



ROMAN ROADS PRESS

INHERIT THE HUMANITIES

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For Countless Years the Dragon Roard
A Sea-Shanty Christmas Carol

Poem by Christiana Hale

Music by Dr. Marc Reagan

Sheet Music, video, and audio:
RomanRoadsPress.com/dragonteeth

1

For countless years, the Dragon roared
And men would fight in vain with sword.
Though many sought with might to slay,
The Serpent's strength grew day by day.
In darker days, this Dragon's breath
Enslaved our fathers unto death.
They thought to worship stones and beasts
While on their souls the Dragon feasts.

2

A Greater Might, a Hero bold,
Came thundering down the halls of gold.
He came with shouts as soft as cries.
He came with virgin's lullabies.
He fought with weapons yet unknown.
The Dragon scoffed to see this Foe.
A MAN? This flesh would quickly die.
And in a tomb this Lord would lie.

3

But then, the blinded Snake of old
Mistook the plan that would unfold.
For by the very DEATH of GOD
The Serpent's head would bite the sod.
The first blow fell. And ever since
His saints have followed still their Prince –
Slaying dragons left and right
With infant songs and Christmas lights.

4

They die with praises on their tongues.
The Serpent hasn't learned his wrongs.
He seeks to crush the battle hymns –
But death no longer seems so grim.
For with His RESURRECTION FIST
Our Lord has crushed the jaws of death.
And little children laugh to see
The Dragon's teeth hung on a tree.