

The King

Steeleye Span

Joy, health, love, and peace be all here in this place
By your leave, we will sing concerning our king

Our king is well dressed, in the silks of the best
In ribbons so rare, no king can compare

We have travelled many miles, over hedges and stiles
In search of our king, unto you we bring

We have powder and shot to conquer the lot
we have cannon and ball to conquer them all

Old Christmas is past, twelve tide is the last
And we bid you adieu, great joy to the new.