


6. Beside the Lake

11 SYLVIE:




Out-side of town there's a crea-ture like you've

14



ne-ver seen. It's kind-a black, kind-a sil-ver, sort-a gray-ish green. It moves a -

17 AGNES: SYLVIE: FERMIN:



round like the work-ings of a great ma-chine. Is it a boar? Nay! A boar that's

20 SYLVIE: WOMAN: SYLVIE:



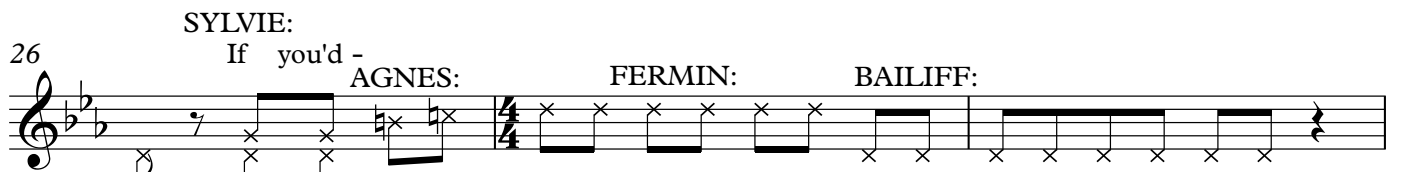
green?! Can I-Boars are mean! Don't you think I'd know if it was just a stu-pid

23 MAN: SYLVIE: MAN: WOMAN:



pig? Aye, but was it big? E - nor-mous! Like an ox? Big - ger than a

26 SYLVIE: AGNES: FERMIN: BAILIFF:



box of bread? It's ter - ri - fic! It's hor - ri - fic! It's not ter - rib - ly spe - ci - fic.

29 SYLVIE:



Stop! Look and lis-ten. I have more to tell. It has a tail that would plumb the depth of

32 BAILIFF:



a - ny well. It has a face like a de-mon from the pits of hell. You say it's

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35 SYLVIE: BAILIFF: SYLVIE:



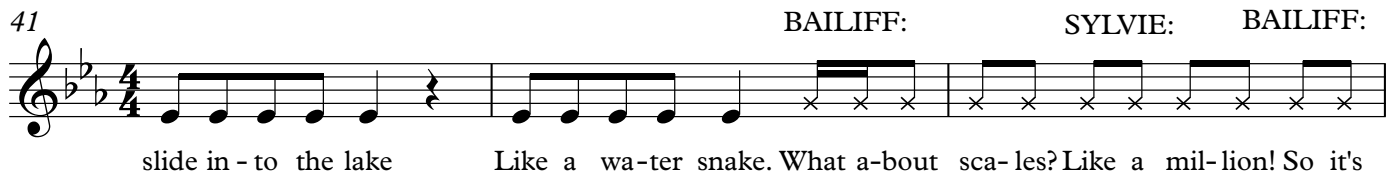
large? It was im - mense! And are there wings? Aye, like gi - ant

38 BAILIFF: SYLVIE:



tents, al-though I did - n't see it fly. What did it do? I saw it

41 BAILIFF: SYLVIE: BAILIFF:



slide in - to the lake Like a wa - ter snake. What a - bout sca - les? Like a mil - lion! So it's

44 SYLVIE:



pro - ba - bly rep - til - ian. To be ho - nest, I think I know ex - act - ly what it is, al - though I

47 ENSEMBLE:



pray it is - n't so, and I hes - i - tate to say it. You hes - i - tate to say it?! She hes - i - tates to say it!

