Pantagruel's Nativity

Gentle Giant

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 scornBorn 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 sagePantagruel 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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