

# The King

Loreena Mckennitt

Health, love and peace be all here in this place  
By your leave we shall sing, concerning our King

Our King is well-dressed in 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