

# Gentle Giant, Pantagruel's Nativity

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  
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