51 BAILIFF:
Then I'll say it....



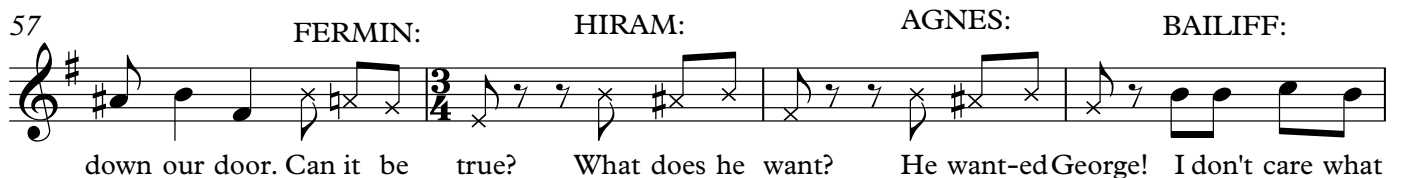
I'm put - ting two and two to - ge - ther and I'm get - ting four. The might - y

54 + CHORUS: Le - vi - a - than! (WHISPER)



dra - gon kil - ler's kil - ler is a myth no more. That old Le - vi - a - than is here and bust - ing

57 FERMIN: HIRAM: AGNES: BAILIFF:



down our door. Can it be true? What does he want? He want - ed George! I don't care what

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61 HIRAM: BAILIFF: HIRAM:

mo - ti - vates him, to be blunt! But there's some-thing strange. What?! A dra - gon

64 FERMIN:

typ - i - c'lly at-tacks be-fore you e - ven know it's there. But to let him-self be seen? Aye, he's

67 AGNES: BAILIFF:

right! What does it mean? An - a - lyz-ing his be-ha vior, e - ven with your ex-per-tise, While our
braw-ny lit - tle sa - vior is off cha-sing wi - ld geese Is a waste of pre-cious e - ner-gy that

70

can-not be dis-persed. We should go on the of-fen-sive so he does-n't strike us first!

73 Hiram: You're probably right.

can-not be dis-persed. We should go on the of-fen-sive so he does-n't strike us first!

77 Bailiff: It's simple... BAILIFF:

If it's a fight he wants, we'll win. If it's a game, we won't give in.

81

If it's a war, we'll rise vic - tor - ious in the end!

85

Be-side the lake, we'll meet his eye. Un-til he falls or we all die.

143 ENSEMBLE:

If it's a fight he wants, we'll win. If it's a game, we won't give in. If it's a

148

war, we'll rise vic-tor-ious in the end! Be-side the lake, we'll meet his eye

153

Un-til he falls or we all die. We'll lift his dread-ful ug-ly head up to the sky!

158

We need a dra-gon slay-er's son. But since he left and we have none

163

We'll al-tercourse and mus-ter force to get this done. We can't af-

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ford to waste more time. Re-pay the crea-ture for his crime. Some-times you

172

need to change your rhy - thm and your rhyme. When there's a

176

dra-gon in your fu - ture. When there's a dra-gon in your fu - ture.

181

When there's a dra - gon in your fu - ture!

184

Sylvie: Sylvie +
Bailliff:

Out-side of town, there's a crea-ture like you've ne-ver seen. It's kind-a
If it's a fight he wants, we'll win. If it's a

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Bailiff:

black, kind - a sil - ver, sort - a gray - ish green. You've got to keep the goal be - fore you so that
game, we won't give in. If it's a war, we'll rise vic - tor

191

Sylvie +
Bailiff:

Sylvie:

hope sur - vives when there's a dra - gon in your fu - ture! It has a
- ious in the end! Be - side the

194

Sylvie +
Bailiff:

tail that would plumb the depth of a - ny well. It has a face like a de - mon from the
lake, we'll meet his eye. Un - til he falls or we all die.

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Bailiff: Sylvie +
Bailiff:

pits of hell... We'll take his teeth and make neck-lac-es for our wives. His shi-ny

— We'll lift his dread-ful ug - ly head_ up to the sky!

200

sca-les will a-dorn our hou-ses all our lives!

'Cause there's a dra-gon in our fu - ture.

204

'Cause there's a dra-gon in our fu - ture._ 'Cause there's a

208

dra-gon in our fu - ture!