  
No gifts would he have to offer his friends  
A tear rolled from his eye A storm did gather and soon did hit  
'Twas a mighty wind that blew  
And Christmas snow did whirl and blow  
And he wondered what to do As Darcy let out with a dragon's cry  
He opened his mouth so wide  
That the wind and snow went right down his throat  
And put out the fire inside When Darcy realized the fire was out  
First a whisper, then a shout  
And a laugh, to know  
That he could speak without starting another fire But now it was late, on a Christmas Eve  
He was up and off with a roar  
He raced to the village and he cried out

"My fire! 'e un no more"From shop to shop, he then did go  
In each, he made his choice  
Darcy was treated so kindly now  
No need to fear his voiceThe villagers came to the edge of town  
And Darcy waved goodbye  
"Come back again, if ever you can", they said  
And he said that he'd tryMerry Christmas, all did say  
As to the woods, he made his way  
Tomorrow will be Christmas day  
And a merry Christmas to thee

Songwriters

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