

## The Infanta

## The Decemberists

Here she comes in her palanquin  
On the back of an elephant  
On a bed made of linen and sequins and silk  
All astride on her father's line  
With the king and his concubines  
And her nurse with her pitchers of liquors and milk  
And we'll all come praise the infanta  
And we'll all come praise the infanta

Among five score pachyderm  
Each canopied and passengered  
Sit the duke and the duchess' luscious young girls  
Within sight of the baronness  
Seething spite for this live largesse  
By her side sits the baron  
Her barrenness barbs her  
And we'll all come praise the infanta  
And we'll all come praise the infanta

A phalanx on camelback  
Thirty ranks on a forward tack  
Followed close, their shiny bright standards a-waving  
While behind in their coach, in fours  
Ride the wives of the king of Moors  
And the veiled young virgin, the prince's betrothed  
And we'll all come praise the infanta  
And we'll all come praise the infanta

And as she sits upon her place  
Her innocence laid on her face  
From all atop the parapets blow a multitude of coronets  
Melodies rhapsodical and fair  
And all our hearts afire  
The sky ablaze with cannon fire  
We all raise our voices to the air  
To the air...

And above all this falderal  
On a bed made of chaparral  
She is laid, a coronal placed on her brow  
And the babe, all in slumber dreams  
Of a place filled with quiet streams  
And the lake where her cradle was pulled from the water  
And we'll all come praise the infanta  
And we'll all come praise the infanta