

Michaelmas Story by Sharifa Oppenheimer

Once upon a time in a far away land  
There lived a king in a castle grand.  
The king was kind and wise and good  
He cared for his people as a good king should.

The good king's land spread far and wide.  
His daughter, the princess, was by his side.  
Of all the things that gave him pleasure,  
His daughter, the princess, was his greatest treasure.

Each year at harvest time in the fall  
The farmers came to the castle tall,  
Bringing apples, carrots and grain  
Grown with the help of sun and rain.

Then the people would celebrate  
The gifts of the harvest, small and great!  
(Harvest song: Harvest crown, we are weaving...)  
So the people prospered year after year  
Living in joy, with nothing to fear.

Alas, great sorrow fell on the land.  
One year the farmers came with empty hands.  
"A fiery dragon has burned our crops,  
He burns our huts; at nothing he stops."

Said the king, "I will vanquish him with my might.  
I will send my sturdy knight,  
With sword of iron in his hand  
To sweep this terror from our land."

The knight donned armor sword and mail.  
At his task he would not fail.  
Away from the castle he bravely rode;  
He would not stop till the dragon's abode.

(Song: I am riding in the name of my lord...)

But at the dragon's fiery blast  
His sword was melted down to the last.  
The knight returned, his spirits lagging.  
The king said "I will speak to the dragon.

(Song: I am riding...)

Said the king:  
"I have known many a dragon of old.  
You steal jewels, treasures and gold.  
I will give you all our treasure,  
If you will leave us to our pleasure."

Said the dragon:  
"For treasures and gold I do not care.  
All I want is the princess fair."

“never, indeed!” rang the king’s refrain.  
Hissed the dragon, “then I’ll burn up  
All your grain!”

The king returned, his heart was broken.  
Quickly, though, the princess had spoken.  
“Of Heaven’s help I can be sure.  
Heaven helps those whose hearts are brave and pure.”

The people did weep, the king did moan.  
The princess would face the dragon alone!  
Alone and fair, dressed in white,  
The princess would face the dragon’s might.

(Song: We walk toward you, oh Michael...)  
Closer and closer came the dragon’s fire;  
The princess looked toward Heaven higher,  
When our from the clouds with lightening speed,  
Rushed an angel on a winged steed,

Brandishing a glittering sword,  
In mortal fear the dragon roared.  
No sword of earthly iron held he,  
But heavenly iron, the princess could see.

One touch of Michael’s sword aflame,  
And the dragon’s beastly heart was tame!  
Said the dragon, “Now no more will my terror spread,  
I’ll fire your ovens to bake your bread!”

The people rejoiced, and they did sing.  
(Song: Harvest Crown, we are weaving...)  
And Michael’s voice did ring:  
“Of Heaven’s help, we can be sure.  
Heaven helps those whose hearts are brave and pure.”

And so everyone lived Happily Ever After.