

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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